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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FREE NOVEL

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TRUNK CALL for MRS. JONES!

Women now phone friends
all over the world

WHY THEY RING UP

Mrs. Jones of Australia can now telephone the Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Browns of thirty countries and have a good old gossip, the duration of which will be determined only by the amount of money she wants to spend on the overseas trunk call.

Thus has the traditional neighborly chat over the back fence been elevated to international standards by the friendly radio telephone and the work of the late Marchese Marconi.

ALMOST half of the telephone calls between Australia and London, New York, Paris, or elsewhere, are made by women.

They are all listed coldly as social calls, but they may carry joy or sorrow, romance or drama, or perhaps a poignant call for help across the world.

When recently a well-known Melbourne woman on her way home from abroad was taken off the boat at Marseilles and sent to hospital, her family kept in touch with her by telephone, and were able to "watch" her progress back to health from thousands of miles away.

Dame Esid Lyons is undoubtedly Australia's most frequent woman user of the radio telephone. While abroad on her Coronation tour she often phoned to her children in Australia. Mothers are frequently the cause of calls.

The first thing Amy Johnson did when she reached Charlieville on her epic flight from England was to ring her mother back home.

Cat's Phone Talk

SYLVIA WELLING, the actress, who spent several birthdays in Australia, always celebrated them by ringing her mother in London and singing to her.

More recently, when Margaret Bannerman got her opera contract in London, she rang a friend in Mel-

bourne and sang to her to prove how much her voice had improved.

During Dame Clara Butt's last illness she was in frequent telephone touch with her Melbourne friend, Nada Gordon Lane.

Nada's beautiful pet cat was very fond of Dame Clara, and when he heard her rich voice on the phone he jumped to his owner's shoulder and began to "talk."

Though telephoning overseas makes the guinea fly with the minutes, calls are not entirely confined to the rich. Two Melbourne girls were so eager to hear the voice of a friend in London that they spent the money they had saved for new dresses to ring her on her birthday for a four-minute conversation.

During the early stages of the recent illness of Queen Marie of Rumania, phone calls were put through from Australia to inquire regarding her health.

OVER 13,000 Australians have sent their voices across the world by radio telephone.

Half of all calls to overseas are made for business purposes, and are more

likely to be lengthy. Sometimes they last for half an hour or more.

The other half are social calls, and are largely made by women.

But that does not mean that they are always the minimum three minutes. Even at 30/- per minute, these talks frequently occupy 10 minutes or more.

The longest social call ever recorded in Australia was between San Francisco and Brisbane. A young man spent 52 minutes and £169 talking to a girl in Brisbane.

In striking contrast to this is the brief conversation that took place when a Sydney specialist rang a Harley St. eye specialist to consult him about an intricate operation. It saved the sight of a patient.

Nobody knows exactly what takes place during these conversations. The Telephone Department is the soul of discretion.

To ensure secrecy, an ingenious device mangles the words as they enter the receiver at one end, so that they cannot be understood until a similar device unmangles them as they reach the other end.

This sounds like black magic, but it is no more magical than the service itself.

Called a Plane

AUSTRALIA once called an aeroplane flying 5000 feet over Buenos Aires.

The furthest distance ever covered from here was 18,500 miles, when a Sydney business man called Valparaiso via London and Buenos Aires.

There are many human stories behind the calls.

Frequent conversations between Edinburgh and Melbourne resulted in a romance and a wedding, but another Melbourne resident, and a man at that, thought it important enough to ring up Bond St. for a pair of blue pyjamas.

Soon we may hear of Australian women regularly ringing Paris dress designers for a selection of the latest frocks and hats to be sent out by air mail.

Many people make great preparations for their overseas call.

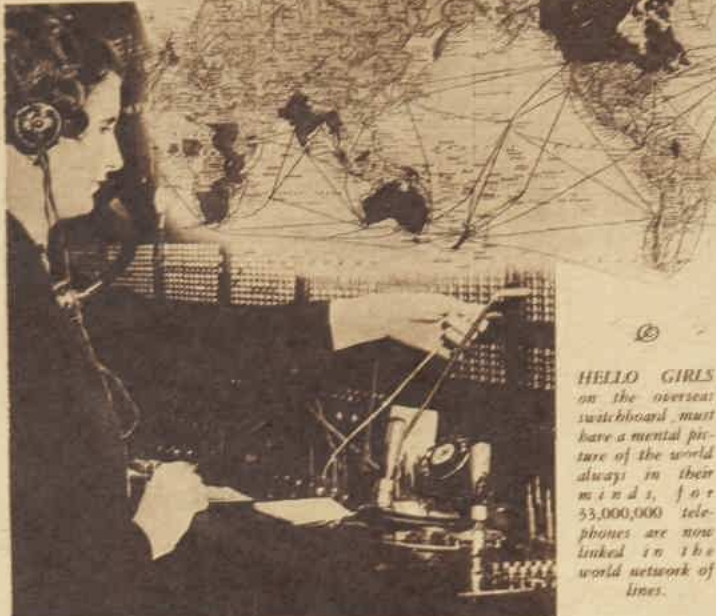
Actually all they need to do is to ring trunk lines, ask for overseas service, and give all particulars to the operator, who passes his notes on to head office.

As soon as the short-wave channel comes into operation, you will get your call. You may wait half an hour or several hours, according to the number of bookings and conditions.

They Get Their Man

THE radio telephone is something of a sleuth, too. It is only necessary to give the name of the person you wish to call, and where they were last heard of.

The authorities do the rest, if they have to comb many countries. The number of calls cancelled through failure to find the party is almost negligible.



HELLO GIRLS on the overseas switchboards must have a mental picture of the world always in their minds, for 53,000,000 telephones are now linked in the world network of lines.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Miss Mary Webb.

Associate to Father

AMONG the ever-growing army of young women in Australia with legal aspirations is Miss Mary Webb, nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Justice Webb and Mrs. Webb, of Brisbane.

Miss Webb is associate to her father, and is attending lectures at an evening student at the University of Queensland. She matriculated from St. Ursula's Convent, Armidale.



Studied Overseas

AFTER two years abroad studying the trend of modern architecture, Mr. Colin Hassell, an architectural engineering graduate of the Adelaide University, has returned to South Australia with a plentiful supply of new designs and ideas.

Mr. Hassell, who was awarded a travelling scholarship, has made an extensive tour of the Continent, particularly Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, and studied in London.

He is an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and Royal Australian Institute of Architects.



—Miss Maie Clements.

Australian Author

MISS MAIE CLEMENTS, Melbourne author, has left on an extended visit to U.S.A., where an American edition of her already successful book, "Not by Bread Alone," is pending.

Miss Clements, in private life, Mrs. Harry Cohen, has almost completed the manuscript of a second novel, probably to be called "Chaff Before the Wind."

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EXPERTS ATTACK *Stupid* SCHOOLING!



"I SEE NO HOPE for education until you dynamite the examination system."—Prof. F. W. Hart (California).



"BOYS AND GIRLS" should be together (in school) instead of being segregated.—Prof. W. Boyd (Glasgow).



"MANY CHILDREN would prefer to make something artistic than take part in school sports."—Mr. A. Lismer (Canada).



"IT IS USELESS to make children sit up for lessons at night when they should have relaxation."—Prof. W. Boyd (Glasgow).

Children Harmed by Exams., Homework, Sport, They Say

Urgent Need For Reform

Australian children are being brought up and educated very, very badly, according to the famous authorities on education gathered here for the world congress of the New Education Fellowship.

They have passed drastic strictures on almost every feature of our education, from homework to religion, from examinations to cricket.

These people speak with such authority, and many of their contentions are so patently sound, that it is clearly up to Australia's education authorities to set to work and clean up the whole national school system.

FOR years Australian teachers, parents, public men, and even the submerged pupils themselves, have protested against the examination system, the burden of homework, and the general futility of much of our schoolwork.

Lately the agitation has reached fever heat, and now the judgment of world-famous authorities vindicates the contentions of local critics to the full—and goes further.

To be sure, the delegates to the Education Congress agree that Australia is no worse off than many other countries, but that should not satisfy a nation that has led the world in enlightened social legislation as Australia has.

Delegates urged that too much stress was laid on examinations, too little on building character. Among other things, they said religion was neglected.

Church authorities here were stirred by the debate. Said Archbishop Mowll, of Sydney: "It is easy for us to be out of date and to emphasize examinations more than character."

"Religion is essential. Duty and morality are still essential."

Archbishop Dubig, of Brisbane, while he cast doubt on the value of the congress's reforming aims, approved the conception of education based on character development.

The congress promptly advertised its wide scope and high ideals when it declared that it aimed to build up the sort of education that would strengthen democracy, that human conception which has done so much for mankind, and which in-day, the world over, "has its back to the wall" in the words of a delegate.

Next to this great aim, the most important principle enunciated at the

congress is that children should not be merely fed with facts, but encouraged to develop as individual intelligences.

End Cramming

SAID Dr. Harold Rugg, Professor of Education at Columbia University, New York:

"One of our most important doctrines is that a child should not be a passive receptacle for facts, but should take an active part in the process of his education."

"Most children," said Mrs. Beatrice Ennor, founder of the New Education Fellowship, "should be helped towards the development of their personality."

"One authority has laid it down that half of school time should be devoted to individual work, and the rest to class teaching."

Exams. Condemned

"EXAMINATIONS are hell on earth," said Professor F. W. Hart, University of California. "Your final secondary examination carries a halo as big as a bale of hay, and is about as useful. Your business men and your universities take it as gospel."

Professor H. R. Hamley, of London University, said:

"Children who 'fail' in examinations suffer from lack of faith in themselves unless they are treated patiently and sympathetically."

Doctor L. Zillicaux, principal, Helsingfors Experimental School, Finland, predicted the end of external examinations. Delegates cheered. Instead of examinations, he said, complete records of each child's development would be kept.

Homework Attacked

"CHILDREN are persecuted with a merciless load of homework," said Professor Hart. "A Sydney man told me that his fifteen-year-old boy did four hours' homework every night. If I were that father I would start a revolution."

Homework should be abolished after

Points of Criticism OVERSEAS educators say of our school system:

Exams are futile and make children feel inferior.

Homework is an unnecessary and unfair burden.

Competitive interschool sport is bad for the child's outlook. Encourage individual games and hobbies.

Boys and girls should be brought up together.

Our teachers are intelligent but too complacent.

the age of twelve years, declared Dr. W. Boyd, University of Glasgow. Leisure and relaxation are necessary in adolescence, he argued.

Psychology Essential

"THE only adequate way to build an educational method of handling children is through psychology," said Dr. Rugg.

Said Professor Hart: "Only by child guidance clinics, medical clinics, psychology clinics, can a school be made to fit the child."

Boys and girls should be together, not segregated, declared Dr. Boyd. "In adolescence," he averred, "the most interesting thing in life is sex."

Other delegates agreed.

Make Them Happy

"THE schoolroom should be made more beautiful and as free as possible," declared Mrs. Ennor.

"In Lancashire," said Sir Percy Meadon, Director of Education in that county, "children are allowed to attend schools at the age of three if they wish."

"The children go to school willingly, as they are attracted by modern educational devices. More than 8000 attend at the age of three in Lancashire alone."

"We don't restrain the child too much. It will learn to concentrate through play, not because it is told, but because it has a natural desire to concentrate."

Before and After

"MONEY spent freely on hospitals, prisons, and asylums would be halved if governments paid more attention to preventive treatment of pre-school children," declared Sir Percy Meadon. "At least a quarter of all children at five are suffering from some physical defect."

Dr. Boyd urged the establishment

of occupational centres for both sexes up to the age of twenty years.

"It is necessary," he said, "to let the child get away from the parents."

Sports Played

"INTER-SCHOOL athletics are the bane of juvenile culture in America, England, South Africa, and Australia," declared Professor Rugg. "All competitive athletics should be within school boundaries."

"I cannot imagine a duller game than cricket," said Mr. Arthur Lismer, Toronto Art Gallery. "Ninety per cent. of young children would reject compulsory training in favor of folk dancing or making things they liked with their hands."

Need for Art

MANY delegates stressed the need for artistic and general cultural development. Mr. Lismer said: "People without art are fit to go goose-stepping to the blare of every dictator."

"In Canada and the United States, children are encouraged to draw what they like, so that their imagina-

tive life will not be killed. The teacher who corrects a child's drawing should be shot. Tell a child how to draw, and you destroy something."

Our Teachers

"I HAVE met some of your educators," said Dr. Boyd. "They are very pleasant people, but painfully complacent."

"You will need a good shaking up before you get anywhere. You don't want people to get to the top through a long process of seniority. You want young, fresh people to come in with new ideas. The quality of your teachers is all right. They are vigorous and intelligent. But they are all half-broiled."

"The training you give them is not good enough."

All of which should make us look at our education system with less complacency. The future of our children depends on our schools. It is up to the Governments of all States to see that the schools are brought up to date.



How to Develop a BEAUTIFUL BODY!

SENT FREE!

THIS Wonderful FREE OFFER entitled "Woman Beautiful," will be sent Absolutely FREE to all Australian Women's Weekly Readers on request.

THIS astonishing free treatise shows you how to acquire a beautiful body; how to get a peach blossom complexion; how to freshen, brighten and clarify a molder, sallow, pimply face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add in or remove weight from any part of the body—hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, and abdomen; how to be full of health, strength, and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and many other ailments due to physical weakness; in short, how to acquire perfect virile womanhood.

500 Treatises—FREE!

JUST post the coupon and I will send to you absolutely free my illustrated treatise, "Woman Beautiful." This will show you the way to become stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful as it has already done for so many others. Just tear the coupon now and post at once—this offer is limited.

This FREE OFFER is of Vital Importance To All Women. It Will Show You How You Can:

- Develop a Beautiful Figure.
- Develop Personality and Charm.
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It will help you to remedy the following complaints:

- Constipation, Nervous Attacks, Fatigue, Stomach Troubles, Insomnia, Obesity, Poor Circulation, Excessive Thirst, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Disorders, Catarrh, Headaches, etc.

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Please send me, with no obligation, your splendid FREE OFFER. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

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WILL DUKE of Windsor Return to ENGLAND?

Leaving Austria Soon to Seek Permanent Home

By Air Mail from Our London Office

With their honeymoon practically over, comes another dramatic development in the lives of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Where are they going to live after they leave Austria in the autumn?

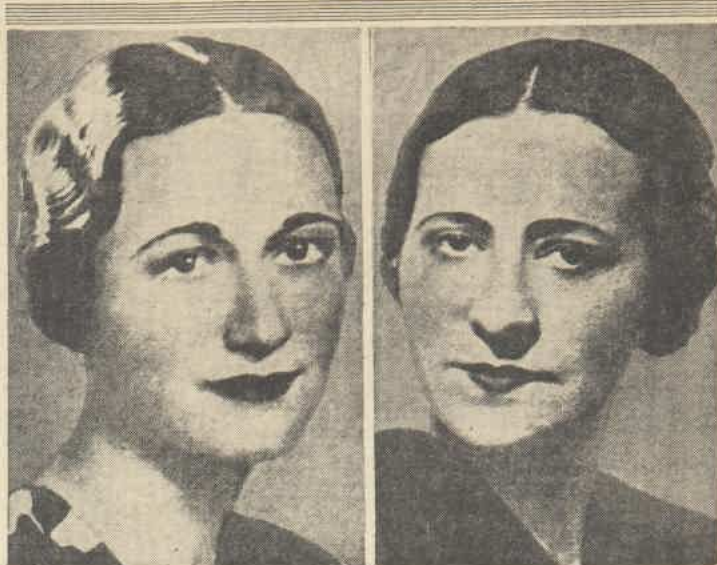
THAT the Duke is anxious to settle this important matter has been apparent for a long time. Two recent occurrences lend color to the rumors that a decision will soon be reached.

The presence of the Duke's solicitor, Mr. A. G. Allen, in America, has given rise to the statement that the Duke and Duchess will live in America.

Recent conferences between the Duke and the Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall (Sir Walter Monckton), who played a prominent part in the abdication negotiations,

seem to indicate that the matter of return to England is being given the most serious consideration.

A return to England for the



PHOTOGRAPHS published by an American paper, showing the Duchess of Windsor (left) and Mlle. Raymond Bourrell, who claims to be a double of the Duchess.

"A Fairy went A-Marketing."

A fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown;
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house;
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it and let it go.

NOW, there are fairies and fairies! Fairies in thistledown gowns—and fairies in cosy winter dresses—fairies that belong to happy mothers—fairies that mothers wish were Peter Pans—and never grow up! These last fairies, as you may guess, are, to grown-ups, more important than the first! need stacks of tender care—need all the good things of life, especially Bushells Cocoa.

This has been proved the food for such energetic folks—the beverage that the most delicate fairy can digest. And there you have happened on a magic secret.

The ingenious criolate process by which Bushells Cocoa is refined yields an absolute maximum of rich, wholesome cocoa-butter from the cocoa-beans without depriving this delicious beverage of one atom of chocolaty flavor.

Kiddies are always Cocoa hungry—never tire of it—when it's Bushells. The flavor is so chocolaty—so delicious. The very aroma arouses an appetite. The mothers who know most about fairies' upbringing serve it two or three times a day.



Duke of Windsor and his wife cannot altogether be ruled out. In his abdication speech, Edward said, "It may be some time before I return to my native land."

The position in England to-day is different to those dramatic days when the King stepped down from the throne.

The Coronation of George VI has taken place; the tension which followed Edward's abdication has gone, and there is a new Prime Minister at Downing Street.

Lord Baldwin, a central figure in the crisis, has gone into retirement, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain has taken his place.

Whatever destiny decides for the Duke, the position is full of intriguing possibilities. Edward's love for England is well known, and Port Belvedere, his bachelor home, is still very close to his heart. The Duchess, then Mrs. Simpson, helped him with the furnishings, and Edward himself planned the magnificent gardens there in which he spent many happy hours.

To him this spot is "forever England" in his heart.

WHILE the official attitude is interpreted in some quarters as a feeling that the abdication happenings are too new, as yet, to permit of Edward's return, it is understood that the British Government does not desire the couple to live in America.

When it was suggested in the newspapers that the Duke and Duchess would visit America, a New York paper published "a persistent rumor" that the new Cabinet headed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain is bringing all pressure to bear to dissuade the Duke of Windsor and his bride from taking up residence in the United States.

Should the couple go to America they would be sure of a tremendous welcome.

Social Life

EDWARD, who has been called the greatest goodwill personality in world affairs, trained for 25 years as Prince of Wales in tact and statesmanship, would find Empire-work to his hand as an ambassador of goodwill between the two great English-speaking countries.

He and the Duchess would be the

centre of a unique social life, which would be different to anything ever before experienced in America.

The other side of the picture is reflected in an item in an American newspaper which stated that the British Prime Minister felt that an American visit by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor "would be ruinous, because of the vast amount of publicity which inevitably would ensue."

Already American hero-worship of the Windsors is apparent, and in the case of the Duchess has taken a curious turn.

Americans, with their love of romance, and passions for halls of fame and celebrity galleries, have already established a Warfield Museum in Baltimore in the house where the Duchess was born.

Warfield "Shrine"

THE "ballyhoo" which is inseparable from a certain type of American publicity might make life very difficult for the couple. Perhaps it would be intolerable. Already Warfield "shrine" in Baltimore has aroused tremendous interest. Packed from attic to cellar with alleged possessions of the Warfield family, of models and effigies of the Royal crisis, it has become more popular than the famous Valentine shrine, gaudy mausoleum to a dead film actor.

Now comes a woman from France, Mlle. Raymond Bourrell, who claims to be a double of the Duchess of Windsor. She seeks a fantastic job at the "shrine" as "stand in" for the former Wallis Warfield, to show people over the house and create atmosphere.

This sort of publicity rules America out in the eyes of the British Cabinet as a home for Edward.

The instrument of abdication prevents the Duke from visiting Australia or any other of the Dominions, so there remains but Europe as a future home.

The Duchess, however, recently persuaded the Duke not to purchase a property in Austria, so apparently a European home also has its disadvantages.

At the moment the question presents a problem in the life of Edward Windsor; it is a strange paradox that a former king's home may be anywhere but at "Home."

NOT LONG NOW To Win £500 FOR RECIPES

To-day's resolution for every good housewife should be to write down a recipe and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly—for we're paying £500 for the nicest recipes.

The competition is entering its closing stages, so act now, before the opportunity is gone.

IF you've sighed for new furniture, for a holiday, for a radio, or for anything in that line, here's the chance to win a rich cash prize that will realise your ambitions.

Just for one recipe alone £100 is offered. There are also four prizes of £50 each and 200 of £1 each.

One of the most important rules is to write only one recipe on each page,

and to add your name and address to each page, attaching also one of the entry coupons from Page 40.

Never was there an easier, happier way of making money. It brings the bright rainbow of dreams right into your kitchen.

The competition provides for recipes for cakes, sweets, and puddings, economical dinners and jams and preserves.

See full details and entry coupons on Page 40.

SUN and the STARS

Complete
Short Story

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

One man offered her an assured future. The other man said, "I'll make you a present of the sun and the stars."



HE was a matter-of-fact little thing, a firm, compact, small figure, with her mouth sweet and sensible and her bright brown eyes looking competently into the faces of people asking for books, as if they knew she could thrust into their hands all the color, the excitement, the heightened sense of living for which they longed without words. No one ever looked at her, startled to see on her quiet mouth the quiver of a hunger more fierce than theirs. No one ever expected Myra Anson, of all people in the world, to run—well, the word is "amok."

She stood blinking in the eager tropic light on the ship's deck in the harbor of Port-au-Prince, with that word "amok" echoing faintly through the haze and whirl of her emotions. All Bridgeborough would have called her mad. Because as soon as the other cruise passengers had cleared the deck she was going ashore with all her bags; and staying there, in this Haiti whose mountains loomed, gaunt and bare and purple, beyond the bright harbor and the white city, because Edmund Austin had gone ashore to marry a woman he had loved for years. She, Myra Anson, of Bridgeborough, Yorkshire, librarian, in whose good judgment the trustees expressed every confidence, was going ashore after a man. Even through the fever of her excitement she knew, faintly, that it was incredible.

There was nothing in her background, so far as she could recognise, to account for the wildness of this aberration. With an equal calm she had for years handed out "Richard Carvel" and "To Have and to Hold" and "Jane Eyre" to eager high schools girls, and given "Treasure Island" and "Captains Courageous" to grubby small boys wearing spectacles. Married women who had gone to school with her had asked her for "The Enchanted April" to take home with "The Care and Feeding of Children." She gave thin, scholarly old men "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and young working ones "The Fundamentals of Aeroplane Design," and it was all one to her. Books on auction bridge and books on bee-keeping, outlines of philosophy and of economics, the histories of medieval art and mass murder, the lives of the Caesars and of Henry Ford, detective stories, novels, biographies; hundreds of books, hundreds of thousands of words passed through her hands year after year, the myriad adventures of men and women with love, hunger, money, and death—and her eyes were unchanged.

In school she had twitched her long brows contemptuously from the grasp of boys she could out-count and out-spell. The brows were coiled in flat, pale brown shells over her ears when she went to the library to help support her mother and her smaller brothers.

Men noticed the stupor of her small revealed neck, but its stiffness, also. The boys she had known grew into husbands, cutting the grass before doll-hatted house steps as she strode serenely up the street in summer afternoon light, her plain navy-blue dress hardly wrinkled from all that whisking up and down the iron ladders of the stackroom. No man caught and kindled her glance, as she passed regularly in and out of the library door, week after week, year after year. Her firmness to visiting men, presented hopefully by married friends, was the same firmness with which she hushed the small hurricanes of giggles and slammings in the reading-room after school hours.

The Library Board and the Church Reading Circle deferred equally to her judgment.

AND now this, this strange fever, this ship, this fantastic place. Why?

Nothing, no reason that she could remember, except one evening in the spring. She was twenty-eight. After

supper, when she had wiped the dishes and helped with the mending, she had sat in her own room looking out at a green sky, beyond a rooftop and a blossoming cherry tree. A worn blue book she knew intimately lay on her lap, from which her eyes had lifted. She had read "On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble" and "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white," and the miraculous stanza that ends, "Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." And suddenly, all the placidity had broken from her face. From her quickened heart little gusts of delight, of wonder, of longing, blew through her, shaking her like pain. She tried to calm herself, to light the lamp, to go on reading. That page began, "O Western Wind, when wilt thou blow?" She shut the book hastily. No, she could not read them. There were words written too poignant even for librarians to bear.

Her mother, coming in, saw her standing with eyes enormous under the light.

"I'm going away, Mother," she said suddenly. "I've got to! There's the money in the bank. But just a holiday. I don't know where. But I've got to—get out."

Her mother looked at her shrewdly. "Well, Myra," she said. "I think it's high time. Now that Billy and Jim have both got jobs—I thought to myself yesterday, 'She looks just like her father did, eating his heart out for places he'd never seen, and wouldn't like, most likely.' But that's neither here nor there. You go."

Words in a book had brought her freedom.

She had had a great moment, standing in the bow of the ship, in the dark. Almost, for that moment, she learned the why of things, her heart shaken with delight. This sea, hissing from the southward-cleaving bow, dark running under the high perfection of the stars, was the self-same sea of captains, Vikings, poets, conquistadores, and of men without names, dying in nameless years with this same salt bitter on the mouth. The moment stretched wide as the sea, wider than time, leaving her exalted with wonder.

Then it was gone and she went down to dinner under the lights, with all the calm shaken from her

dress whose eyes flashed at the man with her and then glanced, curiously, at her. The sea and that moment were then quite enough.

But in two days there was a newer excitement building up in her, more intimate, vastly unsettling. Would he walk with her to-day? Would he be waiting for her at breakfast? Would he look for her down the deck, as he had done? Every day, seeing him suddenly again, profile dark against glaring blue and white, she thought with the same shock of discovery that this was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life.

It could not be possible that he really meant to single her out, that he really walked only with her, that he liked her best. His name was

The sun was warm on the decks. This, she told herself, was love. It had happened.

In five days she was someone she had never known. She agreed happily to all his opinions, because his hand was warm on her arm. Poetry was silly. Most people were dreadful. You couldn't be too careful in speaking to people, because they might come and bore you. The country, the times in general, were going to the dogs. He called her "Myra" and she could watch the splendid shape of his head and the flash of his perfect teeth and listen to his voice without caring what he said.

He did like her. She was sure of it. People looked at them with the half-smiling glance reserved for happy lovers. He was restless when she walked with anyone else.

It was a long time before she realised that he was telling her about Laura. He had loved Laura and she had married someone else. She had been dark and tall and lovely. He was going to her now, because her husband had died. He was going to ask her to marry him.

So this was what life could do to you. She ought to have known. The eagerness and the happy excitement meant nothing.

"You've been such a dear," his voice went on. "I don't know what I would have done without you on this ship. I shall miss you, you know."

Please turn to Page 42



Joe lifted Myra out of the plane and carried her in his arms.

By MARJORY S. DOUGLAS

blinded face. Voices were all around her. Food smelled good. A man next her turned and stared. When she went on deck again a man, perhaps the same one, spoke and walked beside her on the gently heaving planks, among the school-teachers laughing and striding, the travelling salesmen, the retired hardware merchant pacing with the red-faced ship's doctor, the dark, quiet woman standing alone, the girl in a red dress and the girl in a blue

Edmund Austin and his height, the width of his shoulders, the brilliance of his eyes, the evenness of the teeth in his well-cut mouth, the air he wore as of large affairs, were alike miraculous.

In three days it seemed to her she had never lived before. She saw with excited astonishment, in her mirror, the brilliance in her own eyes, the happy shape of her laughing mouth. The sea flashed beyond the porthole like a great blue jewel.

Counterfeit COIN

Another instalment of our fascinating serial of romance and adventure.

THE STORY SO FAR:

RICHARD EXON, an Englishman, and his friend, **JOHN HERRICK**, are in Austria on a secret mission which concerns the Castle of Brief. They are also anxious to expose the villainous

COUNT FERDINAND, who by a trick has wrested the title from his twin brother, the father of

LADY CAROLINE VIRGIL, whom he and his son,

PERCY VIRGIL, are planning to rob of a great inheritance.

She is rescued from the Castle, where her life is in danger, and taken to Raven, by Exon, who discloses the plans of the Count and his real relationship to her.

Accompanied by a police sergeant, Percy arrives at Raven, and demands an explanation for Exon and Herrick's movements, and accuses them of kidnapping his cousin.

They then inform the police of Percy's part in a conspiracy against Lady Caroline, and he departs in terror.

A council is held and Exon and Herrick with the Lady Caroline decide to spend forty-eight hours in the Tower of the Castle. They force their way into the Tower and a search, conducted by Exon, discloses a doorway which they think leads to the Tower's secret. NOW READ ON.



NOW the block of stone before us appeared to be unattached. It was very slightly smaller than the gap through which it appeared, and it seemed to be resting on something which was not part of the stair. It fitted its recess as a brick loose in a wall; it was by no means loose; but the moment I touched it—I cannot say that it moved, but I knew that it was not fixed.

This very peculiar condition astonished us all, for the block must have measured at least nine inches by five, and though, for all we knew, it was only three inches deep, the weight of a stone of that size should have held it fast.

"Go on," said Herrick. "Pull it. If a genie appears, so much the better. I've quite a lot of orders to give."

I laid hold of the dog and pulled. At once the block slid forward, after the way of a drawer that you pull from a chest. And, as you may pull a drawer clear, so I drew the block out of its housing, over the tread of the step which lay, like an apron to take it, in front of the gap.

The block was immensely heavy, for it must have been twelve inches deep, and, when I had drawn it clear, it was all I could do to lift it out of the way and on to the tread above. To do this, I had to stand up and lift it between my legs; but the others stayed where they were.

As I laid it down: "Do you see it, too?" said Herrick. "I—I don't understand," breathed Caroline. "I mean, how can that be there?"

"What is it?" said I, and stepped back to go down on my knees. "It's time we went home," said Herrick. "That's what it is. When I run into black magic, that's where I get off."

Never had idle words so specious a warranty.

The block which I had withdrawn had left behind it no room.

Though I make a fool of myself, at least I will make this clear.

When you pull a drawer from a chest and lay it aside, you leave in the chest a space which is very slightly larger than the drawer which you have removed. But, though I had drawn out the block, there was no such space left. In fact, the gap was now framing another block of stone which resembled exactly the one I had taken away, except that it had no handle by which it could be withdrawn. And

when presently I touched it the same indefinable tremor told me it was not fixed.

"Can you beat it?" said Herrick shortly.

"On the face of it, no," said I. "But there must be some simple reason for such a thing. I mean, these things are ancient: there's no machinery here."

"There can't be a reason," said Herrick. "Unless you're a conjurer. If you pick a brick out of a wall, you've a right to expect a recess. Well, there's the brick you picked out; but where's the recess?"

"There was a recess," said my lady. "There must have been. But now it's been filled."

THAT'S right," said I. "That's right. And I'll tell you another thing. It's got to be emptied again before we can put that block back."

"Do you mean to suggest," said Herrick, "that a slab of stone of that size, fixed or unfixed, can shift to and fro on its own?"

"I have it," said Brenda's voice. "The thing is a counterpoise. My uncle has one at his farm. It is very old, but its movement is silent and sure as the flight of an owl."

There was an electric silence.

Then— "By heaven, the girl's right!" said Herrick. "And there's the conjuring trick. Beneath these steps there's a balance; and when you drew out that block you lightened one of its scales—with two results. One was that the scale you had lightened rose in the air, and thus revealed to our eyes the second weight on that scale. That is it, there—in the gap." He got to his feet. "And the other

locate very nearly above the doorway by which we had entered the tower. However, as luck would have it, we now had no need of wits, but only of eyes; and as we emerged from the staircase into the small, square hall, we saw directly before us the interspace which we sought. I have said that the hall was paneled. On the wall which faced us one of the panels had sunk—not very much, but five inches—exactly the height of the block which I had pulled out of the stair. The gap thus shown was breast high and fifteen inches in width. Beyond was an open space, and when I put in my hand I could feel a faint current of air.

The panel hung on a chain, which was, of course, attached to the balance above. And so long as it hung on that chain the panel could go no farther, because the counterweight had no room to rise. So I took the weight of the panel while Herrick undid the chain.

Here let me say that those that installed the contrivance so long be-

The door swung back and we stood on the threshold and peered into the room.

a sill to the doorway which we had discovered at last.

This gave to a winding stair, precisely resembling that upon which we had passed so many wearisome hours. In a word, with the hall for landing, the stair of the tower went on down, curling slowly right-handed into the bowels of the earth.

For the others I cannot answer, but until we were about to go down I had never considered to what "the doorway" might lead, but now that we were about to discover the truth I remembered the late Count's words, and, with those for straw, began to make fabulous bricks.

"It may be that you can use it," I will not set down the pictures my fancy drew. Enough that they were all false. But I have this consolation—that not one man in a million would have predicted the scene which presently met our eyes.

Herrick declined to go down, but stayed in the hall with Brenda, "unless and until," said he, "my lady decides that she wants me on in this act." So I accompanied Caroline, torch in hand.

For thirty-six steps we went down. And then we came to a chamber that had an unusually solid door with a small grating. The door swung back easily.

On the threshold we stopped, and peered into the room.

The chamber was small—some fifteen feet by eight, and some nine feet high. Its walls and floor and ceiling were all of stone, and though there was no window, the air was by no means foul. (This, I afterwards found, was due to two vents—one low down in a wall, and the other high up at the opposite end of the room; but though I sought for their mouths I was never able to find

them, because they were too well hid.) Towards one end of the cell was a great oak stall, plainly very ancient and finely carved, and against one wall was a coffer, also of oak. There was no other furniture.

In the stall was seated a man—or what was left of one. His pose was natural. His head was up and was leaning against the back of the stall, his arms lay along its arms, and his trunk and his feet were well and truly planted on oak and stone. His clothes were those of the fifteenth century. His tunic was of shaggy velvet which the passage of many years had brought to shreds and tatters, if not to dust, but a jewelled belt was still girding the crumbling loins and a chain was sunk in the ruin about the neck. His feet were still upon the legs, which were skin and bone, and a patch, that had been a cap, was still crowning the thick fair hair. This was inviolate. The face and hands were withered, but otherwise well preserved, and might have been those of a man incredibly old but a few hours dead. The eyes, which were wide, had a curious, sightless look, and might have belonged to a man who was living, but blind; and the whole was in no way offensive, because, I suppose, there was no sign of corruption, but only of age. Indeed, had the hair been white, the figure would have been full of dignity; but the color of the hair was fatal, suggesting an old man's efforts to seem to be young—one of Time's shabbier jests, for the man had not seen old age.

ON the coffer were lying three things. One was a skin of parchment—or part of a skin. Upon this had been written Latin, still to be read. By its side lay the translation, clearly inscribed upon vellum and made at some later date. And between the two lay a massive signet-ring.

As might have been expected, the documents told us the truth.

"Here sits Elbert, Duke of Austria and Carinthia, King of Hungary, slain by his host and liegeman, Rudolf of Brief, because he came upon him defiling his wife."

"With the fear of death upon her, Helen of Brief declared the following facts:

"That the King and she were secretly married, before he wedded the Queen and before she deceitfully wedded Rudolf of Brief. In proof whereof she offered her marriage lines signed by the Cardinal Gaddi, lately dead of the plague, whom God reward."

"That the first and third of her children, whom Rudolf believed to be his, were both the sons of the King."

"Rudolf made haste to apprise the Queen of the truth."

"For the sake of that injured lady, he undertook, on conditions, to hold his peace. Between them it was agreed."

"That he should hold to his witness the corpse of the King, himself, providing another to take its place and be interred and entombed as though it were that of the King."

"That since Otto, whom he thought his firstborn, was now IN TRUTH Duke of Austria and Carinthia, King of Hungary, he and his heirs should FOR EVER hold the right to call upon the heirs of her body to any stress, whose help they shall have. WITHOUT FAIL, by showing the King's great ring."

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BY Dornford Yates

result was this—that the opposite scale sank down—thus revealing somewhere or other the doorway we're trying to find."

That this interpretation was good there could be no doubt, and we all began to go down the winding stair, surveying the walls as we went for some gap in the masonry. We were too much excited, I fear, to use our wits. Had we done so, we should have perceived that there was but one direction in which the balance could hang, and that this would bring the scale which we wished to

fore had left undone no convenience, however nice, however hard to devise. But for their provision the panel's weight being gone, the counterweight must have sunk and the chain have run up out of reach. But this was provided against, for the chain ran up through a hole which served as a guide, which was half an inch too small for the last of the links.)

Then I let the panel sink slowly into some slot in the stone.

At last it came to rest, some six inches still protruding and making

Nick, the DANCER

A human little story of a beautiful dancer and the man she loved.

By...

FRED LAPE

Author of "Roll On, Pioneers"



As far back as the days when Nick Santoro and Plug Hogan were reading "Tom, The Boot-black" together, Nick said he wanted to be a dancer, and Plug derided him for saying it.

"Dancer!" Plug snuffed. "You got rats in your attic."

Papa Santoro was even more definite in his disgust. "Dancer! Sancesina Maria, you make da fool of me—so!—a boy of Nicolio Santoro a dancer!—you make da fool of yourself—so!—you shutta da mouth, yes, until you talk da words da mean something!"

Mamma Santoro, full-bosomed and less excitable, dismissed the child's ambition with a shrug of her heavy shoulders. "Let him go," Mamma said. "When he grow up, he forget. Why worry?"

Being so flouted, Nick developed a resistance of bravado. A psychologist would have called it an inferiority complex. Nick knew nothing of complexes. He knew only that the three human beings nearest to him would not take his dreams seriously.

So he boasted. "When I grow up, they'll write a book about Nick, the Dancer."

Carolina Chapman was the only person who took Nick's dreams seriously. Carolina was red-headed and her eyes were like fox fire in a wet, dark wood lot. Carolina also wanted to be a dancer. Being a girl, she found it easier. Her mother sent her to dancing school and later to a Professor Harenbell, who taught her to tap to the tune of "Sweet Sue" and to turn cartwheels to the tune of "Hearts and Flowers."

Since Papa Santoro went into spasms at the mere mention of dancing school, Nick bribed Carolina to teach him. In return for this he took her, as they grew older, to "Stop Seven" on Saturday nights. "Stop Seven" was really Fireman's Hall at Stop Seven on the Middle City trolley line, a dingy second-rate dance hall enlivened by streamers of cotton hunting and artificial apple-blossoms. Here on Saturday nights Pop Trigger held dances. And here Nick and Carolina and Plug Hogan came.

Nick danced with nobody but Carolina. Here they showed off all the steps that they practised around Carolina's scratching portable phonograph.

At eighteen Nick began his professional career by winning the amateur night contest at the Star Theatre. He was by now a sleek-looking youth with black oiled hair, wistful brown eyes, and a lithe lean body. But even the ten-dollar bill which he thrust before Papa Santoro's face did not convince Papa Santoro that he was more than a good-for-nothing waster who wouldn't get a job. Mamma Santoro was pleased because Nick got a paragraph in the morning paper, but secretly she shook her head and confided to Papa Santoro, "Maybe it is not so good he wins da prize. Maybe it make him want to dance alla da more, yes."

Plug was more derisive than ever. "Think you're sumpin' because you won ten bucks at a little nick theatre, don't you?" he sneered.

Nick, driven to his usual defence, said, "Some day they'll write articles about that theatre because I danced there."

"Hats!" Plug said. "The farthestest you'll ever get dancing is the back corner of Stop Seven." That remark pleased Plug so much that he repeated it whenever Nick mentioned dancing.

But Carolina's enthusiasm made up for the failure of the others. "It's



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

the first step, Nick," Carolina said. "I'm proud of you."

"Why don't we try to get something together?" Nick said.

Carolina stared at him thoughtfully. At last she said, "Plug wants me to marry him. Did you know that?"

"They were dancing. Nick brought her up square against him, her piquant bud mouth and bright eyes under the long red lashes close to his face. "You marry Plug!" he said. "I always thought some day—after we got started—it would be me and you."

Carolina smiled. "That's all I wanted to know," she said.

He forgot they were dancing then, and kissed her. When the dance was over Nick told Plug, "Carolina and I are going to be a dance team."

Professor Harenbell found Nick and Carolina their first job together on one of the night showboats running down the river. Here the manager of Toller's Blossom Club in Boston spotted them and signed them up for a month's engagement.

Plug was so furious at having his predictions upset that when they left Middle City for Boston on a bus he wouldn't even bid them a civil good-bye. "When you come hitch-hiking back," he said, "call up the garage and I'll send out a truck for you."

"When we come back we'll be riding in a Pullman," Nick said.

The first two weeks at the Blossom Club were the happiest of Nick's life. Wandering with Carolina down the narrow streets of the Hub, standing with Carolina's arm linked in his and staring with unblinking pride

The first two weeks at the Blossom Club were the happiest in Nick's life.

at Santoro and Chapman on the street board, dancing nightly with Carolina the steps they had practised so long on the crowded floor of Stop Seven—these were dreams come true. Only two things worried Nick: the future, and Zelda Mahon.

Zelda sang at the Blossom Club. She was slim and dark-haired, with a throaty jazz voice and a languorous way of draping herself against whatever she happened to be near. She had, too, a subtle physical appeal, and a trick of flattery which Nick might have recognised had he been more experienced with women.

One day when the engagement of Santoro and Chapman was nearly over, Zelda said to him, "Nick, you're the partner I've been looking for these past five years. You and I could get places."

Nick flushed. "What about Carolina?" he said.

Zelda leaned close to him and said with a slow smile, "Couldn't you forget Carolina?"

He shook his head. "I'm not that kind. I wouldn't walk out on her." "Have you and Carolina anything in prospect now?"

"No."

Zelda gave a sarcastic laugh. "So you'll go back to Middle City and be nobodies again," she said. Then she leaned close to him. "I have a friend who thinks he can sign you and me up for a run at The Hollywood," she said. "How about it?"

"I wouldn't walk out on Carolina," Nick said.

Zelda's eyes were half closed and thoughtful. "How do you know she won't walk out on you?"

"Carolina isn't that sort," Nick said.

"If she did would you come with me?" Zelda asked.

"I might," Nick said.

Puzzled, he left Zelda. He wanted to talk the matter over with Carolina, but somehow he couldn't bring himself to mention Zelda to her.

Then the unexpected happened. On the day before their engagement at the Blossom Club ended, Carolina announced, "Well, to-morrow I'll be on my way to New York."

Nick looked at her in amazement. "To New York?"

Carolina's eyes met his glance with stolid defiance. "I have an offer for a little part in a show," she said. "I

thought I'd better take it. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Sure—no—of course not." He was dumfounded and he was hurt. At last he said, "Sure, I'm glad. It's a good chance for you."

He went with Zelda to The Hollywood. Caroline went on to New York. Her going was a terrible hurt in Nick's heart. He tried to forget it. He found solace in the thought of Zelda. Zelda knew the ropes. He and Zelda would be names. Zelda said so. He wrote to Mamma and Papa Santoro that he had got a break right at the beginning. He was going to dance at the biggest night club in Boston. He knew that he had been a disappointment to them, but maybe now they would understand and change their minds. He sent a clipping from the paper, an advertisement of The Hollywood with Mahon and Santoro heading the entertainment list, and he sent a fifty-dollar cheque.

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Will You Remember, Too?

Illustrated by
FISCHER

A delightful romance in which is told the love story of an earlier generation



I COULD always recall it vividly, that portrait of Marguerite Benton which hung above the marble mantel of the Benton parlor. That house was the finest in our village, in my youth, and its furnishings were always spoken of as handsome, but the thing I really loved in it then was a small gilt chair in which I was allowed to sit while my mother and Marguerite talked and laughed about things I did not understand.

They were great friends, in spite of some difference in age, and it was at our house that Marguerite and Dean Clark first met. Dean was a second or third cousin of my father, but he had spent most of his younger days in South America, and we had never seen much of him until the summer he was graduated from college and came to visit his grandfather. It was that same summer that the portrait was made, and I knew he saw it after it was completed—a gilt-framed, old-style painting of a lovely and high-spirited girl with gay, hazel eyes. Her small, graceful shoulders were bare, which was considered quite daring then.

The Benton house is closed now; paint-worn shutters guard the windows; and the grounds, which were once the pride of Marguerite's father, the Judge, are shabby.

There was a flare of interest in the house when it became known that it had been sold through a local agent to a real estate broker in New York, and there was considerable speculation as to what would be done with it. But the shutters remain closed and the shades are still drawn within the great curved window at the side. My mother always spoke of that as the conservatory window.

The house seems permanently forgotten, lost to the era which it served so graciously. When I heard that it had been sold with all its furnishings, I thought instantly of the portrait which I knew was still there, wondered if I could not buy it. Who ever had purchased the house would have no sentiment concerning it, and as the artist was not well known it had no market value, but my mother would treasure it, I knew. We had stood before

it once after Marguerite had gone away, and I could see that it revived a dear and particular feeling, the essence of a long friendship.

"She had great beauty and even greater courage," said mother finally, as if at last the portrait and the girl had become real and one. They were both a part of her love story, a story as old-fashioned as the portrait itself.

Judge Benton was proud of his beautiful, motherless daughter, and he knew portrait material. He sought out an artist who used to spend his summers at the then famous Springs resort, not far from our own New York State village. The Benton family had long been prominent in our valley, and the Judge was a dignified figure in sectional politics. Many muted conferences were held in the room with the long french windows—that room which became a kind of private political office for the Judge after the death of his wife. It was in this room that Dean's grandfather and the Judge had their bitter quarrel. It was political and I do not know the details; I doubt if anyone living now even recalls what the trouble was about, but it ended their long association and was to bear bitter fruit for Dean and Marguerite.

"I distrust politics," mother often said to father.

As I think back now on the Judge and all that I ever knew or felt about him, I do not believe he would have deliberately taken any action that he believed

his grandfather. The old man had had a slight stroke, and Dean's aunt, Miss Clark, was almost a recluse in the care of her father. I think they made him welcome in their fashion, but it was hardly a bright atmosphere for him, and he was impatient to be doing something. His father had been a mining engineer, but Dean had not followed that profession. He told Mother that he wanted to go back to South America, though, to sell guns. He had written to a friend of his father's, a man associated with a munitions plant.

"Would you want to do that, Dean?" Mother asked him one day when I was present.

"There's money in it."

"But you say part of the game is to keep trouble stirred up. Wouldn't you hesitate to take money for work like that?"

By

Clara Wallace Overton

would make Marguerite permanently unhappy. Like many parents he felt that he knew best, and it is true that he did not like Dean from the outset.

"He's all fireworks," he told Mother.

I think Mother considered Dean a rather volatile young man, but she had a gift for accepting people, and she found much to like in him and tried to make his stay in our village pleasant. Dean was rather at a loose end when he finished college. His parents were dead and he had no home now except the unfamiliar and shut-in household of

She was gentle but very serious.

Dean smiled at her, not without affection. He was fond of Mother and liked to explain himself to her.

"I never hesitate to take anything I want," he told her. "I would like to be at it to-morrow."

He was to meet Marguerite Benton that evening and after that he was torn between his two desires, the one to go and the one to stay. Dean had made one or two short visits to his grandfather before, but he and Marguerite had somehow missed each other. She was younger

than he, a little, and on Dean's last visit she had still been a child. As old Posy Davis, the Benton housekeeper, put it, she hadn't her mind on the boys then. She was a vivid, active child, a handful for Posy, who had charge of her after Mrs. Benton's death.

It was sometimes said in the village that the Judge spoiled Marguerite a little. She was impulsive and liked her own way, but she was a friendly girl and people liked her, liked to hear about her. There were always little stories about Marguerite, for sometimes her spirits carried her too far, farther than she meant to go. She hadn't intended to break Charles Frey's glasses when she hit him with a snowball. Charles worked in her father's office, and he often brought papers to the Judge when he worked at home. Marguerite was contrite enough about the glasses. She rushed into the house and asked her father to get Charles new ones. The young man was confused before her impulsive apology and friendliness. It was a twofold confusion. He could not see at all well without his glasses, which was troublesome, but it was strangely charming to have Marguerite treat him like a human being instead of a piece of office equipment.

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She was peach-colored that evening—and she carried the roses in her leghorn hat.



MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

*Now... the Darling
Flowers of SPRING*



● BLACK STRAW SAILOR with crown of fruit.



● RANDOM RED ROSES planted in your curls are exotic for evening.



● AN OLD FASHIONED posy edged with fine white starched lace posed right on top of your head.



● ONE OF SUZY'S new spring ideas—a flower chignon hat. A blue straw pillbox with blossoms nestled at the nape of the neck.

● ON A BLACK STRAW MODEL are posed four very large and brilliant carnations held on with green velvet ribbon.



● A CHAIN OF FLOWERS edging a bolero—worn over a pink lace blouse and skirt for dinner.



● A STARTLING IDEA carried out on an original frock of chiffon. Very softly draped, the bodice boasts one-sleeve, the décolletage running right off the other shoulder altogether. A long garland of garden flowers falls from the sleeved shoulder line to the hem of the frock, winding right round the figure as it does so.

● A BANGLE of delicately tinted porcelain flowers. And a gay boutonniere for your suit lapel of zinnias.



FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

AFTERNOON in SPRING



Four Frocks from Paris...

● **AFTERNOON SUIT** of beige in the new triple organdie, which is to be so much favored for tailored Spring suits. The jacket and sleeves are beautifully embroidered in an open design.

● **ABOVE AT TOP:** Pretty afternoon frock in a new crisp Spring crepe, printed in a quaint white leaf design on a navy background.

● **ABOVE AT TOP:** A distinguished Spring ensemble, comprising navy coat and printed frock. The pleating gives a new and very becoming line to the coat. The dress is also pleated.

● **RIGHT:** An attractive jacket-suit in leaf-green crepe. The jacket features an all-over embroidery design with scalloped collar and covered buttons.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page were selected from the Paris mid-season collections of Mary St. Claire and forwarded by air mail.

The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*

Lace Strictly Tailored for Day Wear

CONTRAST GIVES PIQUANCY

LACE is achieving this season an importance both for day and evening that it has not enjoyed for some years. For the most part, straight, simple, almost severe lines are being obtained, as exemplified in the accompanying sketches by Petrov.

The essential feminine fabric quality of lace introduces a note of piquant contrast to the austere tailoring of a summer suit.

Continental designers are making an important feature of lace. We have become accustomed to it in cocktail and formal evening gowns. Now we are introduced to it in a new guise—as a workaday suit.

It has many qualities which endear it to the feminine heart. To the charm of its textures and patterning is added the substantial good point of its being practically uncrushable, and manufacturers have excelled themselves in providing a variety of weaves.

They have created for us linen, woollen and cotton laces and nets of every possible color. Textures range from cobwebby lightness to sturdy tubbing weights.

The trio of sketches by Petrov on this page indicate how wide is the use we can make of lace for daytime.

The suit sketched is of black lace, but it would look equally smart of serviceable navy cotton lace or beige linen lace. Beige and natural are the main color standbys for this spring. With a beige linen lace suit a blouse of the new mustard shade or of wine, green or black, provides a delightful contrast.

For the afternoon, when the wind still blows sharply, you can have a white woollen lace frock with accompanying finger-length fitted coat, both skirt and coat scalloped around the edges and having one of those fascinatingly new Paisley neckerchiefs tied nonchalantly around the throat.

Sturdy Weaves

REDINGOTES are made of linen laces, sleek and neat in outline, of lovely pastel shades, and also in the more intense colors. Over your last year's black frock, which could be smarter than one of pale lime-green, pearl-grey, or flame-red?

How lovely would a pale blue, maize or vermilion, cotton lace bolero, or redingote look worn over your brown? There is unlimited scope for your imagination to create lovely and subtle schemes that will cost but very little.

Chantilly laces have made a dramatic comeback, but even these have not escaped the tailored influence as can be seen in the cobwebbed evening coats and hoods that are proving so popular.

The beauty of these tailored laces is that they are no longer confined to a particular type. We can all wear them, regardless of age, time or place, knowing they are the last word in smartness and feminine chic.

Durbar Fashion Influence

(From Our London Office.)

NOW that the India Office has announced that the Durbar is "likely to take place during the cold months of 1938-39," fashion houses are anticipating that the splendor and significance of this event will exercise a great influence on next year's spring and summer fashions.

Already the Indian trend is reflected in new sports and neckwear silks which feature strong, rich colors, emblematic Eastern designs and printed motifs of tigers, lions and caparisoned elephants.



● **FINE NAVY LACE**, worked in a sprig design, is mounted on pink crepe and fashioned into a waistcoat of mannish lines. Diamante buttons.

● **THE SUIT** at the extreme left of the page is tailored from dull black lace worn over black satin. In the manner of men's formal morning togs, it is bound with shiny black braid.

● **AT THE LEFT** is sketched a redingote of ecru lace in a design which the French call "railway." The coat is edged with brown crepe satin and worn over a frock of the same material.

remove the ugly mask

that hides your Natural Beauty

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



Your skin is either healthy or it isn't. If it isn't there's a cause. Lines, wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, coarse open pores—these don't come without reason. The skin is forever changing. If it changes along well-ordered lines, all is well. If not—aging sets in prematurely—unhealthy signs appear.

Get the True Facts—Use the RIGHT Skin Treatment.

At 17 years, every girl needs to take care of her skin—if she doesn't, more care will be needed later.

No More Blackheads, Pimples or Coarse Pores

After 20, the skin DEMANDS corrective treatment. If you really want an effective means, without complication, of retaining or regaining a clear, fresh, smooth skin, use Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth." This remarkable beautifier—a "Beauty Parlor" in a single cream—works wonders, doing things for the skin no ordinary complexion cream can possibly do. "FACIAL YOUTH" doesn't fight faults. It corrects them. It soothes, blantly, gently persuasively. It revives parched, tormented tissues. It assists the skin's nutritional and oil-balance functions. Thus, surely, swiftly, unflinchingly it brings improvement—a marvellous improvement in most cases. Blackheads. Pimples. Lines. Wrinkles. Spots. Discoloured Stains. "Muddy Skin." Ugly Open Pores—these end, as "Facial Youth" charms away the destructive ageing, coarsening causes.

There is no other way, so quick, so sure, so generally beneficial, available without costly or complicated treatments. To say that "Facial Youth" takes 10 years off the appearance is no exaggeration, as millions of women, in many parts of the world, have proven over a great number of years.

Try "Facial Youth" under guarantee. Use it for ten days, and if your skin does not become noticeably finer, smoother, younger-looking—more supple and more generally attractive—you can have your money back! Ten days will not be really necessary, for "Facial Youth" will bring you new charm while TWO SHORT MINUTES!

Sold by good chemists and stores everywhere—Tubes, 1/3 and 1/6, Jars 2/6.

kathleen court's
'facial youth'
Rejuvenates & Beautifies

An Editorial

AUGUST 21, 1937.

EDUCATION— WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

WITH education experts from half the world in conference in Australia, there is a rare opportunity for everyone—parents and citizens as well as students and teachers—to catch up on the latest ideas in education.

The latest ideas, of course, are not necessarily the best. But many of them are sure to be good, and we must have new ideas, for two reasons.

First, to keep building on the mass of knowledge and thought whose continued revitalising is our only hope of progress.

Second, to keep education adjusted to the needs of modern life.

One of the vital problems which modern educators must face is that of striking a proper balance between practical training for earning a living and education in the wider sense.

On the one hand it is being more and more generally recognised that a head crammed full of dry academic learning is more hindrance than help to the young man or woman with a way to make in industry, commerce, or even in the professions.

On the other hand, unless education does something more than teach the youngster to read, write, and calculate, the individual will be handicapped for life, and so will the community made up of such half-baked products.

Education means literally "drawing-out," and it is precisely in that definition that the difference is revealed between education and mere "schooling."

It's not what you put into the young mind that matters, but the qualities you develop in that mind.

Passing on sets of facts, figures, and rules won't keep civilisation going or aid a country's progress. Keeping up a supply of fresh, active minds, trained to think and to study for themselves, will achieve these things.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Aliens and Australians

AT Canberra, Mr. Paterson, Minister for the Interior, launched a vigorous defence of foreign-born Australians and of the policy of migration from foreign lands.

It is true that criticism of foreigners here has often been unbalanced and even grossly ignorant. Greeks and Italians, for instance, have actually been described as "colored people."

Olive complexions don't make colored races out of the descendants of the people who founded European civilisation.

It is a wise policy to preserve the dominant British strain in the Australian race. But an admixture of good foreign blood has been found advantageous in every country—not least in England, where Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman and other breeds have mixed with the ancient Briton to such excellent effect.

Another Injustice

SYDNEY University Sports Union has ruled that women cannot compete with men in any faculty sport.

The decision was announced following a girl student's defeat of a male student at golf.

No wonder they call women the fair sex!

Losing Game

"CHASE the record" is a new game radio has forced on listeners.

It's so easy to play. All you have to do is tune into a station playing a popular air which you have heard mangled in various forms and in various places for a couple of months.

Promptly turn on to another station. You're sure to encounter a crooner moaning the same melody.

Don't hesitate! Whirl the dial. You'll get it in orchestrated form this time.

If you persist you'll hear it from every other station on the network, and if by that time you cannot sing it backwards, scratches and all, you lose.

You lose anyway—your temper at any rate!

LYRIC OF LIFE

WALKING ALONE AT NIGHT

The sky is muffled lead of unspent rain,
And the night is dark and silent. Once again
The old ambitions stir with new despair
And waste in sighs on the unknowing air,
Wither in their frustration, dim with hate
Of idle years, and chances come too late.

Only the leaden sky, the wet, long street,
The echoed tread of unfamiliar feet,
The misty street-lamps and the dripping trees,
Only such things impersonal as these,
Flooding with stifled sound and thought and night,
The indifference of the alien night;
Only these things that neither know nor care
Have seen my struggle with the same despair
That racked me once, and that I hoped was laid.
It seems frustration's wage cannot be paid.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Good Women and True

"A COLD dinner is a poor excuse for excluding an entire sex from an important part in the administration of justice," declares an Australian girl solicitor, insisting that women should serve on juries, despite household inconvenience.

"Women," she adds, "are just as logical and sensible as men."

Quite true. But the worry is not whether women are capable of seeing that justice is done. It's whether husbands are capable of feeling that the roast is



ANIMALS ARE NOW going "on the air." The British Broadcasting Corporation recently conducted a broadcast from the London Zoo during the children's hour and it is safe to say that the "crooning" of this sea lion had an audience much more appreciative than any Bing Crosby ever sang to.

—AIR MAIL PHOTO.

Come On, Fit Women

AN Australian grader who died recently worth £219,000, has willed the bulk of the interest on that fortune to the fifteen fittest women in Australia.

Many men seem to regard their last will and testament as their most effective means of self-expression, and indeed it must be some satisfaction to know that your will is going on ruling people's lives after you are dead.

On the other side of the picture, such a legacy as this at least stimulates interest in physical and mental fitness.

And how much brighter the world would be with a few more unexpected windfalls waiting around the corner for folk with no rich relations!

Arms and Furniture

ENGLISH housewives are faced with high prices for furniture because Britain's heavy rearmament has caused a shortage of steel for springs and frames and wool and cotton for fabrics, carpets and blankets.

It's just England's polite, unobtrusive way of calling on the people to contribute to the national defence.

In Italy women throw their wedding rings into the melting-pot to build defence funds. In Germany they sacrifice luxuries and accept synthetic substitutes.

In England they just pay a little more to the furniture dealer . . . but it all works out for the national good just the same. It's just a difference of national temperament.

New Life for Women From Unique Survey

A new conception of women's place in the universe is expected to emerge from a unique world inquiry into their legal status, initiated by the League of Nations.

THE conditions under which women live in every land have been the subject of long, exhaustive inquiries for over a year. Reports summarising the results of the inquiries will be dealt with by the League in a few weeks' time.

It is the most remarkable, most comprehensive attempt ever made to find out how the other half of the world—the womenfolk—really live.

Of particular interest is the report concerning Australian women, which, while it deals primarily with women's legal position as compared with men, affords the opportunity for a review of morals, behaviour, health, work, intellectual and physical development and everything that contributes to women's happiness and unhappiness.

THE report paints a series of contrasting pictures—deserted wives, underpaid workers, happy housewives, social outcasts, problems of unemployed and unemployable, and the distribution of wealth and property.

All are mingled in the story of men and women who work and play and struggle for existence, surrounded by a host of laws that bristle with anomalies.

The survey is designed to find ways and means of eliminating these anomalies of life.

Will Australia Lead?

THE compilation of information in Australia was undertaken by the Australian Federation of Women Voters and affiliated organisations.

Through the work of these organisations, Geneva's greybeards will learn more about us than many of us know about ourselves. For example, here are some of the things they will be told about Australia:—

While 900 trades and callings are registered in Australia, women workers have penetrated only in 87.

There are no women judges, K.C.'s, or women professors in the Commonwealth.

Housewives and homemakers form the largest group of women workers, but lack any classification as workers. They have no legal rights such as are vouchsafed other workers, no right of pay, no provision for hours or holidays.

A curious divorce anomaly exists in Victoria, whereby a wife guilty of a single act of adultery can be divorced, but a wife cannot divorce a husband guilty of the same offence.

Thirty-eight policemen are employed in six States to deal with a population of over 7,000,000.

The employment of women during four weeks immediately after a confinement is prohibited in New South Wales.

The male basic wage is based (generally) on the needs of a family unit of four—husband, wife, two children. This has had the effect of subsidising one-third of the male population who have never married.

Women are not entitled to sit on juries in any State except Queensland.

The report states that women are admitted as ministers to the Baptist, Congregational and Unitarian churches, and Salvation Army, but not to the Church of England, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, or Methodist, although in the latter they may make application to be admitted to the ministry.

A national insurance scheme is urged to guard mothers and wives from want and economic distress.

The Australian report concludes with a request that all our Governments announce their intention "to establish equality of the sexes in Australia . . . thereby giving a lead to the world."

While the stress of international problems has proved too much for the League, in sociological and scientific spheres it has made definite progress—enough, indeed, for the world to hope that some good may come out of the inquiries into women's affairs that is now about to be dealt with.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



HOORAY for the NEW EDUCATION!



Professor Lower's Learned Dissertation on the Three R's... Racing Recreation and Rest

The members of the New Education Fellowship now touring Australia aim to reform old methods of education. And about time, too.

Dr. Harold Rugg, Professor of Education at Columbia University, New York, is of the opinion that "a child should not be a passive receptacle for facts, but should take an active part in the process of his education."

Why didn't they think of that when I was going to school? I'm sure I'd have had as many degrees as a thermometer if I'd been allowed to butt in now and then while I was at school.

For instance:—
"We all know that Christopher Columbus discovered America," said the teacher to the class.

By...
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

"The Spanish were among the earliest settlers..."
"Well, my bookmaker's no Spaniard!"
"Shut up, Willie!"
"I'm taking an active part in my education. Whose education is it, anyhow?"
"That concludes the history lesson for to-day."

"About time, too. I never heard such bunk. And, by the way, teacher. About that sum you set us for home-work last night. It can't be done."

"Oh, no? Sez you!"
"Sez me! It starts off: 'If a man had three dozen apples, four dozen oranges, and six dozen peaches...' Well, I ask you! Where's a feller going to get the money to buy all that stuff, apart from the fact that peaches are out of season. And another thing, if I remember rightly, he gives six away and receives two back. It doesn't say why he got them back. Probably they were rotten. But what I say is why worry about it? It's all over and forgotten now. Probably the cove who was slinging this fruit around has been dead for years. What's it matter to me how many oranges he had? What I say is..."

"Willie! Sit down!"
"Oh, all right! A bloke's got to sit here and just be a passive receptacle, eh?"

A Real Poser

"EXCUSE me, sir!" said young Alfred, more or less saving a situation which looked like becoming tense. "May I ask a question?"
"Certainly, my boy! That's what I'm here for."

"Are those baggy eye-lids of yours due to late hours or drink?"
"WHAT?"

"All right. All right. Don't do your block and set a bad example to the class. Let's get back to these oranges and things this chap was giving away. What was his name?"

"I don't see that it matters, Alfred."

"Oh, yes it does!" chipped in Oscar, thedux of the class. "If he's the same chap who bought ten pounds of two-inch nails, laid them end to end, and then wanted to know how many minutes to ride past them on a bicycle going at twenty miles an hour, he ought to be certified. It's not safe to let those fellers loose. And another thing, I ask you, as man to man, what earthly use is all that guff to me? Am I ever likely to buy ten pounds of nails and a bicycle and ride..."

"Oscar! Sit down!"

"There he goes again," said Alfred wearily. "Sit down! That's all he can think of. A fine chance a man's got of getting educated in this school. No co-operation. None of that get-together spirit. Sit down, shut up, and listen. It ought to be the school motto."

"That's enough! A man has three dozen oranges..."

"Struth, there he goes again! Couldn't you make it watermelons? If you knew what it was to have to sit here listening to you drooling about a maniac who doesn't know how many oranges he's got, you'd have a bit more consideration."

"Hear! Hear!" muttered the class. "Well, we'll try something different. I don't want to weary you, boys. There

"A child should take an active part in his education" is a sentiment L. W. Lower heartily endorses. He is here shown explaining the finer points of education to teachers, who, he says, did not teach him properly.

are eight horses in a race. The winner's price is five to four on. How much would you have to put on to win fifteen shillings?"

"I wouldn't be such a piker!" said little Thomas, indignantly. "If a man's going to bet like that he might as well stick to the Totz. Anyhow, you haven't given us the form or past performances. Nobody would bet in the dark like that. Might as well pick 'em with a pin. Have a bit of sense!"

"Oh, confound the lot of you! Class dismiss!"

"Why didn't you think of that before? Wasting our time burbling about oranges, and bicycles, and things when a man could have been fishing. The trouble with you is that you're behind the times. You won't co-operate."

"Go away!" moaned the teacher. "Oh, go away!"

"Come on, boys," said young Alfred. "Leave him alone. He looks about all in." And they slowly left the room, patting the sobbing teacher gently on the head as they passed.

Hooray, for the new education! What a pity it came too late for most of us.



"You can't scare ME with tales of Pyorrhea"

Now let the Dentist speak...

LOVELY young womanhood has other things to worry about—ruining a frock, perhaps, or whether a certain week-end party will turn out well. But when it comes to Pyorrhea, the motto seems to be, "Let the dentist do the worrying!"

And that's the truth. Perhaps your dentist is doing the worrying about some nice, clean, white teeth which you are carefully brushing every day. For the dentist knows that the clean, white teeth are likely to be the teeth destined to be undermined by the stealthy gum disease—pyorrhea.

Talk to your dentist! Let him talk to you! Don't use him just for repair work, emergency

work. Give him a chance to give you real professional service, prevention service. Probably he is doing far more of this kind of work than you dream of for dentists are finding that fully half the adult teeth lost are due to this gum disease.

The care of the teeth and gums is a serious business. Don't look upon a toothpaste as a simple cleanser—a sweet-flavored soap. Don't look upon it as a mere cosmetic. When you get a toothpaste for yourself and your family, get the best—get Forhan's.

Forhan's dentifrice is different from all other dentifrices. No other dentifrice brings you the exclusive Forhan formula—long used by dentists to combat gum troubles. You can feel its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's. Shortly you see its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's to-day.

Price, 2/- Extra large tube, 3/-.

Australian Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co., Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's

for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE - IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

How does she keep so Slim & Youthful

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. For thanks to Bile Beans her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"There's a wonderful improvement since I began to take Bile Beans. I feel years younger and more energetic and my beauty say they have never seen me looking so well. I also find Bile Beans are gradually reducing my weight."—Mrs. B. Blake.

Bile Beans have made me look and feel years younger. I now sleep well, my spirits are improved and I get up to a morning looking forward to my day's work. Bile Beans also keep my figure youthful and attractive."—Mrs. E. King.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YEARS YOUNGER

Flatter Your Legs with HOLEPROOF SHEERS

And get a kick out of life. Buy yourself some HOLEPROOF SHEERS and your legs will carry you gaily and smartly into the biggest and merriest moments of your life... at these moments you must look your best... only the sheerness and beauty of HOLEPROOF will make your legs look a million dollars.

BLACK MAGIC: A magically flattering sheer... combining every modern feature with a beautiful transparent appearance... 7/11.

GAY DECEIVER: A gay and silken sheer combined with cunningly concealed, long-wearing features... 6/11.

SHEER LOVELINESS: A good looking service sheer... with more wear per pair than any other stocking of this type... 5/11.

ALL-IN-ONE: A luxury sheer crinkly crepe... with super dullness and unequalled wear and comfort... 7/11.

Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringlet Patent.

For Sport and City wear when you like a service sheer, we recommend... **JOY.** Pure silk from top to toe... with amazing durability. It is rightly called the 'famous happy medium weight'... 6/11.

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**ABSOLUTE
PROTECTION
... SOFTER
... SAFER**

SANITARY NAPKINS that give absolute protection because of a special moisture proof backing.



Price throughout
West Australia
1/3

BOX OF 12

Will You REMEMBER, Too?

Continued from
Page 8

SHE and Charles were friends after that, and when Marguerite went away to boarding school he wrote her occasionally in answer to hurried little notes asking him to do things for her. Father and Pony couldn't find her skates, but if Charles would climb up to the rafters of the storeroom and look in all the boxes—And Charles always did.

That Charles loved her was clear to me, for children sometimes appreciate the emotions of grown-up people without understanding the emotions themselves. It was at the high school commencement exercises that I knew that Charles loved Marguerite. She had finished boarding school and was home in time to attend the exercises at which her father was to speak. She had grown up, acquired poise, and was strikingly beautiful. I admired her dress, which was soft and knife-pleated, the height of fashion then. It was a color known as champagne and it was most becoming to her.

She sat near Mother and me and was modestly attentive to her father's speech. It was a long one, and my mother looked reprovingly at me several times for having what she called little fidgets. She said later that she thought young Mr. Frey, who also had taken a seat near us, might notice. He was still in Judge Benton's office and had passed his bar examinations. In my eyes he had reached quite an advanced age at that time. I think he must have been twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Marguerite was only nineteen, but she was definitely a young lady now. I could see that.

Also I knew that Mother need not have worried about any notice that Charles Frey took of me, for I doubt if he really saw anyone but Marguerite that evening. He scarcely took his eyes away from her and it would not have surprised me to learn that he had not heard a word the Judge was saying. As soon as the exercises were over, he and Marguerite came home with us for some strawberry sherbet.

"He was such a fine young man," Mother often said in later years when we spoke of Charles. "But he was marked for sorrow," she added once. Her heart ached for him; it ached for Dean, too, and most of all for Marguerite. She was very tender-hearted, my mother.

As I have said before, it was at our house that Dean first saw Marguerite. It was the evening following commencement, and Dean was having supper with us, a summer supper of cold ham, hot biscuits and honey. We were still at the table when Marguerite came in with some roses for Mother. She was peach-colored that evening—her dress and her skin. And she carried the roses in her leghorn hat.

"With Father's compliments," she said. "He's feeling exceptionally fine this evening."

So was she. Her eyes were lustrous with that quality which the artist put into the portrait—that almost reckless gift for life and living. It was easy to see that Dean was charmed by her, and Marguerite could not have been displeased to meet so personable a young man. He was not handsome, feature by feature, but he was handsome as a whole, tall, well made and of the world.

The conversation turned towards South America, and Dean spoke of parties, fiestas and fruits with strange, lovely names. He told about trips through the mountains on horseback, of the sudden darkness that comes in the tropics, and, in a different mood, he spoke of the sophisticated urban life lived behind thick, white walls to the small music of fountains and the scents of crushed aromatic leaves. Marguerite's eyes were dark with excitement.

"I SHOULD love to go there," she said at last.

"I'm going again," he told her, and for an instant their glances flashed together, held. Then Marguerite began to play with the roses, her cheeks lovely with color. Mother said later that you could see them falling in love in the summer twilight over a bowl of roses. I remember that they left our house together that evening, and that when Charles Frey came to call for Marguerite Mother told him she had gone with Dean.

Charles Frey did not fit into the usual village background. He was the son of a Swiss schoolmaster who had founded a seminary at the Springs. Judge Benton had attended the school in his youth and had kept in touch with it until it was closed with the death of Charles' father.

Charles was still a boy at that time, and the Judge encouraged him to go through Union College. When he had finished his course there, he entered the Judge's law office. The Judge grew attached to him and treated him rather like a favorite nephew. I believe there was a nephew before Charles' time who had proved a disappointment, but the Judge never talked about that. The Bentons did not speak of their defeats and disappointments. Marguerite did not mention Dean to my mother in all those years.

They were very much in love that first summer, Marguerite and Dean, and as is often the case with lovers, they matched each other on the surface. They were both vital and gay and proud. I think Dean was the more violently proud of the two and he had a quicker temper. Marguerite covered her pride with gaiety, but it was there, deeply-rooted Benton pride. It was that as much as anything that determined her marriage. If she could have waited to hear what Dean had to say—but before that time which lay ahead of them there was a period of old-fashioned summer romance. They were often together at our house.

I do not know just when the Judge became really alarmed about Dean's attentions to Marguerite, but I seem to recall that they often met at our house, as if by chance. And they always left together. I noticed that they did not go back toward the Benton house, but always the other way, disappearing slowly beneath the elms and maples that are everywhere in our village, even to-day.

"Poor Charles," said Mother. She became troubled, after a little, because Marguerite met Dean at our house so frequently without the Judge's knowledge. I am sure she spoke to Dean about it, for he left our house in a rather bad humor one evening and did not come so often after that.

I cannot judge his mood too severely, for there is no doubt that he was very much in love with Marguerite and wanted to marry her, and the Judge had been far from cordial to his presence. Mother was inclined to blame that all on the old political quarrel, but I think the Judge was afraid of the young man, afraid that he would take his daughter too far away; and it would not be strange if he doubted Dean's ability to make her a good husband. To the Judge, Dean was an adventurer. It was natural, up to a certain point, that he should favor Charles Frey.

IT was usual for the Judge to ask Charles for supper once or twice a week; he had done that when Marguerite was away and continued to do it after she came home. They both liked Charles, but I know that at this time he had never spoken of his own feelings regarding Marguerite. Nevertheless, Dean was jealous of Charles' presence at the Benton house, where he felt so definitely unwelcome.

He suffered whenever he knew Charles was there, and now he felt that mother had turned unsympathetic. It was not that, but she had a fine sense of proportion, and she knew that sooner or later the Judge would hear of these meetings and be the more antagonistic toward Dean.

She urged Dean to be frank with the Judge—the one way to compel his respect. Dean probably felt keenly at this time his lack of money. He was not financially able to propose immediate marriage to Marguerite. He must make his first trip to South America alone. He left town for a few days on that matter, and when he returned he came to tell mother that he was to sail in four weeks.

"The Judge has ordered an electric coupe for Marguerite," mother told father about this time.

"Will he sentence himself for attempted bribery?" asked father.

Please turn to Page 16



You can't drug your way back to health

Are you wondering why that constipated feeling is getting harder to shake off? Are you being forced to take harsh medicines nearly every morning. It's time you knew the REAL TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION. Hundreds of thousands of people are being misled about "cures" for constipation. Actually there is a very real danger in the constant use of purgatives. If you have been taking them regularly the muscular action of your alimentary tract is, in all probability, seriously weakened. Only the heaviest dosing is giving you relief. If you are to avoid serious results the intestinal muscles must be restored to natural action by the gentlest exercise. There is only one way to do this. Get "bulk" into your diet, immediately. It is the lack of "bulk" in modern over-refined foods that is the very root of the evil.

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk"

This natural health food forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently sponges the system. This is an entirely different action to the vicious scouring that is the result of constantly taking purging medicines. As Kellogg's All-Bran passes through your system it gently exercises and gradually restores strength to the intestinal muscles that have become tired out.

ALL-BRAN IS A NUT SWEET BREAKFAST CEREAL

Just sprinkle All-Bran over your favourite breakfast cereal or enjoy it simply with milk and sugar. Two tables- spoonful each morning are sufficient for most people. Within a week you should be normal—if not, you should see your doctor.

Your Grocer
Sells Kellogg's
All-Bran.



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Mother Seigel's Syrup is still
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and Liver Disorders.

The twelve distinct Herbs contained in Mother Seigel's Syrup have been known for generations as the finest possible corrective for Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Acidity and Flatulence.

This splendid Herbal remedy has proved its worth throughout the world. A short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly tone up the whole digestive system and induce a hearty and healthy appetite. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"What would you say if I told you I was only twenty-two?"
"I'd put two and two together."



CUSTOMER (suspiciously): How is the hash made here?
WAITER: Made, Sir? 'Ash ain't made, it accumulates.



TENANT: . . . And the roof leaks badly.
LANDLADY: H'm! Remind me to send over some umbrellas.



JUDGE: You are very young to give evidence; are you sure you understand the nature of an oath?
BOY WITNESS: Yes, Sir, I once caddied for you!

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MARY: Mother, they are going to teach us domestic science at school now.
Mother: Don't you mean domestic science, Mary?
Father: There is a bare hope our little girl means what she is saying.

A LAD employed by a large company turned up to work one morning in a new car. The manager heard of it and sent for him, fearing he might be getting into debt.
"How is it," he asked, "that you can afford a car on £2/10/- a week?"
"Quite easily, sir," he was told. "There are two hundred people employed in this shop, and every week I raffle my pay envelope at a bob a chance!"

FIRST VOTER: Don't you think it would be a good idea if our politicians were limited to one term?
Second Voter: It would depend altogether on where the term was to be served.

THE manager was trying to prevent the pianist from taking an imaginary encore.
"Just listen to the booing!" he advised.
"But there's some clapping among it."

"Yes, that's for the booing."

HE: Two's company.
SHE: Yes, so long as they don't get married.

NEW NEIGHBOR: Have you any brothers and sisters, dear?
Margery: I had a brother, but we're divorced.

"Divorced?"
"Yes, pa's got Jackie, and ma's got me!"

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET NEED REGULAR CARE WITH Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you're a shop assistant, a nurse, work in a busy factory, or are occupied at home with domestic duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard skin, corns and bunions are softened, chilblains are healed, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

1/6 or 2/6 box. Of all chemists & stores



"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me sound, healthy feet."—Mr. J.C.

"Being on my feet all day makes them ache and burn terribly. After one application of Zam-Buk my feet were quite easy and comfortable. During next time massage use Zam-Buk for foot treatment."—Nurse P.R.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

YOU CAN GET STRONG Quickly! Complete Home Gym in one Outfit.

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain! Now only 20/- for this famous £3 value Complete Home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

- 1.—Complete set of Wall Apparatus Attachment.
- 2.—Two high tensioned Grip Apparatus, builds strong wrists and forearms.
- 3.—Book on Ju-Jitsu.
- 4.—Foot Stirrups; for legs, thighs, stomach.
- 5.—Complete Muscle Building Course.
- 6.—Complete Boxing Course.
- 7.—Rowing Machine Attachment.
- 8.—Three strand Progressive Chest Expander.

Send No Money If You Like!



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Let me send you this whole wonderful Muscle Building Outfit, Courses, etc., to try at our risk, for only 20/-. If you're not satisfied within 15 days, just return the course, and your money will be refunded in full without question. We will send it C.O.D. if you like; just pay the postman a few pence extra for postage. (No C.O.D. to N.Z.)

GYM. SUPPLIES, SALES DEPT. 3,
187 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,—
I enclose 20/- for your complete Muscle Building Outfit and Courses, and, in accordance with your GUARANTEE, if I'm not satisfied you will refund my money in full.

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3 delicate situations saved!

The life of the modern girl is now carefree and successful—always. How Wondersoft Kotex has changed women's lives!



She wins at tennis!

Wondersoft never pulls or twists. It conforms to the body, readjusting itself to fit, no matter how active and vigorous you are.



Business hours arent hard...

Wondersoft ends rubbing and chafing. The edges are covered with downy cotton, and remain dry, soft and wonderfully comfortable for hours.

In America, 8 out of 10 women choose Wondersoft. . . the same improved Kotex that is now available in Australia. Buy Wondersoft from chemists and druggists—as the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

Wondersoft Kotex is completely disposable.

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BOX OF
12 PADS



Box of 4 pads - 6d.
West Australian prices
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WHEN YOU WISH TO GET SLIM

Even a few pounds "extra-weight" will make you slow and tired, spoil the effect of your smartest frocks and handicap you in every way. Don't let fatness ruin your pleasure and prospects. Get rid of it right away—by taking Beecham's Pills.

Thousands of fashionable women follow this easy, inexpensive method, because it is so gentle and health-giving—never drastic and risky like strict dieting and ordinary drug treatments. Beecham's Pills are harmless, easy to take and non-gripping. They "dissolve" your fat and clear your complexion by purifying your blood. Try them. You'll feel more fit in every way.



BEECHAM'S PILLS are *Guinea*
"Worth a Box"

Will You REMEMBER, Too?

Continued from Page 14

HE was a clever man, Judge Benton. He did not actually forbid Dean's presence at the house, but he let Marguerite know that he did not care for the young man.

Then he showered her with gifts and affection. He suggested that they take a boat trip, but the girl put him off. Dean's time was getting short. Every afternoon now, after she had taken her father to his office in the new coupe, she would drive, at what seemed to us a reckless speed, out toward the southern end of the village. There Dean would be waiting.

Marguerite was a flirt by nature, and each day she took back all that she had said the day before, until Dean was frantic with uncertainty. There were times when he thought it was all a game to her, and that she loved Charles, but as the time for his sailing neared she abandoned her teasing and promised faithfully to wait for him.

He told her that he would be away several months on this first trip, that he was going to start a revolution, if necessary, to sell his guns; but over and over he told her that he would come back to her.

"You won't come," she said one day in a perverse mood.

"As I love you, I'll come," he said, and kissed her hands.

The day he left the village Marguerite came to mother and cried violently. "I love him," she sobbed.

I remember running out to our little orchard and leaning against the quince tree and crying, too, because although I did not know what love was, I knew now that there was something unseen in the world more real than the golden September day.

THE summer that I was twelve a new family came to our village and to the house across the street from our home. They had one child, a little girl near my own age, and we became shy friends and then inseparable chums, although I think I must have been the more admiring. Even her name was a special charm for me. Aldine.

I had never heard it before. Aldine liked to have me tell her about the people who lived in our street. She had lived in a city and found it fascinating that I should know so much about the people in our village. Spurred by her belief in all that I said, I invented people to go with certain houses. I invented a crazy woman, very beautiful, who lived upstairs in the tower of an old house. No one had ever seen her, but there she was, always brushing her long hair.

"Always?" asked Aldine. "Always," I said firmly. There were other people, too, who lived only in my mind. It doesn't matter—it wasn't so many years later that I knew that there were real people far more interesting than any I had created.

We had many people in our village who were stories, just as they were. Aldine, herself, is a story, but she does not belong in this one, except for our brief encounter with Marguerite Benton, or Marguerite Frey as she was now.

It must have been four or five years since the autumn day when Dean went away, and I did not see much of Marguerite now. Mother went to see her, but I did not go with her as often as when I was younger. I liked Aldine's company better, and for one reason or another, I had not seen Marguerite in a long time until Aldine and I met them—Marguerite and Charles.

It was a summer evening, and Aldine and I were strolling on the school house green when I noticed the man and woman coming slowly toward us. When they were nearer I could see that she was guiding him. I knew then who they were, and my heart beat faster, for I had never seen Charles since he had become completely sightless. He was thin, too, and his face had assumed that timeless look that was neither youth nor age, but a special grace. He was carefully dressed and brushed, but you could not miss his affliction, for he had to depend entirely on the woman who was with him for guidance. They walked slowly toward us and unconsciously I pulled Aldine to one side to make way for them. Marguerite recognized me then and smiled. It had always been such a gay smile.

"How is your mother, dear?"

"Nicely," I said. My youthful mind was bewildered. She seemed so much older than the girl who had cried in mother's arms. She was still beautiful, at least in the twilight, but her reckless, almost prodigious beauty was gone, thinned—as though she no longer had any need for that.

"Who are they?" whispered Aldine. "What is their story?"

And suddenly I felt that I knew it, in all its detail.

THERE has not been a mail delivery in our village for so many years. In my youth it was the custom for business men to have lock boxes at the post office. They could get their mail at any time but other people had to ask for it at the window. Many times I have seen Judge Benton come into the post office, take a large bunch of keys from his pocket, select a small one to open his box.

He always left the key in the lock until he had sorted the mail. If there were letters for Marguerite, or less frequently for Popsy, he would put them back in the box, and Marguerite would collect them later when she did her morning shopping.

The day after Dean left for New York, from which port he was to sail, Marguerite was at the office a little earlier than usual. The New York mail was distributed about eight-thirty.

There were letters for her in the box, but as she glanced through them quickly she was disappointed. There was no letter from Dean, but as there was another day before he was to sail, she was certain to hear from him the following morning. She mailed a long letter to the boat, and he had that, at least, to sweeten his departure. It was her first and last letter to him, for even if her pride had allowed her to write again, she would not have known where to send the letter. For she never heard from Dean after he left.

The day after he sailed she was so puzzled and desperate over his silence that she telephoned his aunt, Miss Clark.

"I was wondering if Dean sailed," she inquired, making her voice as light as she could.

Miss Clark told her that he had. They had received a short note from him, written on the boat. It was unfortunate for Dean that his aunt did not know the exact situation between him and Marguerite, but he did not confide in her and, as she was practically a recluse, she heard little village gossip.

SHE did not mention Marguerite's call when she wrote him.

Marguerite grew thin in the next few weeks, and when her father suggested a trip for her in October she did not refuse. She was away about a month and when she came home she brought two girls with her, friends she had made at school. Then began what was, for our village, a social whirl. All the presentable youth of the town were invited to meet Marguerite's guests. And soon it was said discreetly that Marguerite didn't seem to miss Dean Clark very much. She was more animated than ever that autumn, and I think only mother suspected that she was not happy.

About this time a trolley line was completed between the city of Utica and our village. People now fly across the country more casually than we went to Utica on the trolley for the first time, but the novelty soon wore off. It had one decided effect on us, though—it marked the end of the leisurely isolation of our village social life. Now it became the thing to go up to Utica for shopping, dinner and a show. Marguerite often took her guests to Utica, and if they planned to stay for the evening the Judge sent Charles up to act as an escort. He was old-fashioned enough to think that was proper, and Marguerite did not object. She had always depended on Charles since the glasses episode, and his quite devotion had become a part of her life, although I do not think she had ever considered him a beau.

"He isn't enough of a bluff to impress her," said my father.

Please turn to Page 18



Her lips said "Darling" but her breath said

"PEANUTS"

HOW easy it is to spoil an effect entirely. Just a few peanuts after dinner . . . small things, yet enough to make your breath go on saying "Peanuts" all the evening. Play safe and clear your breath before you go to meet anyone. A May Breath tablet does the trick in a minute. No trace of fish, nuts or other breath tainters remain. Antiseptic, May Breath tablets are good for you. Carry a tin in your handbag; it takes up no more space than a coin or two.

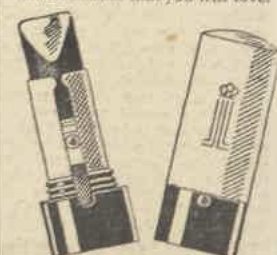


MAY BREATH
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Cocktail-proof—lasting—exquisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In six smart shades that you will love.



1/9—REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

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LENTHERIC
FACE POWDER - COLOGNES - PERFUMES
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Exhibition of British Art in Sydney

PAINTINGS valued at £60,000 are contained in the Loan Collection of Works by famous British artists, now being displayed at the Sydney Art Gallery. The Collection, which has already been exhibited in other Australian capitals, has done much to stimulate public interest in the work of famous artists. Five of the most outstanding paintings are shown below. They are on loan from the Tate Gallery, London.



"CONSULTING THE ORACLE." The old Grecian suggestion of consulting the oracle is illustrated in this painting by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. (1849-1917), subject painter, born in Rome. He began with allegorical and classical subjects, and was later influenced by the French "Plein Air" school.



"MA SI GYAW, DANCER," a charming study of a Dutch East Indian native dancer, in ceremonial costume. The indiscriminate use of unusual colors in this painting blends with harmonious results. Painted by G. F. KELLY, R.A., who was born in London, and received his art training in Paris. He is one of the most distinguished of the Irish painters, a member of the Royal Academy, London, and of the Royal Hibernian Society.



"IN THE COUNTRY OF CONSTABLE." The district that the famous painter, Constable, selected for most of his works, inspired the artist, SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A., (1849-1932), landscape painter, to execute this excellent example of his work. Sir David is regarded by many as the leading Scottish landscape painter of his time.



"THE RETURN FROM THE RIDE," a decorative treatment with a flavor of romance painted by C. W. FURZE, A.R.A. (1865-1904), portrait and subject painter, who died at the early age of 36. Furze gained notoriety by his works exhibited at the Royal Academy and the New English Art Club. He painted many portraits, and in 1904 he exhibited "Diana of the Uplands."



"JEWS MOURNING IN A SYNAGOGUE," by SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, N.E.A.C. (1872-). Born in Bradford, Sir William trained in the Slade School and in Paris. He is Professor of Civic Art at the University of Sheffield.

AMAMI care

means lovely hair



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night is
AMAMI
night!

The finishing touch
**AMAMI
WAVE-SET**

Just five minutes for perfection's final touch. Make tight little curls and deep broad waves with this fragrant non-sticky, non-oily, non-frustrating lotion. So easy and so inexpensive.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS & WAVE-SET

A well nourished scalp, healthy roots, and especially clean hair; this is true Amami loveliness. Natural colour, gleaming in the light, a soft silky texture so easy to manage, and perfect freedom from fading, falling or splitting. All Brunettes should use Amami No. 1. Amami No. 5 is for Blondes (containing Lemon Rinse and Rosemary Tea). No. 7 for the very Fair and Amami Special Henna Application is to brighten and tint dull hair. Amami No. 12 is for those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo.

Doctor's Amazing Discovery Brings Back Youth To Faded Wrinkled Skins



A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only has the cause of lines been found, but how they may be removed. Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth skin of youth.

Lines come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now



Crème Tokalon Biocel, for night use.

have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocel', is to be found only in Crème Tokalon Biocel. In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, lines were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Crème Tokalon Biocel every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Lines quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use

Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), for day use.

FREE: By special arrangement any reader of this paper may now obtain a de Luxe Beauty Ottis containing the new Tokalon cream (Biocel for the evening, Vanishing for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 42 B), 1, 100/102, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Will You REMEMBER, Too?

Continued from
Page 16

OUR winters were, and are again, long and snowy, and Marguerite must have been glad of such diversion. She had suffered silently, but bitterly, over Dean's defection.

"It's hard to believe he could be so fickle," said mother.

"It's hard for you to believe a crow will steal corn," said father. But I think he liked her that way. He was busy many evenings with village meetings and mother was often alone, but that winter they played whist at the Bentons—the Judge, Marguerite, Charles and mother. Father did not care much for the game, but he would call for mother when his meeting was over, and Marguerite always brought in a tray of refreshments. No one drank liquor at home in those days—the popular evening drink was chocolate.

Marguerite had a very fine china set, and it was Charles who was trusted to carry that for her. The Judge had begun to show signs of age, and Marguerite was very thoughtful and sweet with her father these days. She had lost some of her recent animation and she had laid aside most of her small spoiled ways, as if she were no longer sure that people were going to like her in spite of them. She had given up that daily morning trip to the post office, but I'm sure she still hoped for word from Dean. It didn't come.

That spring, when mother made her Easter calls, she learned from Dean's aunt that he had been very ill in South America, but he had written them recently that he was better. Mother did not report that to Marguerite. Summer came, and we had our season of leisurely peace.

A few people in town had bought automobiles, and mother counted eight cars passing our house in one day. People said all that travel made a great deal of dust around the village. Of such matters were our lives made. August came, with its full, ripe days and cooler nights, and mother told me that Marguerite was going to be married to Charles Frey.

They were married on a September afternoon in our small Episcopal Church. Marguerite was a lovely, quiet bride, and Charles, looking quite handsome, seemed very happy. They left for a trip through the St. Lawrence, and the morning before their return old Posy found the Judge dead in his room.

DEAN CLARK came home the following year, and before he had been in the village an hour he came to see my mother. I recall that he was thin and bitter, and that he looked older, too. He told mother that he had written Marguerite again and again, begging for some answer to his letters. Then with only silence from her he, too, had grown proud and silent. He had been fool enough when he went away, he said, to believe that she really cared for him.

Mother heard him through without speaking, but I knew she had seldom been as perturbed as she was then.

"If I had lost her knowing that she still cared for me, I would have had something—at least a memory," said Dean at last. As it was, he said that he thought he would go up to the city and get drunk. That must have decided Mother, for she told him then what she knew to be the truth, that Marguerite had never received any letter from him at all. At first Dean could only stare at her, speechless. Then his anger broke.

He could see what had happened all too clearly. The Judge had always taken the mail from his box—he knew that, knew that Marguerite picked hers up later. He swore he would tear the town apart to find out the truth. Mother begged him to be controlled. It was hard for her to believe the Judge had done that, but there was no other way to explain what had happened. It was only when Dean, still beside himself with anger, said that he would see Marguerite and tell her, that mother spoke up.

"Marguerite is Charles' wife. It is too late, Dean."

"She's his wife through a fraud," said Dean furiously. "I'll take her away from him. In South America that won't matter."

He rushed out, and mother sat very still. I think she was afraid for all of them.

Dean went directly to the

Benton house. There was a story whispered around the village that he pounded on the door and rang the bell at the same time, and that when old Posy came she was frightened by his looks. Still, he asked to see Marguerite civilly enough, and Posy could not interfere. Charles was in New York for a day or so on business, but Marguerite was home.

Perhaps she heard Dean's voice, for when Posy turned around she was pale but strangely alive as she had not been for months. The very sight of Dean was causing her the most desperate emotion, for she had really been in love with him, although her pride insisted that she forget a man who had forgotten her so easily.

This was the man she had wanted to marry, this man who had come back to her too late. When he had told his story she was agitated and then frantic over the deception that had defeated them.

"It was too cruel," she cried over and over in his arms. On one point only she remained firm—Charles had known nothing about it; she was certain of that. She defended Charles within the circle of Dean's arms, even though she was ready to leave Charles for Dean. They made plans swiftly, without considering anything except their right to happiness together. Dean would go first, to avoid any suspicion, and Marguerite was to slip away and join him just before their ship sailed. She agreed to everything he said, so he went away directly, to arrange their passage and to attend to some matters in connection with guns.

It was while he was gone that Mother invited Marguerite and Charles to our house one evening. To please mother, father had learned to play whist, I can still see them as they sat around the card table. My father was a large man, inclined towards heaviness, but there was something comforting in his presence. Mother was small and, to my mind, lovely. But she was never as strikingly beautiful as Marguerite was that evening, with her secretly-excited face. Charles, slight of figure and silent, seemed withdrawn, uncertain.

WHEN the game began it was almost my bedtime, but mother seemed to have forgotten that. Charles dealt and dropped a card. He seemed to be a long time finding it, and as I saw it immediately I slid out of my chair and gave it to him. Then bidding began, and Charles did not speak when his turn came.

"Charles," Marguerite said at last, "what are you waiting for?"

He put the cards down slowly.

"I do not see," he said, and he put his hands to his eyes with a queer, helpless gesture. He had known it was coming. His business in New York had been to consult an eye specialist. There was nothing to be done.

And that is almost all of Marguerite's love story. She did not go away with Dean, although he pleaded his cause valiantly. What had overtaken Charles had nothing to do with them, he argued. They had been wronged to an extent which exceeded all that. When words failed he relied on the strength of their mutual passion to win her over, but it had lost its power over her decisions. She was held to Charles by something stronger. I do not think it was pity entirely; perhaps it was love. Certainly, part of it was loyalty that only a crisis brings to the surface in some women.

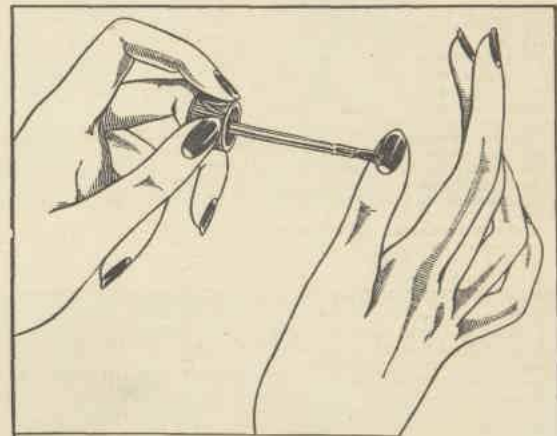
"You never know what a woman is really like until you see her in real trouble," my father used to say.

Marguerite and Charles continued to live in the Benton house. They lived quietly, of course, and I think happily. Later, when the investigations that the Judge had left his daughter had become less valuable, they had to live more economically. For Charles' law career was at an end and his new avocation, while it gave him a fabric for his mental life, brought in but little money. He had always been a student of local history, and now he began writing about certain phases of that.

With his wife's assistance, he began to write his scholarly little books. They were published, had good reviews, but no wide sale. They kept him busy, though, and alive in the world he had re-created for himself.

Please turn to Page 20

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



DOES YOUR LIQUID POLISH GET THICK AND GUMMY?



Send 9d. in stamps for Cutex trial Kit containing all the materials necessary for a complete manicure.

The improved Cutex is usable to the last drop. Tests prove Cutex evaporates in the bottle much less than ordinary polishes. Cutex has introduced "smoky" shades that flatter your hands regardless of your natural colouring. Old Rose, Mauve, Rust, Robin Red.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

TO GAIN SUCCESS

PEOPLE who make statements to the effect that it is better to benefit by one's errors than to be guided by the advice of the more experienced are, in my opinion, proclaiming to the world their arrogance and ignorance. As long as they hold that view they can't expect people of average intelligence to treat them as equals.

They hinder themselves, and never amount to anything worth while. A close observation of the successful men and women of to-day makes it abundantly clear that success is only achieved by those who are prepared to listen, and, where possible, benefit by the advice of others.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. T. Collins, Westralia, 37 Woolcock Ave., Kew E5, Vic.

KEEPING FIT

IF men and women are obliged or elect to earn their living I think it is an obligation on their part to keep reasonably fit.

There is so much entertainment in our day and generation, that quite often workers go to shop, or office, or factory worn out before the day's work starts because of the hectic night spent in chasing pleasure.

If we take money for our labors we should make sure that we are physically and mentally able to carry them out. There is no need to be hermits. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but we certainly owe it to our employers and to ourselves to maintain a fair standard of health by right living.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

START OF FRIENDSHIP

IT is difficult to alter the tempo of a friendship once you have thoroughly established it. The demands you make at the inception will dominate any friendship.

Friends who are used to finding us easy and complacent doormats are apt to be seriously disturbed and hostile when we suddenly assert and enforce our rights.

We should tread carefully when we begin a friendship.

Mrs. Ailsa Knight, Fitzroy Street, Gulgong, N.S.W.

EQUALITY AND WIVES

I WAS astonished to read in the daily Press that an Italian immigrant had said that "The desire of Australian women for equality is the cause of matrimonial unhappiness."

I think exactly the opposite. There can be little true happiness when husband and wife are not on the same intellectual and moral plane. There can be no interchange of views, no mental stimulus, no comradeship.

Mrs. Dido Durno, 11 Ashgrove Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

MODERN GLORY-BOX

WHY is it that girls who are thrifty and sane in their daily life lose all sense of proportion in preparing their "glory boxes?" Invariably they sport about 25 milk-jug covers, tea-cosies, and twice the amount of d'oyleys.

Tea and bath towels and other articles are constantly used, and need replacing all too soon, yet the bride-to-be scorns these on the ground that they are "much too practical," and it is more fun getting together attractive oddments.

However, the "fun" will cease when replacements are required, and little consolation will be found in the fact that the supply of cosies and milk-jug covers looks like lasting at least another 50 years.

Joan Graham, 59 Bland Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Are Men To-day Coddled Too Much?

THERE is a great deal of truth in Mrs. Whelan's statement that men are coddled and don't fully appreciate the way in which their womenfolk look after them (31/7/37). How many men ever bother to pick up the newspapers they have scattered all over the floor, or put away hammers and chisels when they've completed a job? Because their mothers and wives have always kept the place tidy, the menfolk have become very lazy and casual. It is high time they learnt to consider other people and cultivated a habit of tidiness.

Miss M. N. Storey, 56 Fergusson Avenue, Fullarton, S.A.

A Woman's Work

I DON'T think that tidying up after our menfolk could be called "coddling." Surely it is part of a woman's work. I think the average man appreciates having a wife or mother to tidy up after the rush and bustle of getting off to work on time, even though he may not say anything about it.

And after all, it is only a few minutes' work to fold up the paper and put away stray belongings.

Miss Emma Morrow, 66 Adelaide Rd., Gawler South, S.A.

Men Different To-day

I HAVE noticed that young husbands of to-day have a different outlook from husbands of a couple of generations ago. Unlike their fathers, they no longer expect their womenfolk to pick up clothes, newspapers, and in general tidy up after them. As a rule they are full of consideration for their wives. Marriage to-day seems to be on a happy basis of understanding companionship. Your attack, Mrs. Whelan, comes a little late.

P. Jones, 31 Chalmers Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Women Are Coddled

FROM observation, I say, most emphatically, that men are not coddled, as Mrs. Whelan suggests. Most husbands I see to-day help with the washing up, sometimes with the housework itself, and tidy up after themselves lest they incur the by no means inconsiderable wrath of their spouses.

The boot is on the other foot. It is wives who are being coddled these days.

Mrs. L. Grace, Latwyche Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Train Them Young

YES! Mrs. Whelan, men are coddled! From babyhood to manhood the adoring mother and sister, the interested flapper, the loving and attentive wife, are all to blame for the selfishness of man.

But we mothers can do much to help by training our sons to be helpful, unselfish husbands of the future.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson St., East Melbourne C2, Vic.



WOMEN enjoy spoiling their husbands.

Our Own Fault

I SUPPOSE we do coddle our menfolk too much, Mrs. Whelan. Still, don't you think it is our own fault? We like doing it, and it's so much more satisfactory to do it yourself than let them untidy the place further. After all, it has been recognised as our job for many years, so why not carry on with it?

E. Torr, Farrell's Flat, S.A.

Come to Expect It

IT is true men are coddled too much. Why should they not be trained to be tidy in the house and to help with jobs such as washing up? If we continue to wait on them they will continue to expect it.

Miss I. Martin, Elm Cottage, Oatlands, Tas.

Women Show How They Balance Their Budgets

WITH £3.10/- at my disposal, this is how I allot the money weekly and balance my budget (Mrs. Jenkins, 31/7/37):

	£ s. d.
Rent	15 0
Milk for general use	2 0
Special milk for the baby	2 9
Erulotion for the baby	3 0
Baby's insurance	2 0
Coal in winter or ice in summer	3 0
Kindling	6
Cigarettes for self	3 6
Total	£1 11 10

This is put away every week—not to be touched under any circumstances! With the £1.18/2 balance I buy food, clothing, and have money over for pocket-money.

My motto is, "Pay as you go." Mrs. L. Brown, 97 New South Head Rd., Edgecliff, N.S.W.

Strong Will Needed

I HAVE a neat box, and inside many small tobacco-boxes each with a label on it, and directly I receive my money I split it into small change and in each box I put what has to be paid or set aside weekly.

The labels are: "Rent," "Milk," "Baker," "Coal," "Gas," "Light," "Medicine," "Insurance." In the gas box I put 3/6, in the light box 1/6, in the medicine box a modest 3d. Then what is left has to do for the shopping. What you haven't got you cannot spend. The following Friday, whatever is over I put in a 6d. Savings Bank box, and when full, bank it. Housekeeping does not always run out the same. On a form from the post office I stick a 6d. stamp every week for the radio licence.

You must be strong-willed and on no account borrow from the boxes.

I have a small journal and enter all accounts paid and to be paid, and carefully file all receipts.

Mrs. Knight, 82 Paine St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Keeps Detailed Record

I USE an ordinary exercise-book for keeping my housekeeping accounts. I keep a daily record of every penny spent on food, clothing, furniture, parties, presents, and so on. At the end of the month I see exactly how every penny is spent, and check up on my extravagances. I find this a completely satisfactory method.

Incidentally, I soon found out after a month or so that my weakness was spending too much money on the garden.

Louise E. Young, 14 Malacosta Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

With £3 a Week

MY wife has always laid out her expenses in an exercise-book. Some of the items are not paid weekly, but provision is made for them on a weekly estimate.

On an income of £5 a week:

	£ s. d.
Rent	1 10 0
Groceries	8 0
Baker	2 6
Papers	1 8
Butcher	4 9
Fruit	2 6
Water rates	2 0
Council rates	2 3
Milk	3 0
Gas	3 0
Electric light	1 6
Total	£3 0 2

I consider the time is well spent in laying out these budgets. As the running of a home is just as much a business as any merchant's house, it should be run on such business lines. Geo. Fidge, Mavisvale, Kent St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Careful Budget

YES, Mrs. Jenkins, it is well for a bride-to-be to know how she may balance her budget.

For an average salary of £6 per week here's my budget: Rent, 30/-; housekeeping, 32/6 (including gas and electricity, for which a fixed sum is set aside each week); provision for insurance, lodge, and tennis subscriptions, 12/6; pocket-money—self, 7/6, husband, 12/6; provision for clothes and holidays, 10/-; savings, 15/-.

Mrs. E. Harry, 21 Doonkuna Ave., Camberwell E6, Vic.

Should Wife Have a Say in Husband's Career?

YES, Mrs. Seberry, I agree that a husband should always consult his wife before taking any important steps in business or any other field (31/7/37).

They should be partners, and, as in business, refer to one another. Women are often shrewder and more far-sighted than men.

Mrs. W. Broomfield, Eumundi, Qld.

Why Bother?

I CANNOT see why a wife should be consulted with regard to business affairs, Mrs. Seberry. The woman is concerned with her home, the man with his business. He alone fully understands his position. His wife cannot help him to make a



DEMANDING her rights.

correct decision as she does not fully understand the circumstances. Often, too, her needless fears would handicap him in taking a bold but necessary step.

Mrs. Keyes, Merrim Street, Hollywood, W.A.

Depends on Wife

MRS. SEBERRY considers that a woman should have her say before her husband makes an important decision affecting his career. If she is well-informed, and sensible, she should certainly be consulted.

But some wives know very little about their husbands' business, and care less. Their days are filled with purely home interests. If a man followed the advice of such a wife, it would often be fatal to his future.

Mrs. John Richards, Wonwron, Gorraveen Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Mrs. M. E. Philpot, care Mrs. P. Bates, 26 Shower Street, Preston, Vic.

UNSELFISH MEN!

IT is generally recognised that men are more selfish than women, but I don't think this is so.

The average young bachelor can enjoy all the luxuries and "frills" of life, yet he is quite willing to forgo all this when he "takes unto himself a wife."

It is said, of course, that the comforts and joys of marriage supply ample compensation, but do they?

The average husband thinks nothing of ignoring his actual needs in order to satisfy his wife's latest whim, if he considers it will bring her happiness, and his efforts are frequently unappreciated.

And yet we say men are selfish!

Miss E. Smillie, 10 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

LITERARY SNOBS

NOTHING irritates the omnivorous reader more than to hear the writer of good books dismissed with an intolerant "never heard of him," as though that were sufficient reason not to read a book.

The reading public is divided into many classes of thought, and all people to their tastes! Why criticise unfavorably, or airily dismiss an author because his books do not appeal to you?

Whether it be yellow-back or morocco-bound, if it sells it is of interest to someone. If you like it, say so. If you don't—forget it. But, please, protect us from the literary snob.

Joan McLennan, 161 Darley Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

LOCAL TALENT

WHY are so many talented Australian men and women in professional and public services allowed to drift out of Australia without any action being taken towards encouraging them to stay?

Surely it is important that such valuable services should be used for the good of the people in Australia! It is time that existing conditions and salaries were made more attractive.

Mrs. M. E. Philpot, care Mrs. P. Bates, 26 Shower Street, Preston, Vic.



A glowing, youthful complexion may be yours if you follow this new beauty ritual... so simple it requires only four preparations... Three Flowers Cleansing Cream followed by Skin Tonic for that perfect cleansing and freshening. This prepares your skin for the rich Skin and Tissue Cream which keeps it soft and smooth. Protected with a light film of the Three Flowers Vanishing Cream you are ready for your face powder and makeup. You will find

complete instructions for using these exquisite preparations as followed by salon experts in the Three Flowers Beauty booklet.

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Three Flowers Cleansing Cream

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AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE—Three Flowers Face Powder

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To STOTT'S Correspondence College.
I should like particulars of your courses.

I am interested in

MY NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.W. 1837

MOTHER went to see them often, for Marguerite did not come to us now. She was too busy and she could not leave Charles after old Popsy died. Money had grown more scarce, and Marguerite did all the housework.

Once, when I was home from school, I took some currants to Marguerite and found her hanging sheets on the line. Her dark hair was threaded with grey and she had grown a little heavier, but she was still a nice-looking woman and her gingham dress was more than a house dress. It had an air and Marguerite still had the gracious Benton manner, but she had not kept young. When she was forty-eight Charles died of pneumonia, and it was the next year that she saw Dean again.

I was at home that summer for a rest and now that Marguerite was free to do so she came to see mother often. We had much rain that year and the three of us spent many long afternoons on a screened porch, where mother was making a hooked rug on a frame. One day as we sat cutting bright wool into small strips the door-bell rang. Marguerite, being less cumbered at the moment

Will You REMEMBER, Too?

Continued from Page 18

than we were, went to answer it. "Someone nelling something," murmured mother.

But when we heard Marguerite coming back, we knew that there was someone with her. I rose to meet two people, a well-groomed, middle-aged man and a woman, younger than he, and looking even younger than she was.

"Dean," said mother instantly.

"My wife," said Dean.

"Mrs. Frey, Mrs. Clark," said mother.

I thought Dean's expression curiously startled and then it came to me that he had not recognised Marguerite. He shook hands with her as if he were meeting a stranger, and we sat down to a surface-smooth visit. They were going to Maine and were driving through on our route. The call on mother had been an impulse on Dean's part when they came near the village. His grandfather and his aunt had both been dead for many years and we had heard little of him. We knew, however, that he had become a coffee importer and he told us that he was now living in New York. He seemed to find it difficult to talk, but his wife chattered pleasantly, mostly about their fox terrier which she had with her on leash.

I think the call was a strange and uncomfortable experience for Dean. Once I saw him looking at Marguerite with puzzled eyes, as if he were trying to find something in this stranger that was akin to the girl he had loved with such desperate misfortune. The years had eaten his love for her and now the very memory of it was being destroyed before his eyes. He couldn't reconcile this saddened, quiet woman with the bright love of his youth. I pitied him that day, for I knew that he was finding it hard to keep something that had been precious all these years.

"HAVE you any children?" asked mother as they were leaving.

"No children," said Dean. "Just the pup, here." He patted the dog's head, but I could not bear his eyes when he said good-bye.

Marguerite went home earlier than usual that day. She seemed tired and listless. Mother wrote me in the autumn that she was worried about her. She was alone, and did not eat properly, and mother thought that she was much worried about money. Not long after that there was better news. Marguerite was going to California. A school friend of hers with whom she had kept in touch lived there. She was a widow with money, and she had written Marguerite asking her to come as a companion. Marguerite did not decide to do that at once, but stayed on alone in her house as the autumn days passed. It was the furnace that decided it finally. When she went to light the first fire of the season she found the boiler was leaking beyond repair. That seemed to settle the question for her—she could not afford a new furnace.

Mother helped her put the house in order and when she left she gave mother a key to the house, so that she could go in on occasion to see that all was well in white-sheeted rooms. They had remained undisturbed for two years when we heard that the house had been sold through Marguerite's local agent to a New York firm. Mother felt that we should turn in the key at once, but she expressed a desire to go through the house once more.

It was a summer afternoon of sunlight and shadow on the old lawn in front of the house. We walked slowly under the great elms around to the side door, pausing now and again to pull a few weeds from a flower that had bloomed faithfully. There were a few old, loose-petalled roses, a crimson one among some paler buds, and I thought of that summer evening so long ago when Marguerite had brought roses to my mother and had found Dean.

"Roses," said mother, and I think she remembered, too.

We went into the house by the side door and made our pilgrimage through the upstairs first. We did not stay long in any of the rooms, but walked through them into the upper hall, where the little gilt chair lighted a dim corner. We went

on down the stairs and into the parlor, and here we stood without speech, as people often do among their memories. There were many things for my mother. Sedately gay evenings; Marguerite's quick bright laughter; pleasant masculine voices, all stilled; the snap of a glowing coal in the grate. Dim, lost, beautiful ghosts of yesterday. I had been too young for these things, and my interest was centred in the portrait.

It was still above the mantel, untouched probably for twenty-five years except for dusting. It had kept its quality, or rather the quality of the girl who had been Marguerite Benton. This was the proud loveliness of her youth. I was still looking at it when I heard an unexpected sound. Someone had unlocked the front door and was coming in. Perhaps the agent. Then a man spoke my mother's name. It was Dean Clark. It took us a few moments to understand. It was Dean who had bought the house and everything in it. He was alone, he said. He had driven up from the city in his car.

"Will you use it for a summer home?" asked mother.

He shook his head. It was too far from his office—too run-down. He didn't care for the place. We refrained from the comment that must

have gone through both our minds at once. Had he bought it then because he thought Marguerite might need the money?

"I'll leave it here just as it is," he said, with his short laugh. "I bought it, house and furnishings complete, and there's only one thing I want in it."

We did not ask him what it was, but I knew, and I think mother knew. She said we must be leaving.

"Wait in my car," said Dean, "and I'll drive you home."

We went outside, leaving him in the room. It was not long before he came out with something under his arm. Man-like, he had done his clumsy best to protect his treasure—he had wrapped an old silk table-cover around it, but when he laid his burden very carefully on the seat beside him I saw the frame of the portrait under a fold of the silk.

That was all he wanted from the house. We did not speak of it, nor did he, but he seemed happier when he left us later, as if he had found something that he had missed very much. He had now the tangible memory of his love and of its first sweetness, which somehow, in spite of everything, had remained greater than its pain.

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PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES

There's no mistaking Crackerettes. Compare them with other savoury biscuits. You can see and feel—as well as taste—the difference. Look at their golden-brown colour, feel how light and puffy they are . . . yet so easy to butter because they never crumble.

The delicate flavour of Peek Frean Crackerettes blends with any savoury mixture, and is equally delicious with butter and cheese. Serve Crackerettes for supper and afternoon tea, with cocktails or at lunch. Be sure you ask for Crackerettes. Never accept substitutes.

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THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole in search of

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. In the midst of the ice and snow they see a wall of steam, and, walking through it, come to a strange primitive world, peopled by queer, prehistoric animals. Mandrake realises that they

have stepped into the past, into a world of a million years ago. Finding the wreckage of Molly's plane, they then overpower a Neanderthal man, speaking in an uncouth tongue, who leads them through the forests until they come upon a fire with animal bones and shreds of Molly's flying uniform beside it. At that moment, their captive guide makes a sudden dash for freedom. NOW READ ON.





... This way
smart women stop

Underarm Odour ...

WHEN the smartly turned-out woman steps forth for the world to see, only she knows the number of time-consuming touches her toilette has required.

From bath to hat she makes every step count. No needless motions, no wasted time.

Long ago she discovered that she could attend to one of the most important phases of personal care in just half a minute.

Half a minute to make unpleasant perspiration odour impossible for the whole day! With Mum.

A quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm. Then slip into your dress.

That's the nice thing about Mum. You can use it and dress at once. Or use it any time after dressing. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing that you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately. Think of that!

Mum is sure and instant in effect. It prevents every trace of disagreeable body odour, without affecting the natural perspiration.

Quick, easy, sure and harmless! Is it any wonder alert, busy women are so enthusiastic about the daily Mum habit?

At all Chemists and better class stores. . . . Price 1/6, Double size 2/6.

MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more run-down than Kidney and Bladder trouble caused by germs developed in your body during Colds or from flat Teeth or Tonsils or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs. Germs in the Kidneys and Urinary System may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality-destroying symptoms: Getting up Nights, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Clouds under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have the new two-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex cures and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in three ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It acts as a mild, gentle tonic to the Kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisons which waste from this blood.

Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr.

B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from back-aches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly run-down condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."



Urinary System

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete two-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Stop Getting Up Nights. Sleep Soundly. . . Feel 10 Years Younger

BUT this was a short and an empty triumph. His appearance at the Hollywood with Zelda was a failure. Perhaps he would have danced better if the thought of Carolina's desertion had not continually occupied his mind. For a short while he turned to Zelda as any deserted man turns to the one nearest him. But Zelda was too selfish and too thoughtless to give him any comfort. He soon realised her failure. They were misfits from the beginning. The only result of The Hollywood engagement was to leave them both without jobs when it ended.

Zelda in the meantime had discovered Hal Roark, who ran the jazz band at The Hollywood. Zelda draped herself into Hal's graces. When Hal moved on for a barn-storming and vaudeville tour, Zelda went with him, leaving Nick in the lurch. But not before she had done him at least one good turn.

"You're at innocent fool, Nick Santoro," Zelda told him. "Any woman can pull the wool over your eyes. Why do you think your red-headed Caroline walked out on you?"

"I don't know," Nick said. "It was the truth. He never had understood."

Zelda laughed sarcastically. "Because I was clever," Zelda said. "Because I told her that you were going to walk out on her first—with me. No woman would stand for that."

His first thought was to go to New York and find Carolina and tell her the truth. But a glimpse of the Sunday rotogravure section of a New York paper changed his mind. For there were pictures of Carolina in the new show. Her little body and her red hair and her dancing had caught the public fancy. She was becoming popular. And going to her now would be like begging. He couldn't and wouldn't do that.

HE went back to Middle City. Mamma Santoro told all her friends, "My son, Nick, he come home for a visit—just a little visit—he dance at a beega night club in Boston."

And when he went to Stop Seven on Saturday night it was the same:

Poet

Ages ago, his spirit,
Light as a bird,
Flew as an arrow
Into the heart of sound.
There, with a sense of wonderment profound,
Knelt in a state of worshipping and heard
His soul's release—the radiance of word.
—Yvonne Webb.

"I hear you're in a big night club now. Hot stuff, boy! What you doing here?"

He found himself without the courage to say that he really had no job at all. "Just home for a week-end," he said lamely. "Couple of days off. Wanted to see the folks."

He didn't stay home. He went to New York looking for a job. But it was a hard season. The best he could find was a night now and then in a neighborhood theatre, half a week in a cheap night club. He stuck it out until he had not eaten for two days. Then he hitch-hiked back to Middle City for a week-end and was stuffed with food by Mamma and Papa Santoro, still proud of their child and now telling, "Our son Nick—he dance in a New York night club now."

Meanwhile Carolina's popularity grew. The Middle City papers carried articles about her. At Stop Seven everybody asked Nick about her. "Do you see Carolina often?"

Again he couldn't tell the truth. "Sure, I see her lots. We started out together in Boston, you know."

He hitch-hiked back to New York and tried all over again. It was the same story. Weeks of no work, cheap flop houses, nights in the park, so desolate and lonely that he couldn't stand them. Then he put on the one suit of clothes that he'd saved and suddenly appeared again in Middle City.

AT the end of that visit he didn't go back. He told Mamma and Papa Santoro the truth. "I haven't any job. I haven't had one for three months. I'm a washout."

Mamma Santoro was speechless at

NICK the DANCER

Continued from Page 7

first. "You haven't been dancing at a beeg night club?"

"I haven't been dancing at all. I've been washing dishes in a white front."

Papa Santoro threw up his hands. "I knew from da beginning it was screwy. I knew you maka da fool of Nicolo Santoro. Now I hava to tell everybody, 'My son, he no dance. He wash da dish in da white front, yes!'"

Mamma Santoro roused herself from her usual lethargy. "Nicolo," she screamed, "you shutta da mouth. You no tella anybody anytheeng. He is our son. He is in trouble. You say notheeng."

"But when people ask, what I tella dem, huh?"

"You tella dem I get old. I want my son home. This winter he taka da vacation to be with me."

NICK spent the winter hanging around Middle City. He appeared in roadhouse entertainments, a few nights here and there, nothing lasting, for such places must have variety and there were not enough of them in and near Middle City to keep him going.

In March the papers announced that Carolina Chapman was going to Hollywood under contract to dance in a picture. That was the final

straw. Nick's pride was broken. In the first few weeks he had tried to hold his reputation at Stop Seven upon its own foundations. Now he gave that up and tried to pin it upon Carolina's fame. He would tell a stranger, "You know Carolina Chapman. I used to dance with her. That's a fact. Danced with her at the Blossom Club in Boston."

Sometimes they disbelieved him. But in general he maintained a sort of renown for himself. Oldtimers sometimes pointed him out to newcomers. "That's Nick, the adagio dancer. He danced with Carolina Chapman once."

When in summer the crowds at Stop Seven began to thin out, Pop Trigger looked around for means to fill the place again. A little floor show, Pop thought, would be a good idea.

One day it occurred to Pop to use Nick. So on a Saturday night in August he was saying to the encircled crowd on the Stop Seven dance floor, "To-night, folks, I have a real treat for you. One of our own boys, Nick, the adagio dancer. He danced last year in a big night club in Boston with Carolina Chapman. Nick, the adagio dancer, folks, with Trixie Bascomb."

Please turn to Page 24

Bring back Natural Whiteness to your Teeth

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★ A. Tea-rose lace and broche, elastic sections under bustline for uplift control. 32 to 36. 3/6

★ B. Berlei introduces "Lido"—a completely backless model designed in tea-rose lace, 30 to 34, Narr. 4/6, med. 4/11, wide 5/11

★ C. Side-fastening brassiere of tea-rose fancy net with definite uplift bustline and an elastic section in front. 32 to 36. 4/11

★ D. Of finest drawn-thread batiste with back fastening. Firm uplift control. 32 to 38. 4/11



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The new "Berlei" brassieres are a revelation in fit and design. They feature a new uplift style, keeping your figure sleeker, more alluring. The secret of this lies in cunningly-concealed elastic sections. Of fine laces, pretty nets and beautifully-designed batistes, inexpensively priced.

"Berlei" Brassieres, Ground Floor, Pitt Street



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is new for tennis

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- ★ Every one hand-embroidered

500 dozen applied print hankies in many attractive designs and gay pastel shades. Size 11½ x 11½ inches. Usually 2/3 each. Now a special below half price selling at only **1/-**

Hankies—Ground Floor. Lay-by several dozens

7/11 Pictures clear for **4/11**

20 in. x 16 in. pictures in a range of 30 glorious subjects of all types. 1 in. moulded, stippled frame with antique corners. 4/11

Pictures—Ground Floor



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The "All-round Sports Tie"—a colourful shade that you can wear a dozen ways. White, navy, brown, amber, emerald, blue, royal, scarlet. Priced, joyful news, at only **6/11**

Millinery—Third Floor.



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Skin Food—whose potent oils soften, brace and nourish the skin, build up unsightly hollows. Made in different sympathetic strengths; cater for every type of skin. 5/6, 10/6, 21/-, 37/6
Cyclax Beauty Aids, Ground Floor.



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Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

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The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. Speedy, Certain and Permanent for Open Pores and Blackheads.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION of large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them with full directions for postal sale at 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN APFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney, (Next Bathurst St.).

Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.

NICK the DANCER

Continued from Page 22

THE circle of boys and girls applauded. Nick, waiting at the edge of the group, moved slowly out on the cleared space, led the awkward and too-bleached Trixie, the best he could find in Middle City for the occasion. The piano player tinkled a few strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz. Nick and Trixie did slow steps around the circle. Nick said from Trixie and turned a slow and unbelievably graceful cartwheel. He righted himself and stood poised, arms out, waiting for Trixie to whirl across the floor into them.

There was a sudden burst of laughter at the entrance. A group pushed in. Plug Hogan was in the lead. Plug gave a snort of derision. "There's Nick doing his stuff now," he said.

And then came Carolina's utterly surprised and amused voice, "Oh, no, not here at Stop Seven."

Again Plug's derisive sneer. "I always said the back corner of Stop Seven was as far as he would get."

Carolina stopped just inside the door and stared at Nick. Someone in the circle near her looked and said, "There's Carolina Chapman now. I remember her." The buzz went along the circle. "Carolina Chapman's here. That's her by the door."

Nick heard the voices. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Carolina

staring at him. It was the bitterest moment of his life. He turned and would have run, leaving Trixie to fall if she couldn't catch herself any other way. But pride saved him from that complete failure. He turned back and caught Trixie just in time. His tensed muscles whirled her down and around, poising her head down, arms to the floor, brought her slowly up again, moved with her across the circle, slowly, gracefully, lithe as a panther creeping on its prey. He went on with the dance. He did his best. And his best was good.

HE finished, swinging Trixie horizontally around and around. The boys and girls thundered their applause. Even Carolina, still staring rigidly, her face unmoved, clapped her pretty hands. The lights came on. Pop started around with the hat. The conversation burst with a roar.

Nick didn't wait for a bow. He ran through the circle, ran downstairs to the men's coat-room where he had dressed, slipped out of his dancing clothes and into his suit, and hurried out along the dark side of the building to the street. At the front of the building Pop Trigger came out and hailed him.

"Hey, Nick, where you going? Here's your money."

Nick grunted over his shoulder. "Give it to Trixie. I don't want it." Then he ran as if a carload of policemen were chasing him for murder.

When he was a block down the highway, a car came after him and slowed with a screaming of brakes. Plug Hogan's chuckling voice said, "There he is!"

Then Carolina's voice called, "Nick, Nick, wait a minute."

He didn't stop or look around. The car came closer to him. The motor's purr was at his side. Carolina leaned out of the window.

"Wait, Nick, I want to see you," she said.

He stopped then and whirled around. "All right," he said sullenly, "you've got me. Now rub it in. Tell me I'm a flop. Tell me the farthest I'll ever get is the back corner of 'Stop Seven.' Tell me I never was any good. Go ahead, rub it in!"

THE glint of a street light was on Carolina's face. Her eyes burned with the deep glowing fox fire light that he remembered. Carolina said, "Nick, Santoro, you idiot, that's the best dancing I've seen all summer."

The anger faded from his face, and the strength from his body. Turning, he sat down on the kerb beside the car, face toward the concrete.

Carolina stepped out of the car. She said to Plug, "Thanks for bringing me, Plug. Maybe you'd better go on now."

"I'll wait," Plug said. "No, you'd better go on," Carolina said.

Plug sighed. "Oh, nuts!" he said. He shoved the car into gear.

Carolina sat down on the kerb beside Nick. He raised his head and looked at her glumly. "What did you have to come back here for?" he said. "I thought you were in Hollywood."

"I was," Carolina said. "But I came back to find you. I didn't expect to find you here, but I thought I'd find where you were."

"For what?"

"I want a partner," Carolina said. "They told me to find the best man I knew. So I came for you."

He sat and stared at her with his lower lip quivering, one corner of it between his teeth. Suddenly he dropped his head on her knee, saying, "Red, Red, I thought you'd gone out of my life forever."

She stroked his hair gently. "I'm back in it now, Nick," she said, "for as long as you want me to stay."

"That's a long time," he said.

She bent over and kissed the hair she had already ruffled. "Not too long for me," she said.

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Mothers, especially, prefer VapoRub for all children's colds because it is used externally, and so avoids all the risks of internal "dosing"—which often upsets a delicate digestion just when the child needs all his strength to fight the cold.

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Ideal for Children's Colds

VICKS VAPORUB

... Just as Good for Grown-Ups

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Hermione Llewellyn chooses bright navy-blue linen slacks for her tennis-playing kit at the Royal Sydney Golf Club?

So Very Muddy

YOU remember Sheila Campbell of this city, who is now the wife of Dr. Gerald Gregerson?

Well, the young couple, after a stay in Vienna where Gerald did post-graduate work, have been wandering around Central Europe and having a splendid time. Last news of them came from a perfectly lovely island in the Danube. The visitors were disappointed that the famous river looked so very muddy.

They expect to return to Adelaide, where they will make their home, in about six months' time.

Mrs. A. E. Rainbow is very intrigued with her marionette costume, complete with pantalettes and hooped skirt, which she will wear at the Ice Skating Carnival this Thursday.

Jonathan Sidney

YOUNG Jonathan Sidney Peel, grandson of the Governor of Victoria and Lady Huntingfield, includes the Hon. Gerard Vaneck, Dr. Mordaunt Richards, Daphne Alston, and Audrey Allington among his array of godparents. His christening was celebrated in London just two days before Lady Huntingfield left for Melbourne.

Other members of the Vice-Regal circle, the Hon. Anne Vaneck and Hermione Helme Pott, are delaying their return. Anne is coming home via U.S.A., and Hermione is waiting until the English summer is over.

Split Infinitives

SUCH care we are all taking with split infinitives and other unpopular technicalities of our language now that the New Education Fellowship Conference is in full swing! The delegates assembled at the Town Hall last Tuesday night, and listened to words of praise from Lord Wakehurst, who performed the official opening of Conference.

Mrs. Beatrice Ensor, the founder of the Fellowship, made a brave showing at the gathering and wore a mandarin coat of red brocade over her figured chiffon frock. The delegates were entertained at the Sydney University on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cramer Roberts will have their new home in Victoria adorned with various pieces of native craft, as they brought quite a collection of interesting pieces back with them from their honeymoon in Fiji.

Leaving for U.S.A.

VERY much feted and farewelled is Mrs. Edmund Playfair, of Darling Point. She will leave in the Monterey this Friday and will accompany her daughter, Mrs. H. B. McMurdo, and granddaughter Dahlis back to America. There she will be their guest at Fort Benjamin, Indiana, for the best part of a year.

I wonder if Mrs. Playfair will have time on her travels to make any more of her delightful Chinese carpets. She has already presented one each to her daughters-in-law.

Elaine Hamill for London

THE good wishes of The Australian Women's Weekly go with Elaine Hamill, winner of the paper's Film Quest competition, on her trip to England. After successes both on the stage and in films, Elaine is anxious to gain experience abroad and is leaving for London in the Viminale on September 13.

Her time in Sydney is very short, as she has been asked by "The Firm" to leave this Wednesday for Brisbane to take a leading role in "Maid of the Mountains," and will return just in time to catch her ship.

Bride From the Country

THE marriage of Isabel Scott and Jim Throsby is arranged for this Wednesday, and will be celebrated at St. James' Church, Sydney, at 7 p.m. Although the bride has been living at Manly with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Scott, she is really a country girl and her old home was Dinnaseer Station (now cut up for closer settlement), Bethunga. Jim is city born and bred, being a son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Throsby, of Darling Point. The reception takes place at the Pickwick Club.

Evelyn Cowell, of Brisbane, is coming to Sydney for a holiday in October. She will not be able to prolong her stay, as her sister Betty has planned her wedding for November.



AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Norma Carpenter with her three bridesmaids. They are her sister, Miss Joyce Carpenter standing at left, Miss Bettina Dowley Smith, seated on left, and Miss Joan Kennedy, seated on right.



Rousing Welcome

ALWAYS sure of a rousing welcome from the schoolchildren of this city is Professor Bernard Heinze, of Melbourne, who has made such a specialty of his juvenile concerts in the Town Hall. He left for the south again on Friday after a very short stay, and only two concerts.

His second son is only a few weeks old, and Bernard is naturally anxious to be on the spot when the young man decides to recognise his father with a smile.

Fashion Notes

VERY lovely is the midnight-blue crepe cape, heavily embroidered with rows of sparkling beads, that was worn by Mrs. Keith Mackay to the Marcus Show last week. Its sleek lines are most elegant and the color becoming.

Another fashion note of interest comes from Melbourne, where Pat de Pledge, well known here, but belonging to West Australia, has been wearing a silver lame scarf embroidered with black sequined daisies.

Smart Frocking

IT was a pity that Anna-bella, the lovely French actress who made her Sydney film debut at the Embassy on Friday night, could not see the smart audience that turned up to see her. A perfectly lovely frock was worn by Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, wife of the visiting film star. She chose a turquoise-blue metal cloth jacket as contrast to a black crepe skirt, and a black velvet coat was added for warmth. Sir Kelso and Lady King, Mr. F. A. Chaffey, Lloyd Hughes, Campbell Copelin, and Frank Harvey were all present.

While her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor White, are at Moree, their daughter Suzanne is the guest of Daisy Osborne at Jugiong, N.S.W.

However Chilly

HOWEVER chilly the night, Sir Francis and Lady Anderson never fail to attend classical concerts. They are always in good time, too, and never take the risk of being shut out of the hall while the first movement is in progress.

They were among the audience at the Chamber Music recital at the Conservatorium on Wednesday, and were joined by Dr. Bainton as soon as his pianoforte playing was finished.

What an effective "page turner" his daughter Helen made with her gleaming platinum hair and black velvet frock!

Mrs. Geoff Gregory, of Bellevue Hill, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. A. M. Luga, of Brisbane. I hope the westerlies hold off until our visitor is acclimatised.

In London

IF you can remember tenors before the days of film heroes with operatic ambitions you will be interested to learn that Hubert Elsdell is pursuing his singing career in U.S.A.

His wife is an Australian, and she played all the accompaniments for his songs on his early recordings.

At present Mrs. Elsdell is acting as hostess to her niece, Jean Mort, in London. Jean, who is very film-minded, is waiting her chance to crash Elstree, and writes regularly to her family, the J. L. Mort, of Balmalm. Madame Dion Borgioli, wife of the Italian tenor to visit us shortly, is another member of the Mort family.

Visit to Caves

QUITE conversant with stalagmites and stalactites are Mrs. R. F. Scott, of Brisbane, and Olga Adams, another visitor from the north. They motored from their respective homes and stayed at the Jenolan Caves and later at Leura until Friday, when they came to town to meet Mr. Scott, who was due to arrive by plane for the Dental Conference.

Have You Noticed—

The extra long peaks to his collar that Blake Pelley, aide to Lord Wakehurst, wears with his cocktail-going navy suit?

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Silver Cap: Millinery Mode That Missed at Moorefield

By BETTY GEE

Being spring, I suppose headgear is bound to give us girls a lot of worry.

Most of my worry is about a cap—Silver Cap, a horse I had a winning appointment with at Moorefield.

IF Jacky O'Sullivan, its rider, hadn't lost by half a head I wouldn't be going cap in hand to the tradesman this week. Still, that's racing, isn't it?

I missed the hurdles, but was in time for my choice bet.

It took some ferreting round, but I got £24 to £3 about Silver Cap. So much money, my dears, I could hardly watch the race, but I looked just in time to see Jacky O'Sullivan get cut off in the straight.

But he poked him through, and I screamed to St. Constant and Linklet to let him through or I'd tell the stewards.

But it was too late. Linklet has always been a horse I like, but you remember I gave you Silver Cap as something to bet on.

In my black despair, I naturally chose Soot for the second Rogarah Stakes, only because I shied at the even-money the books laid about Killaloe, the favorite. Moorefield for massed odds is very true. Killaloe won, and Soot finished a dilatory third.

These hustling methods don't work out right always, though. I knew that too late, though, because I put £1 on Deputy Ruler at 3 to 1, and Maurice McCarten went off on some furious errand to get six lengths in front.

Went For Doctor

I think he must have found the Doctor's place at the home turn. Anyhow, that's where Deputy Ruler tired and slowed down. Ubersous took up the relay, and won.

Having witnessed that the dynasty of the Pharaohs was not yet at hand, I was in the rush to get 4 to 1 about Sturdee for the first Three-year-old race, and it cost me £1 to find out this sturdy lad wasn't as fast as the lady horse, Welcome.

The ladies being uppermost in these young races, my choice flew to Rogner for the second Three-Year-Old, and owned by Miss G. Arthur.

Her trainer said she could run three furlongs in 36, and I knew if she could run the two thirds in equally fast sections, she would land this six-furlong race, so I had £2/10/- to £1.

Well, she certainly ran the first three in 36. What she did the second in, I didn't worry about. I was on my way down to collect.

There were only four horses in the handicap, but they all seemed to have a chance. I heard George Price tell Cyril Emmanuel, the Auckland dentist, over on a visit, that he'd win the Handicap with Jubilee Son. So I waited, and got 30/- to my 10/- when the race came on, and this time Jacky O'Sullivan kept the appointment at one minute past four, pip emma, just ahead of the rest of the field, and that's as it should be.

Wasn't A Wise Girl

But a lot of good it did me. One pound of that hard-earned went on Wise Boy, the favorite for the last race, and 10/- on Maestro, the second favorite, and the nearest they could do between them was Wise Boy's second, and oh second thoughts I'm mad for backing such a horse.

This is Kindness to Ponies Week. At least, all the races are on the old pony courses, Rosebery on Wednesday and Ascot on Saturday.

The poor old Head Walter can't get a runner. But he says beware when he does, and anyhow his advice is to follow up the horses he gives, even if they don't run the day he nominates. He can wait as long as they can, he says. But his tip for Rosebery is Sir Regent.

Now the girl at the flower shop has got a friend out Randwick way, and whether he works in a stable or is the proprietor of one, she simply doesn't divulge, but that doesn't matter so long as her tips are all right.

The one she gives out is Tonga and says he's set for the Epsom. Well, there are no Epsom horses in this Rosebery race, so I suppose we can put our heads down and go in.

The Syndicate's tip is Liberty.

And for Ascot next Saturday the jockeyman gives Alan Verde, and he knows he's only on probation, so he'd better be careful, but he says it comes from a "good source, mum."

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Mother-Child Drama

EIGHTEEN months ago, my husband, two children, and myself were spending six months' holiday with my mother and brother in a suburb of Brisbane.

Being Christmas time, and a very hot day, we decided on a swim before dinner, mother's place being only a few minutes' drive from a popular swimming ground.

We all donned bathers at home, jumped into the car, and were off, eager for fun. My little girl, aged two years, was soon splashing and jumping about at the water's edge.

Not being a good swimmer, I stayed in shallow water, which enabled me to keep an eye on the children. My baby was sitting on a rug near the car.

Suddenly someone dived under me and held my legs fast. I knew it was my husband, and, thinking he would duck me, I screamed out and tried to get free.

My little girl, thinking I was hurt, cried, and started running into the water towards me. I tried to tell her to go back, also trying to get my husband to release me, he being innocent of what was happening.

My mother and brother were having a good swim about fifty yards away and could not hear my cries amid the noise of other bathers.

I shall never forget that awful moment, which seemed an age, watching my little girl gradually walking into deeper water until only the crown of her rag hat showed, and I was powerless to help her.

Just then my husband came to the surface. I screamed and pointed, and he scrambled out to her. When he lifted her up she was blue in the face, and had swallowed a lot of water. We carried her up on to the grass.

Real Life Stories

She soon recovered, but our swim was ended for that day.

5/1/- to Mrs. L. Hammelswang, Box 298, Tully, Nth. Qld.

Dog Saved Child

WHEN my son Arthur was 19 months old we lived at Cobdogla, River Murray, S.A.

The house where we lived had a tap at the bottom of the yard and a big barrel which ordinarily stood in a hole under the tap had been removed.

I was washing in a shed this particular morning I write about, when my attention was drawn to the hole filled with water under the tap, near which my small Pomeranian dog was whining and barking furiously.

I went to see what the fuss was about. To my dismay my baby had fallen into the hole and only his little tweed coat could be seen.

I grabbed what little I could see of the coat and dragged my child out. He was blue in the face. I ran and called to the lady next door, who had had some experience as a bush nurse, and she gave my child immediate attention. He was in bed for a week.

But for the timely alarm of our little pet, my boy would have been drowned.

5/- to Mrs. Violet Boltana, 21 Emily St. Sandwell, S.A.

Why Mother Stayed Out

ABOUT 3 o'clock on a Sunday morning of last year I awoke to my sister's vigorous shaking as she sobbed "Mum is not home yet."

I was instantly wide awake. Mum had taken a young brother to the pictures and should have been home

by 11.15. In my turn I woke an elder brother who, not very convincingly, pooh-poohed the idea that anything could be wrong.

"Perhaps," he offered, "she has gone to Uncle 'R's' for supper, and they're still talking. We'll go and see."

So, donning overcoats, we set off on the mile-and-a-quarter walk to my uncle's home.

Passing through the town, we questioned the nightwatchman and the stationmaster. Both were emphatic that mother had not come off any of the late trains.

I thought then that she had decided to walk home, and my mind conjured a vivid picture of both mother and brother lying murdered somewhere in the bush between the two towns.

Mother was not at our uncle's place. Uncle immediately rang the police station, and after what seemed an interminable time a constable came.

He had, he said, to break the news of an accident to a family in the vicinity and would then return to us.

Well, about 4.45 a.m. he returned, to inform us that mother had been the only witness of the accident who knew the victim, and she was therefore bundled into the ambulance and thence to the hospital.

The child concerned in the accident was dying, so mother did not return until the Monday.

I think it took that memorable morning to show us just how infinitely precious our mother was to us.

5/- to Miss O. McCarron, 526 Pacific Highway, Chatswood, N.S.W.

"Happy Event"

MY most memorable experience occurred when I was about 24 years old, and living on the Palmer goldfield. There was only one other woman besides myself in this small town, and it was obvious she was expecting a "happy event."

She was many years my senior, and had a family of six. I knew her to be of a very reticent nature, therefore did not like to ask any questions.

We were 114 miles from the nearest doctor or nurse, and almost half of this distance had to be done by horse.

I thought my friend was going to Cooktown for this event. So imagine my horror when I was called up one morning at 1 o'clock to attend to her.

I had never had any nursing experience, but this was not a time to be squeamish, so I steeled myself for the ordeal.

A mother's life and that of her unborn baby depended on my courage. This was the thought that urged me on.

At the critical moment, despite uncertainties and trepidations, I was able to carry out very carefully the instructions which I had studied from a pamphlet sent to her some time previously.

When morning came, the sight of a happy mother and beautiful daughter crying lustily calmed all my fears.

5/- to Mrs. H. Guilfoyle, Alice St., Windsor, Brisbane.

Locked Up

I WAS staying with a friend who lived in a very big house, the kitchen, laundry, etc. being detached. She wanted to go to the country for a golf tournament, but was very loath to leave me alone, the maid being away on holidays.

I told her I didn't mind a bit as another friend was coming to join me in a couple of days.

After she had left I thought I would go out to change some library books. As I walked out the front door banged—with the key inside.

I went round to the self-contained kitchen, which I unlocked with another key.

A large servery on a revolving principle gave access from this room into the dining-room.

I scrambled into the servery. Kneeling in a very crouched position I endeavored to work it round so it would be open on the dining-room side.

To my horror the servery stuck, leaving only two inches open. Wedged in it, I struggled and hammered and called for help, and in the process broke my nails and injured my hands.

Almost suffocated and mad with fright, I worked to get out. Had it gone right round and stuck I would have been completely shut in. The awful position I was in was nearly killing me. The time was 5 p.m. I

knew nobody would be round until the next morning.

After struggling for about an hour I managed to break about 12 inches of the partition off. Forcing my head through, then one shoulder, I gradually squeezed through.

I thought I had broken every bone. I was bruised for some time after. When I had recovered a little, I got a neighbor to come and help me get into the house.

5/- to Miss F. Sexton, Synott St., Werribee, Vic.

Caught in Cyclone

IT was 2.30 p.m. on November 13, 1929, at Cumbalum, and nothing short of a miracle saved my parents and myself from death.

A cyclone came without warning, and lasted about half an hour.

My father called to Mum and I to get out quickly as the house was going, but it had slightly moved by this time, and the door was jammed fast.

Next thing we knew was that the roof had been blown off and the rain and hail were coming in furiously.

Then the terrifying time came, for the house was lifted clean off its blocks, landing fifteen feet down the hill, and coming to rest against a big bush and a huge rock.

Mother was thrown from one room right across to the opposite wall of another one. Father was dashed along the door and I was sent flying from one wall to the other.

We were all dazed, and it seemed an eternity before we prised the door

DRAMAS IN READERS' LIVES

MEMORABLE incidents in the lives of readers are told on this page every week.

All are invited to contribute. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned—it may be about your childhood, schooldays, work or home life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

open. Every minute I expected the walls to give way and crush us.

When we finally got out we ran to the shelter of the cowbells. The cows and horses were all shivering in a corner of the yard.

After the storm, kind neighbors came from all directions to take us to their homes. The iron from the roof was found hundreds of yards away.

When a gale comes now, I always get nervous, and seem to live that horrid experience all over again.

5/- to Mrs. Leslie Leveridge, Merriwina, Moohall, Tweed Line, North Coast, N.S.W.



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thousands of people. There is one important point to remember—lay stress on the name SCHUMANN'S when you go to your chemist or store. Schumann's—and only Schumann's—will help you in a prompt, sure, natural and non-habit-forming way.

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SLUGGISH LIVER**

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Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

**Brilliant Tale of a School-
boy Who Became King**

Aftermath of Assassination

Have you ever wondered about your fellow-passengers on a long train journey?

Who they were and where they were going—and conjured up mental pictures of their lives?

Cecil Roberts has used this idea with telling effect in his latest novel, "Victoria Four-Thirty."

HE takes a group of people leaving London for Europe and gives us the motives of the journey and what happened at the end of it.

He finds drama, romance and tragedy in the luxury express roaring across Europe. There are a honeymoon couple on board, a singer, a novelist, and a Greek waiter returning home for his bride. The most poignant story of the passengers is of little Prince "Sixpenny."

Returning to Nish after the assassination of his father this frightened schoolboy finds himself on the throne of a troubled country.

This aftermath to assassination is the strongest story in the book, and the whole atmosphere of terror and uneasiness is splendidly conveyed.

The Call Comes

THE news comes to the young Prince while staying with friends in the English countryside.

"Ah, Paul!" said Dr. Hamilton, kindly, as he entered the drawing-room. "This is very sad for us—you have to leave at once; these gentlemen have come for you."

"But why?" asked Paul, dismayed. "It is our instructions, your Royal Highness. Madame Hamilton is having your things packed. We must leave in half an hour for London."

They saw the small boy was on the verge of tears.

"Come along, Paul, my dear—Gerry and I will help you to go through your things."

After that he was taken out to the large saloon car waiting at the door. It was just then that Gerry dashed up with a wooden box and a small brown paper parcel.

"Here's your rabbit, Sixpenny—and here's a lettuce," said Gerry, his schoolboy companion, thrusting the parcel into his hand. "If you'll give him some water he'll last the journey."

Then began the train trip across Europe. While his statesmen whisper of politics and policies, the young king dreams of his pet rabbit.

Lonely Kingship

BACK home at Nish the boy king is given a foretaste of the guarded and secret life he must lead in the future. Happy schooldays in England were gone forever—he is a king.

At the thought of England and Gerry, he suddenly remembered the rabbit. How had he come to forget it? He had not seen it since they left the train.

There was a room by the bottom of the grand staircase in which boxes and parcels were stored before the Palace marshal distributed them. Was Gerry's box there? How terribly thirsty he must be. The thought agitated him. He would go and see.

It was in a state of disorder. There were boxes everywhere. Swords and uniform coats, and rolls of druggist for the entrance steps, chauffeurs' great-coats, the major-domo's silver-braided tail-coat; it was a general dumping ground. Paul quickly surveyed it all, and then his heart jumped. There, on a table, was the wire-covered box, with "Best New Zealand butter" in bold black letters on the side. And, under the wire, alert at once, was Gerry.

Paul picked up the box, switched off the light and left the room. He moved to the staircase, and mounted until he came to the ballroom landing. He paused, with his heart beating quicker. His father lay in state in there. Dare he have one look?

For a long time he did not move, staring at the solemn spectacle before him. Then, impelled by an overwhelming desire, he moved noiselessly in his slippers down the long floor until he reached the catafalque. He knew the guard had seen him.

He saw one of them sway slightly over his reversed musket. But they kept up the pretence of an unseeing vigil.

Paul stood still. The catafalque was banked up with large wreaths and great clusters of white lilies and scarlet carnations. The coffin was too high for him to see in it. Paul put down his box.

"Please lift me up," he said, to one of the guards.

Paul could see his father lying in the coffin. He was in a uniform coat, a ribbon and orders across his breast.

Books To Read

"THE WHITE PIG." Gerald Savi. Romance, adventure in Burma.

"ALAS POOR LADY." Rachel Ferguson. A fine novel of English life.

"GENTLEMAN HARRY RETIRES." Philip Lindsay. A stirring historical romance.

His hands were folded over a small jewelled crucifix. The face was calm and white.

For a long time Paul looked at his father. Then the tears began to fall down his cheeks and his slim pyjama-clad body shook in the arms of the soldier.

"If you please, Your Majesty, you must go back to bed," said the young soldier. Despite himself, tears welled in his eyes.

"Yes," said Paul, between sobs.

Still carrying him, the soldier stooped and picked up the rabbit box. Then he walked down the ballroom, his heavy boots breaking the silence. They reached the door.

"That's my rabbit from England," said Paul, removing the wire-covering, as he knelt beside the box.

The young soldier removed his helmet and knelt down with him, stroking the rabbit.

"I think he'd like some water—he must be thirsty," said Paul.

"Victoria Four-Thirty," Cecil Roberts. Hodder & Stoughton.



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THE MOVIE WORLD

August 21, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

Fox in England

IT would seem the 20th Century-Fox outfit is going in for as much movie-making in England as in their Hollywood studios.

First we learned that Gracie Fields' first picture under her Fox contract would be made in that country, and now Darryl Zanuck reports the vivacious French star, Annabella, whom he signed recently, will do her first American film in England—if you get the idea.

The film will be "Follow the Sun," and Paul Lukas and Romney Brent will have the top male roles. Later, both Gracie and Annabella will come to Hollywood.

Hepburn or the Panther?

CO-STARRING with Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby" will be a panther, and bets are being offered in Hollywood that Kathie will scare the panther more than the panther will scare her. This picture will follow immediately on completion of "Stage Door."

For two weeks before the panther picture begins, the actress will have to spend as much time as possible with the feline, so it will become used to having her around. The panther is the "Baby" of the title.

Of Possible Interest

MADEIRAINE CARROLL was saved from drowning by her husband. He pulled her out of the rough surf at Malibu after a wave knocked her senseless.

Nancy Carroll has received two gorgeous

Wedding Bells for Glenda Farrell

• Very quietly, Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson are planning wedding bells this coming winter. They, together with Glenda's young son, Tommy, have been inseparable companions ever since her return from England.

The pair have been romancing for more than a year, but it was only when Glenda took a long trip to London to make a picture that they realised how important they were to each other.

black swans from a fan in Australia, and she is building a lovely little pool for them alone.

William Powell has a weakness for bold plaid sports coats. When not before the camera he wears them constantly.

Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone would love to be cowboys. They both use frequently, for street wear, ten gallon hats, high boots, and chaps.

John Barrymore is back to his old tricks. The other day at Paramount he couldn't remember his lines, so the director made him go home and learn them.



KIPLING STORY

• Principals in M.G.M.'s picturisation of Kipling's "Captains Courageous" are Spencer Tracy (top left), Freddie Bartholomew (top right), and Lionel Barrymore (below). Above, too, is a fine scene from the film.

Garbo Piqued

GARBO is piqued and displeased at the failure of her studio to purchase for her the rights to the stage success, "Tovarich." She has been asking for a comedy role and this would have fitted in with her talents beautifully. Now Warners have the play for Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

Garbo's contract is about to expire, and she will insist that a clause be added in her new one giving her at least one modern comedy a year. She, too, wants to make her public laugh. They know only her tragic, sombre aspect, and she would reveal her whimsical, lighter self, so charming to those who know her well.

New Matthews Film

SONNIE HALE is all set to direct wife Jessie Matthews in "Full Sail," which goes on location at Pinewood in a day or two.

Roland Young is on his way back from America, as is Broadway musical comedy star Jack Whiting, and with Noel Maddison and Barrie MacKay these will make a crew that should have a fairly easy passage to success.

Glamorous Gloria

GLORIA SWANSON'S friends and family call her "Mummy," but she has all the vitality and pep of a twenty-year-old. Gloria's fresh loveliness is enhanced by her new page-boy bob.

She is thrilled with her new picture, "The Second Mrs. Draper." She had read hundreds of manuscripts before choosing the right subject to bring her back to the screen.

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GUARANTEED TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

GUIDE to the STARS

Where To Find Your Favorites

BY MARY OLIVIER

WHAT is the first thing that the visitor to Hollywood looks for?

Whether an aspiring film player crashing the gates of fate or a mere tourist out for a little sightseeing, the newcomer's first thought invariably is to see the stars, individually, collectively, and personally.

There is always that terrific thrill in store to be able to go back to Pokataroo and tell the folks how "we sat right next to them, my dear, and he smiled directly at me."

THAT'S all very well, but where in Hollywood will you find the stars? At what places are you most likely to see them as themselves, unposed, without make-up, away from the glamorous backgrounds of artificial movie sets?

Not by sitting down on a soap-box in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard or Vine Street; not by parking your car outside studio gates; not by hiding in the bushes near to the entrance of the homes of the movie great; not even in the studios themselves.

Contrary to popular conception the stars don't parade up and down the streets of the film colony as if it were the Marly Corso or the Melbourne Block. You'd probably wait outside a studio all day and see only a couple of players arrive in their cars.

Beauty Is Covered

DAYS of patient standing around the gates of their homes would result only in sore feet and a frayed temper. Even were you able to gain entrance to the studios (and that is becoming increasingly difficult these days) you would be very disappointed at what you saw on the set.

Pretty faces are covered with make-up so thick and ugly you'd scarcely be able to distinguish Patsy Kelly from Joan Crawford. Handsome heroes lose all their aura of romance beneath a mask of clay-colored grease-paint that makes them look as though they have eaten something that did not wholly meet with their tummies' approval.

So if you do go to Hollywood, be sure that you don't waste your time hanging around the places where you are doomed to disappointment. To make sure you see the stars at close quarters, you must join the social round that goes round and round and comes out at about 3 o'clock in the morning—sometimes.

Hollywood stars can be seen, individually or in numbers, at any hour of the day or night if you know just where to find them.

Are you lunching? Then let's eat at the Cafe la Maza or the Brown Derby, where you may partake of the same lettuce salad as that being served two tables away to Joan Crawford, or the grill that Madge Evans is viciously plunging her teeth into over there with Fredric March.

Remain for long enough, and Merle Oberon will arrive to stay the pangs of hunger, followed by Myrna Loy, Gene Raymond, Robert Young and the check will probably stagger you even more than your glimpse of the satellites of the movie heavens. The price of eating in Hollywood is certainly sky high!

All work and no play would make even Clark Gable a dull boy friend, so a day off every now and then enables him, along with lots of other well known cinema folk, to attend the race meetings at Santa Anita.

Here the public takes pride in plunging their five dollars along with Al Jolson's five hundred, or hanging onto the rails alongside Edmund Lowe and his wife, Gail Patrick, Oliver Hardy, Dolores del Rio, Carole Lombard, Harold Lloyd, Ginger Rogers and Grace Bradley. Here, too, Bing Crosby races his thoroughbreds, hoping for the day when one of them comes in at 100 to 1.

Football has its enthusiastic followers, too.

Joan Blondell, in her hey hey days, often kicked off for the local boys. One day Joan forgot that she was wearing a tight skirt, addressed the ball a little too forcefully, and I shall draw a curtain over the embarrassing moments which followed.

However, she is still a pig-skin fan and so are Connie Bennett, Irene Dunne, Martha Raye, George Brent, Fay Wray, Binnie Barnes, Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin. Big football games in Hollywood are as popular as the polo meetings, both of which provide good fields for the seekers-after-the-stars.

Perhaps you are a golfer. Then tie yourself out to any of the local links and if you don't run into Dick Arlen, Robert Taylor, Don Ameche, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Ruby Keeler, Rochelle Hudson, Alice Faye, or Dick Foran chasing the elusive pill, consider yourself born under an unlucky star. They must all be hard at work making pictures.

It's lots of fun chasing around the popular spots on the hunt for celebrities, particularly if you know the best parade grounds, but if you want to be sure of seeing your favorites, and at their very best, wait until they come out at night.

White ties, tails, furs, jewels and exclusive clothes certainly do right by the stars' appearances and against the elaborate settings of the local night clubs and other rendezvous your conception of movie glamor at its most scintillating will be more than fulfilled.



GALLERY OF STARS

Tyrone Power

Co-starred in Sonja Henie's next, "Thin Ice"

both affairs stars were a dollar a dozen and you could take your pick.

If you haven't seen enough celebrities by this, step into your dancing slippers and watch Hollywood go really gay. One of the swankiest events of the year in Hollywood is the Screen Actors' Guild Ball, held at the May-fair.

The competition to annex the title of the best-dressed woman at this function is one which is repeated every year, and, believe me, the judge has an unenviable job awarding the honors. Only if someone held a gun at my ribs and said "chooee" would I dare to make any personal decision—and then it would probably be Virginia Bruce, who is too exquisitely beautiful to be real.

Runners-up would be June Collyer, Sally Blane, Joan Bennett or Mariene Dietrich, who attended this affair with Doug Fairbanks, jun., quite a constant twosome these days. Dick Powell, Chester Morris, Norman Foster, Gene Markey and Jimmy Stewart were others who made an effort to steer their partners safely through the crowds on the congested dance floor.

The Trocadero, the Vendome, the Club Seville, the Clover Club and the new Cinnabar are all likely spots for the snooping star seeker, but the two places at which you will see more stars than there are in heaven are the annual Actors' Benefit Fund Performance and the Academy Award Banquet.

So if you are thinking of taking that trip to Hollywood, use this page as your guide book and you'll be seeing stars.

For instance, a week seldom passes without a premiere of some super-super production. The most recent was that of "Lost Horizon," which brought Hollywood out in its strongest force since the opening of "Lloyd's of London."

Glimpsed treading the red carpet which stretched from the curb to the entrance was nothing less than a million dollars' worth of star dust, including John Boles and his wife, Cary Grant with Ginger Rogers, Spencer Tracy, Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump, Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill, Douglas Fairbanks and his titled lady, Madeleine Carroll and Nancy Carroll.

Some Music-lovers

ON the following night at the Hollywood Bowl, the huge natural amphitheatre set in a hollow in the hills, many more stars came out to hear Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. And just to prove that the cinemites' favorite music does not always come out of a saxophone, a large crowd drove into Los Angeles for the Philharmonic Concert. At

TWINS PRESENT A PROBLEM

Billy and Bobby Mauch Just Can't Be Separated

If I had two apples you'd probably consider me luckier than if I had one apple, and applying the same logic to Hollywood you might think a producer who had one Freddie Bartholomew would be just twice as happy if he had two Freddie Bartholomews.

You probably don't see the point of all this, but there is a point—or rather, a problem—a problem that Hollywood has never faced before, and one that seems almost impossible to solve.

THE whole thing started when Warners were looking for a boy to play the role of Anthony Adverse as a child in the picture of that name.

One of their scouts discovered a good-looking, twelve-year-old lad by the name of Billy Mauch, who was appearing on radio dramatizations and knew something about acting. The studio decided he was ideal for the part and went along to his mother to arrange the deal.

"Fine," said Mamma Mauch, "but if you take Billy you'll have to take his brother, Bobby, too."

"But," said the studio, "we don't want two boys . . . we want Billy." "Sorry, but I've always given the boys equal chances, and if you want Billy for the part you'll have to take Bobby and give him something to do, too!"

"Well," said the studio representative, "it's most unusual, but let's see this Bobby; maybe he could be Billy's stand-in if he looks anything like him."

So Mamma fetched Bobby out for inspection.

"But, good heaven," exploded the man, "What is this; that's Billy! I asked to see his brother!"

"Oh, no, sir," explained the lad, "I'm Bobby; Billy's inside."

"You see," said Mamma, "they're

By **BARBARA
BOURCHIER**

twins, and I never let one do anything without the other."

And so it was that Warners found themselves in possession of two potential stars, in the shape of the most identical pair of identical twins this side of the North Pole.

Everything sailed along very smoothly for a while, with Billy playing in "Anthony Adverse," "The White Angel," "Penrod and Sam," and Bobby acting as his stand-in.

But during this period Bobby appeared on the screen, too. He would switch clothes with his brother and play a scene or two, and not even the director found out about it till later.

But Mamma Mauch wanted Bobby to get some real parts, too. He was getting paid all the time, but that made no difference. In her opinion a pay-check wouldn't be of any use if Bobby was forced to stand by and develop an inferiority complex while his brother became a star.

She was afraid, too, that a spark of jealousy might arise between them and spoil their happy lives together. Since the day they were born the boys have played together, worked together, been scrupulously careful about sharing all their belongings.

Then Warners hit on a happy solution. Some time ago, M.-G.-M. bought the rights to "The Prince and the Pauper," for Freddie Bartholomew, intending to let him play a dual role.

This famous Mark Twain story of mistaken identity was ideal for the Mauch twins, and Warners persuaded M.-G.-M. to sell the rights. Then they had to decide which twin would play which part, and it still hadn't been settled when the picture was ready for production.

But when the boys started taking

fencing lessons they discovered Billy was left-handed, and had considerable difficulty in managing a sword with his right hand. So, as the Prince in the story had to do a great deal of fencing, right-handed Bobby was given the part. And then the fun started. As you



know, the story deals with a young Prince and a grimy little pauper from the slums who meet and change clothes, and because of their amazing resemblance cause a terrible mix-up.

Only the mix-up was not only on the screen. On one day of shooting, Bobby would be clad in the pauper's rags; the next day he'd be the Prince and Billy the pauper. Then sometimes they'd switch when they weren't supposed, and by the time the picture ended the director and the entire company were completely puzzled, and no one knew which had played what part!

The director, William Keighley, told me how one day Papa Mauch came

to the studio to visit his talented offspring, a day when Bobby was dressed as the pauper. The next day Billy was the pauper, but when Mr. Mauch came down he called him Bobby! And what a ribbing he got from the rest of the cast!

Anyway, the picture was a success, and the twins proved themselves real troupers. Then came the question, "Where do we go from here?" For it seems that throughout the ages writers have been extremely neglectful about creating epics concerning twins, or mistaken identity in children.

There seemed no answer but to keep just one of the boys.



● *Claude Rains, costumed for his role as the wicked earl in "The Prince and the Pauper."*

● *Left: Bobby Mauch as the Prince and his twin, Billy, as the Pauper, in the same picture. If you can tell the difference between them, you're doing better than Warner Bros. studio officials.*

leader, thinking up new games, and mischief, while Bobby follows him. Their mother tells me it has always been that way.

"As far as their acting goes," he continued, "they both show natural talent . . . and I think that is essential for any good actor. The twins' intelligence is definitely above average. They take direction better than many older players, and on the set I talk to them as I would to any adult. Bobby is excellent on comedy, while Billy excels his brother a little in dramatic or emotional scenes."

"But what," I inquired, "will happen to them now?"

Unique Problem

"FRANKLY," he replied, "I don't know. There has never been a problem quite like this before, but there surely is some way out of it. Certainly they can remain on the screen for a time. Even now the writers are busy adding a final 'S' to Hugh Walpole's story, 'A Prayer For My Son'—that is, altering it so there will be two parts.

"It seems rather silly to me, to put twins in a role intended for one boy, but it may be all right. Then a certain number of mistaken identity stories can be written for them, enough to keep them busy for a while, but later I don't know what will happen. You can't use the same type of story more than a certain number of times. Of course, if their screen careers don't work out they can always return to the radio.

"However, I'd hate to see the boys leave Hollywood. They're an amusing pair, and I've grown very fond of them. They frequently come up to my house, and if I'm busy they'll go off together and amuse themselves for hours.

"At any rate," he concluded, "no matter what they do, they'll succeed. They're swell youngsters."

And that, coming from William Keighley, is a tribute.

SOUTH SEA MAGIC IN HOLLYWOOD

Re-creating Island Magic for "The Hurricane"

By BARBARA BOURCHIER

Our Special Hollywood Correspondent.

THE waters of a lagoon shimmer and sparkle under a brilliant sun, palm trees wave gently in the breeze, a schooner with the name Katopua rides at anchor; on the edge of the lagoon a group of little native boys swim, and laugh, and splash in the cool water.

Farther out, two natives are paddling an outrigger canoe, on the broad verandah of a wooden house four more are chattering in French over a game of cards. Suddenly a voice booms out over a loud speaker: "West Los Angeles calling Jon Hall . . . Is Mr. Hall on the set? He's wanted on the telephone."

THE illusion is broken, and our minds travel back to Hollywood with a jolt. Yes, friends, we are in Hollywood, at the Sam Goldwyn studio to be exact, and all the above-mentioned wonders are just part of the Hollywood trickery that will transport you and hundreds of thousands of other moviegoers to a peaceful little South Sea island near Tahiti, when the great production, "The Hurricane," reaches your local movie house.

So while our friend, Jon Hall, who plays the starring role of Terangi, in this screen version of the famous Charles Nordhoff-James Hall story, answers his phone call, we will do a little explaining, and take you on a tour of Hollywood's South Sea Island.

In the first place, we are very lucky to be here at all, for Director John Ford, who is handling the film, is definitely against the idea of having visitors, even newspaper writers, on his sets.

Our visit here is really a family affair. You see, for two years we've been living next door to Hall in Hollywood, while his neighbor on the other side is director Ford. Thus by a little minor intrigue and string-pulling we persuaded Jon to invite us

to the studio for lunch and a visit to the set—sort of slipping in behind the backs of the wary publicity department.

ARRIVING at the studio we hastened to the restaurant, trying to look as little like a newspaper writer as possible. Jon was waiting at a table with Dorothy Lamour, who plays Marama, his wife, in the film. Kuleli, the diminutive Hawaiian child who plays their daughter, Mamo Clarke, the Hawaiian girl who was so lovely as Clark Gable's wife in "Mutiny on The Bounty," and John Ford's genial assistant, generally known as "Unc."

It was interesting to note how all the girls in the commissary cast admiring glances at the handsome face and magnificent physique of Hall, the latter generously displayed by the brief pareo which made up his entire costume.

You'll be hearing lots more of this young fellow in a few months, for he is almost sure to zoom to stardom the moment "The Hurricane" is released. He has an amazingly colorful background, and it is fitting indeed that his first real break in Hollywood should come in a film dealing with South Sea island life, for his charming mother was born in Tahiti and lived there till she was eighteen, the daughter of Lovaina, one of the most famous and best-loved women of all the islands.

Fake South Seas

AFTER lunch we set off to inspect the main set. Here is the huge lagoon, the schooner, and the complete native village, with the grocery store with its rusty galvanised iron roof, and Father Paul's beautiful little stone church set in a lovely garden.

But actually the natives are the only genuine things about this scene. The lagoon is really a tank and its water just four feet deep, the palm trees are made of composition in the



* JON HALL and Dorothy Lamour. Hall is a newcomer to the screen, but Miss Lamour appeared in Paramount's "The Jungle Princess."

studio plaster shop, and the grass houses are turned out in mass production.

But it looks real, and that's all that matters.

We are still admiring when a cheery voice hails us. It is John Ford, or rather, Papa Ford, as he is known to his cast.

"Better come over to the hut," he says. "We are shooting the start of the hurricane."

So we follow him over to the camera, while young Hall starts a card game with the natives, so he can win enough money to make up for what was spent on our lunch.

The crew is gathered behind the camera near the matting door of a native hut where, presumably, Terangi's mother lies dying. All around are huge wind machines, great elec-

tric propellers in steel cages that can cause gusts of wind to lash the frail huts and slender palms into a fury.

The lovely little Dorothy is clad in a blue-and-white pareo now, and her long, dark hair hangs to her waist. Near her waits a handsome grey-haired native who takes the role of a chief.

By the time a successful take has been made our eyes, nose, and hair are full of sand, and we're feeling very dishevelled. When young Hall comes up brandishing a handful of small change he has won in the card game, Papa Ford seizes on him for the next scene. So we drive along home to take a bath, and marvel at the work and infinite patience that goes into bringing you fans a brief hour's thrill on the screen.

THE WALLED CITIES OF HOLLYWOOD

A Tour Through One of the Major Studios

By JOCELYN GRANT

TO-DAY, my friends, we are going to find out just what goes on inside a movie studio besides the actual shooting of pictures.

MUCH has been written and pictured of Hollywood life, but always it has concerned the movie stars rather than the amazing "miniature cities" in which they work for your entertainment.

So to-day we shall go on an informal tour of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, eight miles out from Hollywood. It is one of the largest companies here, and fairly representative of all the others.

First you should know this little city behind the wall covers a hundred and seventeen acres of land, has ten miles of paved streets, marked by letters and numbers, is comprised of a hundred and twenty-five buildings and twenty-five sound stages, in which are employed its four thousand citizens—four thousand, mark you, exclusive of the actors, for we are not concerned with actors to-day.

We enter the studio through the front office, the large main gate being reserved for stars, directors, and suchlike, mere newspaper writers not being allowed to take their cars onto the lot.

Perhaps at this point we should give you a little glossary of the dis-

tinutive studio language. The lot is the studio as a whole once you get inside the gate. Stages are tremendous sound-proofed buildings about the size and shape of airplane hangars.

Inside the stages are the sets . . . maybe one on a stage, maybe half a dozen. The set may be anything from the tremendous and complete interior of a night club to a corner of a room or the interior of a phone booth.

Another World

A FEW steps down a corridor, through a door and out into the open, and we stand on a neatly-paved street, in another world, an entirely separate city, completely self-contained.

On the corner stands a policeman in blue uniform, directing the traffic and occasionally scrutinizing the passes of strangers.

On the side of a building is a fire alarm. This will call the studio fire department, which has a trained crew, fire engine, and the same modern equipment as any city fire station.

Further down the street an ambulance is parked outside the studio hospital. This, too, is completely equipped to cope with everything from

* a headache to a broken leg. Next to the hospital is a dental office, with a dentist who can fill or pull an aching molar, or make a cap to hide an unsightly gap from the camera as efficiently as anyone could desire.

A couple of blocks away we come to the school house. Here a teacher from the State Board of Education drums the required amount of knowledge into the heads of budding actors for at least four hours a day.

Joan Crawford's secretary is coming out of the studio post office with an armful of mail. This department handles thousands of letters each day, with all the efficiency of a government-controlled office.

In the six-story property department they have everything from an old-fashioned buggy to a streamlined ashtray. On one floor they have nothing but tables—from every country and every period imaginable. On another are lighting fixtures, great chandeliers, modern indirect fixtures, old-fashioned candlesticks.

In the great office buildings are housed lawyers, notaries, poets, authors, business men. The studio has a city manager, a health officer, street inspector, city engineer and even a garbage collector. Its private telephone exchange has nearly six hundred branch lines through the studio and facilities for calling anyone anywhere, from Australia to the Queen Mary at sea.

There is much more to see, but it's tiring tramping through these studios, so this will end our tour. But next time you throw down your shillings at the local movie house—remember the Walled Cities of Hollywood.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

SINCE the tragic death of Jean Harlow, the most constant companions and comforters of Bill Powell have been his ex-wife, Carole Lombard, and her grand secretary, Fieldsie.

Carole and Bill have always been friends despite their matrimonial split-up, and Fieldsie has been one of Bill's best pals for years. They both knew and loved Jean, and are being very wonderful in helping Bill recover from the terrible shock and grief he suffered at the sudden passing of the little star whom he loved so deeply.

The romance of Bill and Jean was perhaps the finest thing that happened in either of their lives, and none realise it better than Carole and Fieldsie. Maybe it's this understanding that enables them to comfort Bill when no one else can.

Meanwhile, "Double Wedding," the picture he was making with Myrna Loy, is still being held up until he has sufficiently recovered to start work again. Unfortunately, his remaining scenes in it are all high comedy, and it is quite impossible for him to go through with them at the moment.

FOR the first time in years, Miriam Hopkins is omitting her summer trip to Europe. She is having the time of her life swimming in her own pool on her new estate and entertaining guests in her lovely home.

It appeared that Miriam was in training to settle down to domesticity and Anatole Litvak, her director-fiance. But the little blonde denies intentions of marrying.

Her great ambition at the moment is to go back to the stage. She has a play in mind in which she hopes to appear next autumn.

BRITAIN'S latest screen "find," Barry K. Paine has a soft spot in his heart for Australia, he tells me. He toured the Commonwealth in 1932, playing opposite Margaret Rawlings in "The Barrets of Wimpole Street."

"I like the Aussies for their tactless indiscretions of speech. They are direct and you need have no fear that when an Australian tells you something he is concealing his feelings. They are downright in their praise, and in their criticism."

Barry is now working on "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel." It is his first picture, and advance shots have been pronounced highly successful. He is anxious to be remembered to his many Australian friends.

WE nearly passed out when, walking calmly across the M-G-M lot the other day, we ran into Robert Taylor, all decked out in full cowboy regalia—leather chaps, high boots, plaid shirt, ten gallon hat, etc.

When we had recovered sufficiently to inquire the meaning of it all, he blithely replied:

"Oh, I wear 'em all the time now when I'm not working. More comfortable."

And a little investigation proved he actually does. Could it be the handsome lad is absorbing too much of the rustic air that pervades Barbara Stanwyck's ranch home?

HENRY WILCOXON goes in for the unusual, even in accidents. He burned his fingers badly the other day on "dry ice." He thought it would be a bright idea to cool off his cabin at Malibu Lake by distributing great chunks of "dry ice" all over the place, and he scorched his fingers so badly that he was unable to report for work at the studio for several days.

DIRECTOR Victor Saville has a sense of humor that serves him in good stead. On the set at Denham the other day, while doing a retake for "South Riding," he was interrupted by an anxious assistant who was preparing another scene.

"Mr. Saville, we need a tree," he said.

"Well, go out and buy one," said Saville. Then, looking around at the veritable forest that surrounds the studio, he said, "Take the money out of the petty cash."

Hollywood wonders if little Simone Simon will become Mrs. Francois Louis Dreyfus when she gets to Paris. He's the son of the famous publisher, you know, and recently came all the way to America to visit his beloved.

And, incidentally, we wonder if Simone will ever find her way back to Hollywood. She's been temperamental and plenty hard to handle, so Hollywood probably wouldn't miss her very much.

FRED CONYNGHAM and Lucille Lile have just started starring in a new picture out at Elstree called "The Minstrel Boy." Fred tells me he and Lucille grew up together, both being pupils at Minnie Hooper's dance classes.

Lucille found her way to Elstree via Broadway, and London's West End stage, while Fred also starred in the West End, stinging his way through Cochrane and Drury Lane shows.

Fred's Tasmanian wife, Molly

DOTS... and DASHES

Jeannette MacDonald and Gene in Honolulu, also Mary and Buddy.

Ronald Colman and Bill Powell back from their yachting trip, but plan to go off again, either for more yachting, or a jaunt to Europe as soon as Bill's picture is finished.

Mary Maguire disgusted because she was sent way up the coast on location the day her mother and two sisters arrived from Australia, but Paps Maguire, being resourceful, chartered a plane to fly the family to the location spot before Mary arrived by car.

WELL, Gene Raymond certainly takes the bun for ability to keep a secret. On the eve of his marriage to Jeannette MacDonald, all Hollywood, even to the bride herself, believed the pair would spend their honeymoon in Santa Barbara, a hundred miles from here.

But Gene had something up his sleeve, and when the last guest had departed after the wedding reception he piled his bride in a car and headed, not toward Santa Barbara, but to a gorgeous estate in Bel Air, an exclusive residential district near Beverly Hills. There he carried Jeannette over the threshold of a beautiful mansion, with a cheery "Welcome home!"

At first the bride thought he had just rented the place as a surprise, but it appeared he had bought it eight months ago and spent the intervening time having it completely remodelled to suit his future wife's tastes.

JEAN HARLOW'S last picture, "Saratoga," was previewed to an enthusiastic audience. If they hadn't known about the death of the star, few would have suspected that a substitute was used in some of the scenes. Fortunately for the picture, the very last scene was photographed before Jean's death.

M-G-M had been besieged by so many requests for Jean's last movie that they were persuaded to undertake the sad task of completing it for general release. They have succeeded so well that the production stands as a splendid last tribute to the petite platinum blonde, idol of millions.

AUSTRALIAN Frank Allenby, who has just finished a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, his last picture being "The 15 Man," is now busy reading scripts to find a suitable stage part.

He and his wife, who was formerly Dorothy Hamilton, and who has just finished a long run in "Jane Eyre" in the West End, live in fashionable Lonsdale Square, where their parties are always thronged with both stars and extras.

"JOHN WARWICK can always have a job in any film I direct," says Hollywoodian Roy Kellino after noting Warwick's work on the Fox-British film "Catch as Catch Can."

John's part in the picture shows him trying to get some diamonds which an impoverished American girl is trying to smuggle into the States. Director Kellino noticed his finesse in handling the diamonds, and on inquiry found John had been in the diamond business in Australia before he succumbed to the scintillating promise of the screen.

An acute attack of neuritis took blonde Joan Blondell off to the hospital. Racked with pain, she was unable to proceed with her latest picture at Warner Brothers.

She will need about two weeks of treatment and relaxation before she can go back to work.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



IN THE RANKS OF HOLLYWOOD MOVIE EXTRAS THERE IS AT LEAST ONE NATIVE OF EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

MARGOT GRAHAME HAS INTRODUCED HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FAD... A COIFFURED WIG ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR AND WORN IN PLACE OF A HAT.

MICHAEL BARTLETT MADE HIS STAGE DEBUT AT THE AGE OF 10 DRESSED IN SATIN PANTS WITH LACE RUFFLES... AND HAD TO FIGHT ALL THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS AFTERWARD TO REGAIN HIS MANLY STANDING.

EVEN those friends of Kay Francis did not know that she had entered the hospital for an operation until it was all over, and the actress reported definitely out of danger. Kay had not been feeling well for some time and her physician recommended a minor operation to alleviate a condition that threatened to become chronic.

Secretly, the famous star entered a Los Angeles hospital, under an assumed name, so as to assure herself complete quiet and rest. Two weeks in the hospital should suffice for her convalescence, her physicians say.

Miss Francis expects to begin a new picture as soon as her health permits, after which she will take her annual trip to Europe.

I NOTICED Eric von Stroheim, formerly one of Hollywood's greatest and most extravagant directors, surveying London's "Hobohemia" through his monocle in the Cafe Royal the other night.

He is over here to play the part of a spy in the new British production, "Mademoiselle Doctor," which is being directed by boyish-looking, thirty-year-old Edmond Greville.

Greville is just back from Paris with a reputation acquired while working under the famous Rene Clair. He is, however, inclined to laugh at this.

"My reputation," he said, "is faked. The critics discovered that I had achieved a new film technique simply because I had run short of money, I had to make shift with rudimentary scenery."



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TO CAIRNS BY SEA

★★★WINGS OF THE MORNING

Annabella, Henry Fonda. (G.B.D.) WELL, here is something. Gaumont-British in this offering have taken to technicolor, used it as it should be used, and produced a British picture which should serve as an object lesson to Mr. Selznick of "Garden of Allah" fame.

The color in this film is superb—but it has not been taken as the be-all and end-all of the picture. It is used simply as an incidental, as a means of heightening the effect of entertaining story and good acting. And because this is so, the color is so much the more successful; no previous color job has shown us anything more beautiful.

Coming to the cast, here again Hollywood is equalled and excelled. With the exception of Lili St. Rainer, another Continental actress, the American Moguls haven't one woman in their studios with the charm of Annabella, the new French star. This girl has everything—beauty, charm, acting ability and what you will. She's the answer to any bachelor's prayer. And technicolor might have been perfected for her, so well does it suit her.

In this story of gipsies and lords and racehorses and love and the Derby,

PRIVATE VIEWS

Henry Fonda shows to excellent advantage. He does a sterling job of work.

To close, this is a picture you definitely must see. Annabella is not to be missed, but there are other attractions: comedy, John McCormick singing three numbers (although really this disturbs the show), Fonda, and some magnificent color shots of Irish scenery, London, and the Great Race.—Embassy; showing.

★THE SINGING MARINE

Dick Powell, Doris Weston. (Warners.)

DICK POWELL, singing in attractive naval uniform; one or two bright song numbers; several lavish spectacle scenes; Hugh Herbert, amusingly crazy as ever, and making the house rock with merriment for one glorious moment: these are the best things in this latest Dick Powell musical.

On the whole it is a disappointing film. The songs are not up to standard, the humor rests almost entirely

on the shoulders of Hugh Herbert, and the theme is a bewildering tale of a marine who becomes a nationwide radio favorite on his three-weeks' furlough and manages to combine his two duties.

Powell plays the singing marine. Summoned to return to his ship, ordered to Shanghai, he is accused by his former mates of having gone high hat. As he acts only in his usual breezy manner, this attack seems rather poor taste on the part of the boys, and is a definite weakness in the film.

Doris Weston, a newcomer, makes an appealing little heroine. Australians will be interested in seeing Marcia (Marcelle) Ralston, who plays very effectively a vampish film star.—Regent; showing.

★AS GOOD AS MARRIED

Doris Nolan, John Boies. (Universal.)

A LIGHTLY diverting picture on a theme that has been used many times in popular fiction, but which still retains a certain piquancy on the screen: beautiful secretary who marries her boss as a business arrangement, while secretly in love with him. The situation has no new twist, how-

Week's Best Release

"WINGS OF THE MORNING."

Gaumont-British feature. Excellent entertainment, introducing a charming new star.

ever, and the picture lacks sparkle and spontaneity. There is, in fact, nothing particularly noteworthy about this light, uneventful parlor comedy.

John Boies does his clumsy best as a susceptible and successful architect, who marries his secretary to protect himself from designing women and heavy income tax. At first completely oblivious to the girl's charms, interest is awakened in general, by the attentions of a devoted swain, Walter Pidgeon, and in particular by their walk-out on him from a week-end house party. Walter Pidgeon was a tactless choice for Boies' unsuccessful rival in love. His sophisticated charm and calm control of every situation, in sharp contrast to Boies' blundering efforts, make one wonder why the girl didn't choose him for her life's partner. His presence adds immeasurably to the romantic interest of the picture.

Doris Nolan makes an appealing heroine, and holds the sympathetic interest of the audience. Tula Birell, Alan Mowbray, and Ernest Cassart are, as usual, very satisfactory.—Pinza; showing.

★THUNDER IN THE CITY

Edward G. Robinson, Lili St. Rainer. (Universal.)

THIS is an incredible story of an American stunt publicity man who goes to England and involves the aristocracy and the whole British nation in a gigantic financial scheme. Something really funny might have been made out of this situation, but the satirical aspect has not been emphasized sufficiently to make it particularly amusing or even interesting entertainment. There are one or two good-natured cracks at the British character, and one or two bright bits of burlesque. But that is all.

Edward G. Robinson, stepping out of his usual tough role, sets a brisk pace to the picture as the American publicity man. Urged by his firm to study dignified business methods, he goes to England, where an impecunious duke with an undeveloped mine in Rhodesia and a desirable daughter inspires him to launch a gigantic publicity drive, using the British aristocracy as publicity agents,

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

its wildly improbable success giving triumphant justification for American ballyhoo and a hysterical finale to the satire.

Nigel Bruce as the old Duke, with his amazed pleasure at having a debt of £10 settled in cash, is mildly amusing. Lili St. Rainer, his daughter, determined to marry for money, is fair.—Lyceum; showing.

★OUTCAST

Warren William, Karen Morley. (Paramount.)

A MOVING and only too realistic situation has been used for the starting point of this little picture: a doctor, acquitted of a crime, finds himself an outcast in his profession. Out of this situation an exciting melodrama has been built.

The doctor (Warren William), influenced by a sympathetic retired lawyer, Lewis Stone, settles down to a new life in a little country town where the scandal is unknown. The mild townspeople discover who he is at the same time as one of his patients dies, and are transformed into a lynch-hungry, unreasoning mob. What happens then is entirely Lewis Stone's affair.

One sees dozens of this type of picture a year. While acknowledging its exaggeration, one cannot but be moved by the exciting melodrama.

Warren William, walking through his part unemotionally, gives a disappointing performance. Karen Morley in an incredible role is adequate.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★NIGHT KEY

Boris Karloff, J. Warren Hull. (Universal.)

THE film industry is always casting its mind round for novel ideas for its perennial stream of routine thrillers. Sometimes they are completely fantastic, sometimes they have a semblance of probability, and so provide exciting entertainment. "Night Key" is in the latter category.

Karloff plays an inventor robbed of his invention rights by a former partner (Samuel Hinds), who runs a burglar-alarm protective system. In revenge Karloff visits the stores, using the alarm system, and destroys its effectiveness with an instrument which neutralises burglar-alarm. Unfortunately, as might have been expected, he falls into the hands of racketeers who capitalise on his invention. How he escapes to round up the gang, after the usual improbable routine of such pictures, occupies the rest of the tale.

Conventional romance is supplied by J. Warren Hull and Jean Rogers, who are always shadowy figures. It is, however, a small triumph for Boris Karloff, quite unrecognisable as the Master of Horrors, in this sympathetic role.—Lyric; showing.

OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

Preston Foster, Jean Muir. (R.K.O.)

IN an attempt to bring Bret Harte's classic of the roaring fifties to the screen, R.K.O. have produced a particularly crude and creaky melodrama that might have passed for entertainment when the industry was in its swaddling clothes, but is definitely not acceptable to-day. The story is heavy with bathos and puerile sentimentalising, harrowing in the telling. The acting is bad.

Note the characters: Preston Foster, professional gambler; Margaret Irving, the Duchess, his partner in a gambling establishment; Virginia Weidier, precocious child, called "Luck"; Van Heflin, self-righteous preaching parson, and Jean Muir, schoolteacher, for whose sake Preston lays down his life and leaves the pathway open for her to the parson's purer love. This will give you just a hint of what to expect from this picture.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

Laughter, Love and Luck ...The Leonian Triangle

The eternal triangle has its counterpart in the make-up of the average person born between July 23 and August 24.

For the Leonian has three particularly strong attributes. These are Laughter, Luck and Love. And though Love, perhaps, holds pride of place with most, Luck and Laughter run it a close race with others.

THERE is an element of the gambler in every person born under this sign. Sometimes it is cultivated or allowed free rein. Hence it is that we see the more spectacular market speculators, the explorers and adventurers, and those who take a bet or a risk on any or every thing.

The element of laughter is also inherent in these Leo people. They demand pleasure, entertainment and luxury as their right, and if these

their make-up is encouraged by the average Leonian in the form of parties and other social activities, and in sports or club-memberships.

Of the love-nature of Leonians much has already been said, though the full story could never be told, since it is known only to these people themselves.

They should realise, however, that a congenial partner is an absolute essential to their complete happiness in life.

People born under the sign, Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22) make ideal partners for Leonians, since they add philosophy, a love of outdoors or sport, and logical reasoning powers to the union.

Arians (born between March 21 and April 21) make excellent partners also. Children usually strengthen this love.

People born under the Leonians' own side of the zodiac also attract very strongly, and many happy marriages result from such unions. There is always the danger, however, that the quality of pride, confidence and charm may prove separative unless extreme care is exercised by both parties.

Jealousy must be avoided at all costs. Leonians always like to have complete dominance in their own special sphere, and only by special tolerance and understanding can there be two rulers in one household.

Harmony usually prevails, too, when Leonians mate with Gemini (May 21 to June 21); Libra (September 23 to October 23); and, by opposite attraction, with Aquarius (January 20 to February 19), though carelessness in the last mentioned case can result in estrangements or arguments.

It is seldom wise for Leonians to marry people born under the signs Taurus (April 21 to May 21); or Scorpio (October 24 to November 23), yet the individual star-maps often con-

OWING to her absence from Australia, Miss June Marsden cannot answer the great numbers of letters sent to her through The Australian Women's Weekly asking for astrological information or seeking individual horoscopes.

tradict this rule by showing that planetary harmonies in each chart give promise of happiness in marriage.

The natural affinities of Leonians are as follows: Their colors are gold, orange and yellow; their numbers 1 and 16; their gems, diamond and sunstone; and their metal, gold. These things have vibrations which harmonise well with the Leo nature.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Live quiet on August 16 and 18, but on August 19, 20 and 21 you can be confident and ambitious. Start new enterprises and make changes then. Your chances of success are good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Your affairs may be subject to difficulties, delays and annoyances at this time. Live with all possible caution, especially on August 20, 21 and 22 (A.M.).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Fair on August 20, 21 and 22 (evening).

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Poor on August 19 and 20, but fair on August 21 (afternoon), 22 and 24 (the dusk). Not spectacular.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Take care on August 20, 21 and 22 (the dusk). The rest of the week fairly good, but especially August 24 (after 4 p.m.). Work hard then.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): August 18 and 19 fair.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Quite fair on August 20, 21 and 22 (evening).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): You cannot be too careful in all your affairs on August 20, 21 and 22 (until 3 p.m.). Announcements, delays, losses and upsets may predominate. Be cautious in making decisions.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be sure to turn August 17 and 24 (after 4 p.m.) to good account. Opportunities are likely. New enterprises or changes started then have a good chance of success.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): August 18 and 19 fair; August 24 (late) poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): It cannot be overdone, August 20, 21 and 22 (evening) can prove just fair. But take no unnecessary risks. Routine work will be best.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): August 17 poor; better on August 22 (late), 23 and 24.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. Editor, A.W.W.



NOTHING SO OLD-FASHIONED as a tree top for this rockaby baby. The cradle in which baby Patricia Ann Nichols is shown here, is suspended in a plane en route to Chicago from Los Angeles. Baby Pat, 10 months old, is the first baby to ride in the newly-inaugurated sky cradle to make travelling more comfortable for babies.

Fat, Yet Not Forty!

WHEN YOUTHFUL LOOKS DISAPPEAR

Put on excess and unhealthy fat and many unlined years pile on your age. The creases and lines on face, neck and arms caused by plumpness are unlovely, and quickly banish youth and good looks. When overweight and stoutness are due to the accumulation of waste digestive matter congesting the system, often spots and pimples spoil the complexion, sick headaches and biliousness are daily happenings, and lassitude wears the sufferer.

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FAMOUS PIANIST Flies from HOME

To Make Quick Australian Tour

Rubinstein, world-famous pianist, who is now flying to Australia from Europe for a whirlwind tour of the Commonwealth under the direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, has left behind him at his beautiful home in Paris his wife and two little children—a daughter aged three and a son who is nearly two.

The children do not yet play any instrument, but they love to listen to their father.

MADAME RUBINSTEIN is the daughter of the well-known Polish musician, Professor Meymarsky, who was the founder of the Philharmonic Society of Warsaw and for many years the conductor of its orchestra.

The Rubinstein home in Paris is unusually lovely. It is located on one of the highest points of Paris on the Montmartre Hill, with a splendid view over the city.

The house is unusual both in its lay-out and decoration. One portion is on the street and was formerly a big workshop of a well-known shoemaker.

Rubinstein transformed this shop into a music study where he has his big Steinway piano and which he has furnished with beautiful and rare paintings, pieces of statuary and other objets d'art which he collected during his world tours.

He has connected this study with the rest of the house, which is situated a little higher on the hill, by a stairway which is a kind of ladder. In this portion are the living, dining, sleeping and bath rooms.

Madame Rubinstein has arranged this part to her own taste with valuable old furniture.

There is also a very fine library of many rare editions and present-day books that contain beautifully-written dedications from the authors, for Rubinstein is a great favorite in literary circles as well as in musical ones.

In fact, his wide circle of friends is representative of practically all the arts.

This is due not only to his great personality as a musician, but also to his personal charm, intelligence and his interest in all phases of art and the development of human society.

Busy Life

BUT such is Rubinstein's popularity with entrepreneurs that he cannot enjoy his home life as much as he would wish.

He is an indefatigable recitalist and traveller. Practically every year he gives from 150 to 200 concerts. This year, already, he has visited three continents and has given over 70 concerts.

He has just finished a big tour of South America, and only had a two-days' stay in Paris before setting off by plane for Australia.

After his season here, he will visit the United States, Canada, China, Japan and Java before Paris sees him again next May.

Rubinstein will be the first musical celebrity to open an Australian tour in Canberra. This recital will be on August 26, and will be relayed through National Stations. His Sydney debut will take place at the Town Hall on September 2.

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FAMOUS NOVEL Dramatised for RADIO

Helen Simpson's "Boomerang"

The famous Australian novel, "Boomerang," considered by many to be one of the best stories written by Helen Simpson, has been dramatised for radio.

THIS is one of the first important, Australian novels adapted for radio, and it has been ably dramatised by William Power, of Station 2GB.

Miss Simpson, who is revisiting Australia after an absence of ten years, is very pleased with the dramatisation of her novel. "Mr. Power has got into my mind, so to speak," she says, "he understands what I mean."

Mr. Power considers that as Miss

world market and should try to write for home consumption only. Australia, owing to its geographical situation, has a kind of artistic isolation, too. Australian novels and novelists are going to benefit immensely by the quickening of communications, and still more by the cheapening of communications.

William Power, who has dramatised "Boomerang" for 2GB, had a novel, "Men Need Armour," published several years ago, written mostly at the age of 19, and has contributed extensively to University periodicals. He also won the Beauchamp prize for English Essays at the University. He is a barrister who has deserted law in favor of drama.



WILLIAM POWER, whose radio plays from 2GB are a brilliant feature of B.S.A. productions.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, August 18—
11.45 a.m.: London Calling.
1.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, August 19—
11.45 a.m.: Interview with William Power, dramatist. 2.45 p.m.: Rhythm.

FRIDAY, August 20—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, August 21—
6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Artists of To-day.

SUNDAY, August 22—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Song Recital (Lotte Lehmann). 6.15 p.m.: Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, August 23—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, August 24—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Music.

Simpson is now in Sydney the time is opportune to tell radio listeners about "Boomerang." So listen-in on Thursday, August 19, at 11.45 a.m., during The Australian Women's Weekly session, to a "Boomerang" interview with Dorothea Vautier.

MISS SIMPSON has lived for the most part in England, and is thus able to write of her native land with detachment and perhaps with an accuracy that Australians who live here all the time find difficult.

Interviewed at the home of her brother, Mr. Telford Simpson, Miss Simpson talked about the future of the Australian novel.

"If they're good enough they have an enormous future," she said, "but Australian writers will have to realise that they are up against a

Hard Work Looking After Husbands

Looking after husbands on world concert tours is hard work, confess Mesdames Cycowski, Collin, Kramer and Frommerman, wives of members of the comedian harmonists who have come to Australia to broadcast for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

They do not speak much English, but manage to get along without trouble.

They are all Austrians, "they Iparlans," as a Colombo newspaper said. They have never been so far away from their native land before, though they have been to America.

They are not blasé, they maintain, even though no time is available to have their own roofs over their heads.

All confessed to looking forward some day—when, who knew?—they might have their own fire-side.

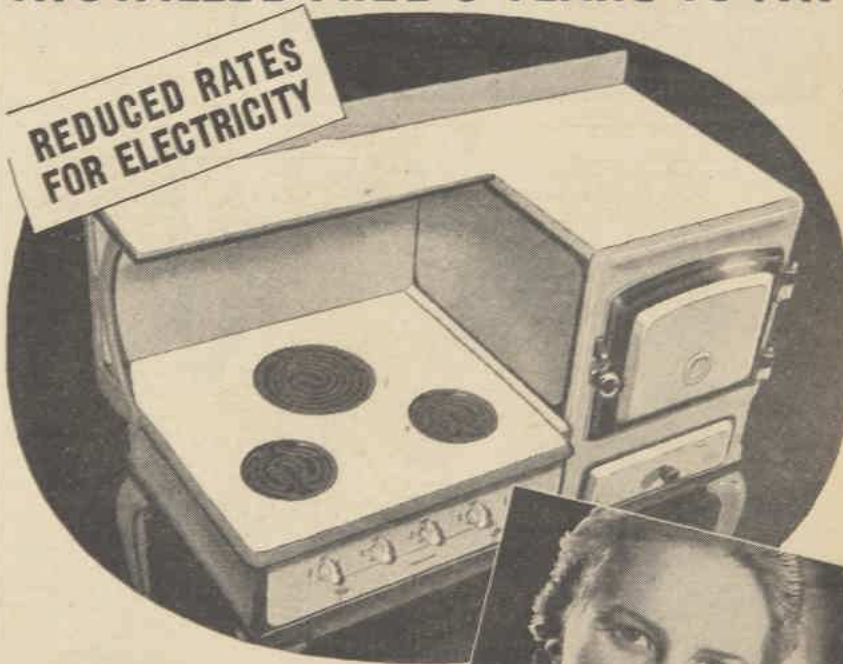
Meanwhile, they would travel, be company for their husbands, mend their clothes and socks, see they kept in good order, and, with their husbands, try to keep in tune with their surroundings, wherever and whatever they might be.

Would they be always travelling? One quoted an Austrian proverb which another interpreted as "When one bath the good husband there one should be." "And we hath good husbands," she added.

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To Check Spread of INFANTILE PARALYSIS Victorian Outbreak Leads To Precautions In All States

From Our Melbourne Representative

How to control the outbreak of infantile paralysis in Melbourne and prevent its spread to other States is a matter concerning Australian medical authorities.

EARLY last week Tasmania decided not to allow any children from Victoria under the age of 16 to land on its shores unless they have a certificate from their local Health Officer proclaiming them not to have been in contact with any case.

Other States may follow this lead.

Actually, in Victoria, no power can be brought to bear to isolate anyone other than a case of infectious disease or the contact of a case.

People can only be advised to avoid social contacts as far as possible.

The Victorian Health Department is continually being telephoned by anxious mothers who had planned to take their children to other towns or other States for holidays. The advice they receive is this:

"Do not go to another State or even to another town without a medical certificate from your local Medical Officer of Health. If he will not give one, stay at home."

Several Victorian towns are refusing entry to Melbourne children unless they are armed with these certificates. These include Mildura, Stawell and Phillip Island.

The Victorian Tourist Bureau has cancelled all its school vacation tours. Some criticism has been voiced by mothers that the disease has not been kept within the bounds of the first area infected.

The area could not be absolutely

quarantined, and medical authorities are doubtful if this measure would have been effective.

During the last epidemic in New Zealand, everything possible was done to isolate Dunedin, and yet the disease swept the whole island.

Asked if the sufferers from infantile paralysis completely recover or suffer some aftermath, Dr. H. W. Franklands, of the Health Department, said:

"A certain proportion of the paralytic cases do have after-effects, but not all of them."

"Some recover completely and many of those who do not recover completely at once entirely lose the after-effects under treatment, such as massage, baths, or other recommended treatment."

"This treatment may be effective in any time, varying from a few weeks to three years, or perhaps more."

According to a report last week, of 67 cases, 28 were paralysed, 21 mildly paralysed, 8 were not paralysed at all, and not likely to be. Four were under observation, and six had died. At that stage there were 72 cases, and eight deaths, two of them men.

To Avoid Infection

THE infection itself is as common as measles, and is spread in the same way, by the breath, but so-called paralytic cases are few.

During an epidemic, for every paralytic case that occurs, there may be several of such mild infection that even the people infected do not know that they have had the disease. These cases may spread the disease.

It is generally recognised that the disease is spread by the breath similarly to measles, influenza, etc.

Mothers can teach children to avoid droplet infection caused by coughing, yawning, sneezing or loud talking straight into a person's face.

All children should be taught to turn their heads to the ground when coughing, and never to speak in a forcible manner when facing another.

[See special article by Miss Truly King on Page Six, Homemaker Section.]

Young Princesses Being Taught to Housekeep

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

LONDON, Sunday.

The Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are being taught the housewifely arts by the Queen herself at Glamis Castle.

AT the little Scots village of Glamis, the children may be found any morning in earnest conversation with the tradesmen.

They take the job seriously, and inquire about the prices of carrots, potatoes, and melons, fish and meat. The butcher's advice is sought on the best cuts for a small family.

The princesses will put their new knowledge to the test next week when they take up residence at the cottage at Balmoral.

Until now they have learned the practical side of housekeeping, housecleaning, and the rudiments of cookery in the miniature house at Royal Lodge. At Balmoral Cottage they will learn the managerial and executive side of housecraft.

With the help of their ex-governess, Miss Crawford, they intend keeping weekly housekeeping accounts.

They will give daily orders for menus and detail the day's duties to the staff of two maids running their simple menage.

During the Scottish holiday the children's sports will include riding and golf. Meantime, the Queen is teaching Princess Elizabeth how to fish.



Her Happy Little Self

A Mother writing from Redbank, N.S.W., says:—

"I would not be without your Infants' Powders or use any others, from now on. At first I used other well-known Teething Powders for my little girl, but they never agreed with her. Now when she is irritable and cross I give her one of your valuable little Powders and she sleeps and wakes up quite her happy little self. After giving several of my friends one Powder to try they tell me they are using Ashton & Parsons Powders and find them the best yet."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

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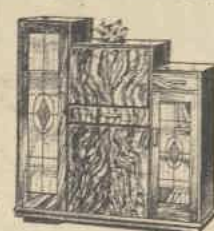
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6 LINES

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ONE DOOR FROM MARKET ST.
SYDNEY.

FEVERISH COMPLAINTS Are Attacking the PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

REPORTS received from different parts of the State indicate that complaints of feverish origin are rife at the present time. Feverish Colds—Sore Throats and 'Flu attacks strike quickly, and just as quick action on your part is essential to prevent the development of feverish complaints. The proved antidote for feverish conditions is 'ASPRO' owing to it being, after ingestion in the system, an anti-pyretic, or fever reducer, and an internal antiseptic and germicide. 'ASPRO' quickly reduces temperature—stops aches and pains and creates a healthy action of the skin. It is quickly effective when used as a gargle for Sore Throats and is indispensable when feverish conditions are about. Always keep a packet in the house.

'ASPRO' Quickly Reduces Temperatures

Feverish Condition Speedily Dispersed —No Trace of 'Flu Next Morning

16 Victoria Street,
Avondale,
7/1/36.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to tell you of the good results I have had from 'ASPRO' for Colds and Influenza. I have suffered with Influenza at various times and was eventually led to try 'ASPRO' through your advice. I took 5 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink upon retiring on one particular occasion when I felt Influenza developing, and the result was really marvellous. The feverish condition was speedily dispersed and next morning there was no trace of Influenza whatever.

(Sgd.) J. TREDWAY.

Nursing Sister Praises 'ASPRO'

22 Bellevue Street,
Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

Having derived great benefit from 'ASPRO' during my nursing and having used 'ASPRO' throughout the terrible Influenza Epidemic, I can testify to its great value in reducing temperatures and relieving Headaches.

Your faithfully,

(Sgd.)
SISTER JANE STARKY.

Professional Advice Was to Use 'ASPRO' for Influenza — Temperature Soon Disappeared

Russell, 25/9/36.

Dear Sirs,

I have used 'ASPRO' with wonderful effect for Influenza as well as Sore Throats and Colds. Just recently one member of the family was threatened with a severe attack of Influenza. The doctor was appealed to for advice and a regular dose of 'ASPRO' with a hot lemon drink was recommended every three or four hours. These instructions were followed and the temperature disappeared within a few hours and within twenty-four hours all traces of Influenza had vanished. I might add that we are never without 'ASPRO' in the house.

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) A. F. BAKER.

15 Proved uses for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore throats and Tonsillitis.

21/8/37

£500 JUST Waiting to be WON

Merry, Merry Quest for Australia's
Nicest Recipes

Housewives should lose no time in lodging their entries in The Australian Women's Weekly £500 recipe competition.

There are four main sections, in which prizes will be awarded as under:—

1. Best Cake Recipe

First Prize, £100.

Second Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake, plain or fancy.

2. Economical Dinner

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.
Recipes in this section may provide for either two or three-course dinners, sufficient for a family of four. Recipes for each dish should be given. Points will be awarded for economy of planning.

3. Pudding or Sweets Dish

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.
The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any



These rich prizes must be won

type of pudding or sweets dish is eligible.

4. Jam, Jelly, Preserved Fruits

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

COMPETITION RULES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Four coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes.

There is no objection to readers sub-

mitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Entries submitted are eligible for the weekly prizes of £1 and 2/6 that will be awarded until the £500 competition closes.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed. Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and concise.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers, please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

You Must Use These Coupons

You MUST cut out these coupons and pin one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

21/8/37

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

21/8/37

3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

21/8/37

4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

21/8/37

REMEMBER.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

The aristocrat

The famous Charmsan face powder is an aristocrat. It stands alone for hours. It is the world famous stage and film stars that love and use it. It sells and sells and sells. Why? Because it has that "something" that gives instant charm to the plainest skin, so that those faults and signs of age seem no longer there. No wonder tens of thousands of women whisper at the change, for it has brought to them a thrilling happiness. Why, it's very name means charm.

It's Charmsan face powder from Paris

The shades of lovely women. All shades and sunburn. Stays on for hours. Big double size box. . . so economical, 2/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.
F.R.—Give your face its "good-night" massage with Charmsan Cold Cream every night. Removes "makeup," dust, etc., from skin and keeps it in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, black heads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars, 3/6. Tubes, 1/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Buy a packet of pure TWIN BODA. Take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN BODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Wind, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, and other stomach ailments. All chemists, 1/6 or extra large packet, 2/6.

What Women Are Doing

Overseas Women Police

BRITISH policewomen, serving in the police forces of Cairo and Alexandria, have given exceptionally satisfactory service.

Their work has been much appreciated by the authorities, and their contracts were recently renewed for another three years—till 1940.

To Be Soloist With Symphony Orchestra

VERA BRADFORD, the young Melbourne pianist, who made a name for herself in America when she was soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, in a performance of Tchaikovsky's Concerto at the Civic Opera House, made her first appearance with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra on August 14, with Professor Georg Schneewitz as first conductor.



Miss Bradford.
—JACK CURR

Miss Bradford was a pupil of Alexander Reeb, the famous Hungarian teacher, with whom she studied for several years in America.

This artist became widely known throughout the Commonwealth during her tour with Stella Power and Stanley Balnes.

Judging Physical Culture Competitions

AS adjudicator of the 10th annual physical culture competitions of the S.A. Combined Church Clubs Association, which are being held in Adelaide at present, Mrs. Mervyn Skinner is faced with a more difficult task than in former years owing to the increased number of entries. Twenty-five more teams are taking part in the competitions this year than took part last year.

Mrs. Skinner has acted as adjudicator at these competitions for three years, and has also been supervising the work of the Association's junior and senior interstate teams this year.

These teams are being trained by Miss Eileen Le Cornu and Miss Mary Martin, and will represent the association at the Ballarat competitions in October and afterwards in Melbourne.

Spending Her Furlough in Hobart

SPENDING her furlough in Hobart is Miss Eileen Brabin, who left Tasmania not long ago to represent societies of the Methodist Church on the Overseas Mission Staff.

Miss Brabin is mistress of a girls' mission school a short distance from Rabaul, and has much to tell of the desolation and destruction wrought by the recent earthquake.

Mayoress is Interested in Many Charities

ONE of the biggest works that she has undertaken is the huge dance that Mrs. Harry Bray, Mayoress of Port Adelaide, is organising for local charities. In the big district of which she is mayoress, Mrs. Bray leads a tremendously busy life. Her chief pride is the branch of the Young Women's Christian Association at Port Adelaide, of which she is the founder and president.



Mrs. Bray.
—McKENN-McKENN

Another work in which she is actively interested, as a member of the committee, is the Kindergarten Union there. The Mothers and Babies Health Association, the District Trained Nurses, and other associations and societies also claim much of her attention. The ball to be held in September, however, is a combined effort for many charities, and the success of it will determine the number of organisations the committee can help, and the amount to be donated to each.

Overseas Secretary

MRS. MARY PONDER, overseas secretary of the Mothers' Union, London, and at present visiting Australia, has already covered more than 12,000 miles in her journeying here.

At the conclusion of her Queensland tour she started off on her excursions through New South Wales, and was in Sydney for the annual meeting of the Mothers' Union, at which she was the principal speaker. She has already addressed more than 300 meetings.

Seeking Descendants of Church Workers

AS the centenary of Congregationalism in South Australia, which is to be celebrated in September, will coincide with the centenary of Stowe Church—the first Congregational Church in the State—every effort is being made to trace the pioneer members of that church.

Miss Jean Caterer has spent weeks going through early State records finding out the names of the pioneers, and is getting in touch with as many of their descendants as she can, asking them to join in the centenary celebrations.

Her sister, Miss Lillian Caterer, is secretary of the Congregational Women's Centenary Movement, which has raised almost £200 during the last two years, and she is arranging for the performance of a play, depicting the arrival of the first Congregationalists in South Australia, during the centenary celebrations.

Keen on Amateur Theatrical Work

WITH rumors of a Shakespearean company from overseas making its way to Melbourne soon, our amateurs have rushed into Shakespeare with all the eagerness that they adopt towards the modern playwrights.

One of the latest to take the plunge was Nancy Finn, known for her work with the Cairns Memorial Players and the Little Theatre.

Three years ago, Louise D. U. D. N. formed a senior group of Shakespearean players with the object of presenting Shakespearean plays with an all-female cast.

She has now established a junior group, and it was in their first production recently that Miss Finn made her entry into Shakespearean roles with marked success.

Added £60,000 to Funds in Ten Years

TEN years ago Mrs. George Bowcher was asked to organize auxiliary committees for St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, and at a meeting held in the old college in March, 1927, the first of these committees was formed.

Now there are 30 auxiliaries, and since their establishment they have added £60,000 to the hospital's funds. Members of this vast body of workers celebrated the tenth anniversary of their foundation recently with one of the most successful dinners ever held in Melbourne.

Won State Championship in First Tournament

PRACTICALLY a newcomer to the game—for she has only been playing table-tennis for ten months—Miss Pat Evans, of Adelaide, has created a record by winning the championship of the South Australian Women's Table Tennis Association in the first tournament in which she has ever played.

The association tournaments were held at the beginning of August, and Miss Evans also won the handicap singles from scratch, and, with Miss V. Thorpe, was runner-up in the women's doubles. In one match of the championship Miss Evans defeated Miss Frieda Hicks, who holds the Australian championship title and was previously South Australian champion.

Unfortunately, Miss Evans, who plays for the Taxation team, in club matches, will not be able to compete in the Australian championships which are to be held in Sydney later this month, as she cannot get away.

Adjudicated at N.Z. Eisteddfod

MISS DOLEE BROOKES, of Sydney, has just concluded a successful four weeks' stay in New Zealand, where she acted as adjudicator for dancing at the Wellington National Eisteddfod.

The standard of dancing displayed by the competitors was good, she said, the operatic work being the weakest.

Miss Brooks is a member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, and of the Imperial Society of Teachers, and holds both dancer's and teacher's diploma of the British Ballet organisation.

Will Hold Pageant at Annual Meeting

"BRITANNIA and her Empire" is the name given to the miniature pageant the Thebarton Women's Service Association is holding to create interest in its annual meeting. Last year's annual meeting, when 100-year-old costumes were worn for South Australia's Centenary year, was such a success that Mrs. I. Lawrence, treasurer and co-producer of the pageant with Mrs. J. L. Leal, says the association intends to adhere to the idea of "dressed-up" annual meetings.

In this pageant the leaders of the association will represent different countries, and each will have two attendants. The pageant will be held on September 1. The Thebarton Women's Service Association—the organisation which many suburban associations take as their model—does an enormous amount of good work in its district.

Achieving Success As Portrait Painter

MUCH interest was shown in the exhibition of portraits, still-life, and landscapes by Miss Rolfe Thompson, at the Assembly Hall, Collins Street, Melbourne, recently.

Miss Thompson has devoted the last eleven years entirely to her work and has already done portraits of many well-known Melbourne citizens. Her pictures hung in the Victorian Artists' Autumn Exhibition, were favorably commented upon, and she was invited to exhibit at the Art Club show at the Athenaeum Club. She intends going abroad next year to further her studies.

Most romantic is the setting of the artist's studio. She braved the ghosts and set up her easel in the ballroom of Cloverdale House, Toorak. The building is made of stone brought out from England a hundred years ago, and erected by convict labor.

"House Proud" Over Hospital Improvements

NURSE M. ANDERSON, of Brisbane, who has been matron of the Brisbane Associated Friendly Society Hospital at Kelvin Grove for the last 31 years, is very proud of her hospital just now, as very recently extensive alterations were made to the building, modern electric stoves installed in the kitchen, and an electric washing-machine in the laundry.

Before Nurse Anderson took this position she spent an interesting time in the Queensland Health Department Isolation Ward. She trained at the Brisbane General Hospital and, after six months at a private hospital, went out to Augathella to relieve the matron there. She was also stationed at Murrumbidgee for a while.



Matron Anderson.
—POWELL

Won Golden Voice of the Air Quest

OUT of hundreds of competitors from all parts of Victoria and Tasmania, Miss Mollie Hislop was the winner in the Quest for the Golden Voice of the Air held recently in Victoria.

She sang Mimi's celebrated song from "La Bohème" and Alfred Hill's "Walata Foll." Miss Hislop is related to the famous Joseph Hislop, and her father was a well-known singer in Scotland.

She studied singing and the piano at the University Conservatorium, and then with Ivor Boustead.

In 1934, at the South Street Centenary competitions, she won the Governor-General's gold medal for the aggregate.



Miss Hislop.
—EVE RAY

Australian Background in All Her Writings

FIRMLY convinced that Australia is a wonderful country and well worth writing about, Miss Anne Parsons, of Adelaide, has tried to learn all she can about it so that she can pass it on to others in the form of short stories. Perhaps better known by her pen name, Anne Bennett, Miss Parsons has written numerous short stories and several plays.

In 1927 Miss Parsons won the short-story competition at Ballarat, and last year some of her work was published in the book produced by the South Australian Women's Centenary Council.

Experienced Actress to Appear with Repertory

AS one of the first acting members of the Adelaide Repertory Theatre, Miss Jean Robertson, a former Adelaide girl, has accepted the society's invitation to play the leading role of Laila, the crippled girl, in "The Outsider," which is to be presented this month.

Miss Robertson played this part during her last visit to Australia when she appeared opposite Moscovitch. She also played with him here in "The Merchant of Venice." Since leaving Adelaide Miss Robertson has gained much dramatic experience and has appeared in New York, London, France, Italy, and other countries.

Studying Bird and Insect Life

MISS GABRIELE NEUHAUSER, a young German Doctor of Science touring Australia, is devoting her studies to insect, bird, and small animal life. She graduated from Berlin University five years ago, and since that time has spent two years in Turkey. The Northern Territory of Australia interests her particularly, she says, and she is hoping to make a lengthy stay in that part of the world.

Is Directing Course in Etiquette

WITH the old saying "It's more fun when you know the rules" as their motto, the Girl Citizens' Movement of the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide has started a two months' course in charm and etiquette, under the direction of Miss Kathleen Ashlon.

Entertaining, hosting, conversation, and general appearance will be considered from all angles, and, besides hearing speakers who are experts in the different subjects, the girls will have plenty of opportunity for questions and discussions.

Dramatising social scenes, such as dinner-parties and receptions, is to be included in the programme of the course, and the newly-formed social club and dancing class will give the girls a chance to practise what they learn.

Prominent in Amateur Theatrical Work

MISS EDITH ROWETT is well known in the amateur theatrical world of Brisbane. She has taken prominent parts in many productions, and is an active member of the Brisbane Repertory Society, the Amateur Theatre, and the Shakespeare Society.

She is most successful in character parts, and has been busy rehearsing for the Amateur Theatre performance of "Leave It to Panthea," to be presented this week, and in which she will appear as Lady Middlewick.

This part is quite a contrast to her usually rather severe roles, and allows her plenty of scope for comedy work.



Miss Rowett.
—HAROLD STEWART

INDIGESTION MISERY RELIEVED

Under normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when the misery of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia afflicts you that you realise what good digestion means.

Modern civilized conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked, unsuitable or hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, bring fresh victims daily to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia or gastritis.

Do not wait until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. You will surely become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid, an affliction to yourself and to others.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles.

First, it neutralises the excess acid which inflames the stomach and causes your flatulence, dyspepsia or gastritis.

Secondly, it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, so that the sore stomach heals while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder



HEADACHES relieved immediately

The quickest relief you can find for any headache is Bayer Aspirin. Two tablets, a drink of water, and you feel better at once!

Do not hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action! The relief is felt at once because tablets of Bayer manufacture dissolve at once. Not a single ingredient in Bayer Aspirin can harm you in any way. It does not upset the stomach nor depress the heart. But it does put a quick end to the pain.

A pocket tin of these tablets is the best insurance you can carry against a sudden headache, colds, or any pain or discomfort, either in or out of business hours. But get the genuine Bayer Aspirin. There's no economy in buying anything less effective.

Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER" — Bayer means Better.



SHE DIDN'T WANT TO FLY THE PACIFIC

or star in the films. All her interest centred round her home. Making jam, feeding chickens, and looking after the children during the holidays kept her busy and contented. Then, for no apparent reason, these things began to pall . . .



THERE must be hundreds of people all over the country who wake up tired and get more and more tired as the day goes on. It never occurs to them that energy is still used up during sleep, so they do nothing to create new energy in its place. The last thing they suspect is "Night-Starvation."

A regular cup of Horlick's, taken hot before bed, creates the new energy needed. It helps you to wake up thoroughly rested and ready to face the hardest day, and guards you against "Night-Starvation."

Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9; Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

SPECIAL OFFER!—1 lb. tin Horlick's—Mixer—Measuring Spoon—all for 2/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED,
AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

NIGHT-STARVATION

THERE was his handsome face, the eyes dark and a little moist, the well-cut mouth. "Dear little Myra—" he said. "You have liked being with me?"

For a moment she was almost angry. But what on earth did the man want, his Laura and every other woman's whole attention besides? Could a man's face be too beautiful; the nose, the mouth, a shade too large? Of course not. It was just that sickness of her dismay. He was too marvellous for her, she thought humbly.

But in the night, suddenly, she remembered that look on his face when he said, "Dear little Myra—" and her heart leaped and tightened. After all, this was all the life she had. This, if ever, was the time for daring.

Mountains, like all Africa, stood gaunt and purple-brown beyond the still harbor and the white city, as she watched absently the school-teachers going ashore in boats. He said good-bye to her correctly but solemnly, a tall, fine figure of a man in immaculate whites. He looked as if her gay face wounded him. When she left the ship she felt like a conqueror under a crimson banner.

She sat finishing her dinner that night in the open hotel lobby, and with a thudding heart watched him stride up the low steps. She took a quick breath just before his glance.

It was really a shame to have startled him so. He said, "Myra!" in a terrible voice and stood over her; his hand on the table was accidentally shaking.

The wind from the dark mountains rustled all the palm leaves. She felt like a heroine in a happy play.

"And have you seen Laura?" she said lightly.

"Laura? Oh, yes, yes. Up the mountain. But Myra—why—why

SUN and the STARS

Continued from Page 5

didn't you tell me you were coming here? It's more than I can believe."

The mountains went up like green walls around the lower slopes of the town where the city, half-French, half-African, tumbled and be-flow-ered and tropic and gay, crowded its streets with striding black, ragged people between walled gardens, under the air from the sea and the canefields and the high cloud-shaded peaks behind. They were going up the mountain to have tea with Laura. Myra was, she realised, frightened to death. But this Laura had married another man rather than this one. Let her do a little worrying now.

Eventually they arrived at their destination.

There was a deep green garden, with a tennis court, going down hill, and a tall woman in white smiling down at her, dark, quite lovely still. "I was so glad when Edmund told me you were here," she said. "We have so few visitors. You were sweet to come."

For a moment Myra felt as awkward as a schoolgirl. In the next breath her defiance dropped from her. But she liked this woman. She was lovely. They went forward to the tea-table under a tree with blossoms like enormous yellow butterflies.

"This is my brother Joe," Mrs. Winyard—Laura—was saying. "His other name is Dean."

The brother, the man Joe Dean, leaned over to her when she had finished her tea.

"You haven't seen the view at the end of the garden?"

Edmund's face turned towards her instantly. He frowned. If Laura had not smiled so tranquilly, Myra would have felt wicked and exultant. But after all they must have some time to themselves.

Presently, behind them, Edmund's voice went on talking. Then they walked beyond the sound of it, around a hedge, into the full sweep of the view.

The enormous bay lay like a sheet of steel below them, stained and burning under the flaky sunset. Sounds from the unseen valley, a child calling, a dog barking, a bell came up softly on the pure air. Suddenly she felt again that moment she had known on the ship, before Edmund, the widening moment of sheer wonder, beyond all thought. The man beside her was perfectly quiet. When she moved, he glanced at her queerly as if he felt it, too.

At dinner, Edmund only tasted his soup and looked doubtfully at the meat, which was really very well flavored even if it was a little tough. But the table was a dark pool of mahogany in the light of candles in old etched crystal holders, and the serving woman moved on bare feet in the shadows, her dark head tied with a bright cloth.

AND Laura talked. She spoke directly to Myra, as if she wanted her particularly to understand the gaunt and beautiful island which she loved. Or perhaps it was because she had been loved, and been happy here. Her glance went often to the square-jawed, humorous face of Captain Winyard, in the silver frame behind Edmund's head.

Through what she said Myra caught a glimpse of bone-white villages baking in the sun beyond the canefields, of high mountain passes dripping with cloud moisture. She seemed to see the dark acres, the banana plantations, and huge ruins of old French aqueducts and mountains always lifting beyond, where two million black people spoke their own language and lived, in mud huts among banana patches, their vigorous, remote, lusty peasant lives.

"What you can see in them I can't imagine," Edmund said. "Disease and dirt and poverty, that's all. There's nothing to see here, nothing to do here. Why you stay here is more than I can see."

Myra looked over at Laura, with a quick twinge of apology for his brusqueness. But the older woman had broken into sudden free laughter.

"Dear Edmund," she said, "forgive me if I've been boring you. You haven't changed a bit. For one thing, we had a lease, and there's Joe."

Edmund raised his eyebrows at the other man. "I can't see why you're here, either. There's no future for a white man. Been here long?"

"About a year," Joe said lightly. "I've been trying to run an airline of my own among the islands. I like the tropics. But I may have to give it up after all. I just haven't

enough capital. I doubt if Laura would stay after that."

"Humph," said Edmund. "I should hope not."

There should have been, at this point, an awkward silence. But Myra noticed nothing of the sort. She looked with a little smile from one to the other. She liked them so very much. Their silences were easy, their voices humorous and quiet. They gave her richly a sense of savoring life as it presented itself. It was extraordinary how much they made her forget Edmund.

BUT he was there, sitting large beside her and a bit ominous, in the car sliding down the mountain from Petionville to the city.

"The English Club," he said to the driver. When the car stopped in the shadows he told the man to get out.

"Dear little Myra," he said abruptly. "You've been so patient—so brave. Lovely little thing—mine, Myra, all mine."

His face, large in the shadow, hung over her. He was gathering her in with a long arm. She felt small and astonished and crushable and helpless, in a grasp that seemed to swallow her up. Her neck was twisted at such an angle that when his mouth came down hard on hers it ached with the impact. She couldn't breathe. She could hardly get her arms free to push.

"What—pushing?" he demanded. "Never be coy with me, my Myra—my dear little love. You have loved me from the first, haven't you? And you followed me here for this. Wicked, wise, lovely little—"

She did manage to sit up, dabbing at her hat and her hair. "But Laura—" she gasped. "Laura—"

He made a large gesture. "That was a revelation to me. Laura has let herself go terribly. The deterioration of the tropics, I suppose. Poor Laura. I know she expected more of me. But watching you there, your youth, your freshness, your disdain—there could be no question any longer. I love you. We will be married as soon as possible after our return."

She was seized again, and he was kissing her harder. This must be marvellous. All the books said it was marvellous. She had looked forward to it—but if she could only catch one good, long breath.

"From now on," he said solemnly, "nothing must trouble this little head—no thought—no care. We will travel a great deal. You will like that. You will like my mother, My darling, you have been so brave."

Please turn to Page 43

VIM CLEANS and POLISHES

Its smooth rounded particles cannot scratch

A LARSEN PRODUCT

SUN and the STARS

Continued from Page 42

In her own room at last she stood staring at her strange, dishevelled reflection. This was love she thought. This was just what she wanted. Edmund was perfect. They would have a marvellous life, as he had told her: London, Scotland, the house in Dorset—she had had no idea that he was a man of such position, or she wouldn't have dared. And yet she thought: "Well, you've gone and done it."

It would be five days before the next boat north. Edmund had decided to make a thorough study of financial conditions while he was here. They were to lunch with an English official of the bank he told Myra next morning. "We'll fill in the days pleasantly enough," he said. "We must make the best of this delay."

She said: "Yes, Edmund."

The days went, the flashing tropic days, the amazing nights, all the green-brilliant sun-drenched world of Haiti, like a blur beyond the sound of Edmund's voice. They lunched with statistics. They dined with charming people and spent evenings on broad, lighted verandahs high on hillside, while the sound of drums came softly, like a pulse, from the far dark hills. Occasionally they saw Laura and her brother for tea by the tennis court. But Edmund, now that he had made up his mind, felt they were not the people he most wanted to know, and yet whenever she was there, she had that same sense of ease, of unspoken understanding. Joe's eyes met hers with a bright waggishness, as if he knew something he would not tell.

They, Laura and Joe, were coming for dinner, Edmund told her. It was the decent thing, of course. He had also said it would be wise to say nothing of their engagement. After all there was no use in inflicting unnecessary pain. Myra could not think what he meant at first. Laura had seemed cheerful at the tennis matches the day before.

But if he meant to hide it, Myra thought, going down to dinner among the palm trees in the lobby, no one would be in any doubt from his manner. She knew already just how his handsome eyes would glow, how he would start up and bend over her hand, before everybody. He was there now, with Laura and Joe. A woman behind her said: "Oh, isn't he handsome?" And of course he was. No one else could wear a white dinner jacket so superbly. He would be her husband. It was astounding. She wondered if she would ever get used to it.

"Have a nice day?" Joe said to her at dinner. His tie wasn't quite straight, but at his glance, at once

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michel
The King of Lipsticks

steady and merry, something in her calmed and stopped fluttering. What had he been doing all day, while she had been with Edmund?

Joe went on exactly as if he had heard her. "I was getting the bus tuned up for you. She's in pretty good shape now. You must have a flight while you're here, of course. It's the best way to see the Citadel. You fly much?"

"Oh," she said. "Oh, No, I've never flown at all. You mean, you'll take me? I'd—I'd love it."

"How about to-morrow then?" She hesitated; Edmund had heard.

He put down his fork and turned, ceremoniously, to Laura.

"I must tell you," he said, "I consider myself responsible for Miss Anson's welfare while she is away from home. So that I must reply to your brother for her. In my judgment the aeroplane is still an unknown quantity. The figures on aeroplane disasters, notably private planes, are not—"

Joe said lightly, looking at Edmund: "I'm flying Miss Anson over the Citadel to-morrow. That makes me responsible. She has said she'd like to go."

She faced Edmund's dark, beautiful, outraged look. "I want to do it very much," she said desperately.

His eyes brooded over her. Suddenly he smiled, delightfully, winningly.

"Then, of course, we'll go," he said. "Very kind of you, Dear. My dear friends," he said, lifting his chin and his voice a little. "I cannot any longer keep it from you. We have decided, Myra and I, that in the future we will never again be parted—you understand?"

Laura was looking at her steadily. Laura wasn't hurt at all. There was no personal emotion in her eyes, except that questioning look Edmund had been looking at Laura also. Myra's face softened slowly from the queer mask, confusion, surprise, whatever it was, that had stiffened it.

Laura said gravely: "I hope you'll be very happy, my dear."

When she looked around at Joe, after a moment, his glance was bright, amused, unchanged. "That's all right then," he said briskly. "If you people will get an early lunch. I'll pick you up here at twelve."

IT was not, Edmund said, as they stood before the small plane on the old marine golf course, that he had not flown before, many times. He was, he hoped, sufficiently air-minded, but a privately-owned plane could never be so well maintained in every part as those of the large—

"Take the back seat, Edmund, please," Joe said pleasantly. "I want Myra beside me. Can you make it, or shall I get a ladder?"

Edmund went up, speechless. Joe tied a helmet snugly under Myra's chin. His eyes were crinkled with secret laughter. She went up like a squirrel, with his hand at her elbow. There was suddenly, after roaring and climbing and circlings that lifted the whole heart, the world that was called Haiti moving enormously below them; arsenic and jade and pale green of canefields, threadlike whiteness of roads, brown toadstools of roofs, brightness of rivers, dark bands and clustering streaks of jungle and lifting mountain slopes; and, far off, a swelling wall of blue light, the sea.

Everything she had been, almost her sense of self, dropped from her in the strange freedom, the utter detachment, of flight. Why weren't people more changed after they had flown? she thought vaguely. Only Joe's grin, when he turned towards her, his shoulder beside her, his lean legs, his feet on the rudder bar, were familiar. His eyes saw what she thought. It was lovely to be so alone with him here, in all the sunlit terrible crystal of the sky.

SHE had no idea how long they flew. Time had lost meaning. But suddenly, following Joe's finger, there was the blue Atlantic, and on a height a great wall of masonry rising, abrupt and lonely, from the sea of jungle storming the rigid, majestic walls—Christophe's Citadel. Roaring across it, swinging in great easy circles about its yawning and empty gun ports, she watched it grow smaller behind them with real regret. She didn't, she realised with all her heart, ever want to go down.

Please turn to Page 44

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JOE shouted to her: "Never mind. Perhaps you'll see it again." It did not seem strange to her that he could tell what she was thinking.

Shadows were bluer in the broken valleys. Mountains at the rim of the world were a softer purple. They had come over high, high up, as if the cushiony, silver air were a great ocean current sweeping them forward. Joe looked at her suddenly under a lifted eyebrow. He pointed down. She looked. There was only the jungle, patched and broken with shadow. A flash, far forward, the startling snowy whiteness of falling water; a little space between the trees.

They moved down lightly in great roaring circles, or slid, with the engines idling, in a pleasant rush. Joe was intent at the controls, staring outside, watching his altimeter. There was a hoarse shouting from behind. She turned. It was Edmund. He was waving his arms wildly and shouting, his face twisted.

It had not occurred to Joe to be frightened. She looked at her. His face was merely intent. The plane levelled off, banked sharply, and in that sudden silence came down with little running bumps. They were quiet in an open, narrow space between trees. Houses were beyond, along a dusty pathway, and crowds of white-clad people, staring; and far ahead, from a great cut in the mountain rampart that hemmed them in, the slender swaying whiteness of an enormous waterfall. Faintly the waterfall smoked and swayed and thundered, and there was a confusion of human voices from those packed crowds, like shouting and like singing, like the noise of the falls themselves.

But the nearer voice was Edmund, bellowing. They turned and looked at him absently. His face was red with rage and suit.

"What on earth do you mean by

SUN and the STARS

it?" he was yelling. "Why we weren't all killed I—how dare you—risking our lives—I—"

"Little trouble with the feed line," Joe said suavely. "We never mind a little forced landing, now and then. But how about tea?"

"Tea," Edmund said. "You can talk of tea? See here, my good man, I've stood about enough from—"

"Come on," Joe lifted Myra out of the plane and carried her in his arms for a while before setting her down. "Look." You had to see this. I've never seen it before, myself. But I knew it could be done. This is the Waterfall of the Blessed City, and to-day of all days in the year is the festival of the Virgin of the Blessed City. What you will see here few white people have ever seen."

Joe took her arm and they walked slowly, looking at the waterfall, the palms, the crowded houses and the people—barelegged mountain women in striding groups, old men leaning on sticks; women with sick babies, men with wide black shoulders and black skulls, tall as iron statues, carrying old crippled women with sores on their feet, other men, with wounds, or limping on crutches; blind women, little boys with bandaged arms, their black eyes and white eyeballs starting with excitement—the strong, the weak, the lame, the halt, the blind.

"There was a miracle here, you see," Joe said. "The Virgin appeared to a peasant in the swaying mist of the falls, over the palm trees. Cures were reported. People began to flock here from all over Haiti with their sick. But you see the waterfall is also sacred in the old African belief. So that when the people crowd here, some worship at the church and some at the

falls; and the cures go on. At night—but that's what I want you to see. It won't worry you, staying here all night?"

"Edmund will be frantic," she murmured. "But I—wouldn't leave here now, for anything."

They came back presently to Edmund, standing by the plane, his hair on end, his face purple.

"MYRA," he said, "Myra—what do you mean by going off with him? It will be dark at once. We'll never get out of here alive—these people are dangerous."

"We need our tea," Joe said briskly. He handed down the basket out of the cockpit, rugs, pillows, a tarpaulin. "There's hard-boiled eggs and ham and bread."

"You mean," Edmund cried, "that you are making no attempt at all to get out of here?"

"Not at the moment. No, I doubt if we take off until morning; and it's no good your howling," he said. "Because you see, this is my expedition. We're going to see things here—but you won't understand."

Edmund could never have been so shockingly bereft of speech. It was really a shame, Myra thought, looking up at his outraged figure. Around them on the open, trampled grass, up the narrow street, and in the square, charcoal braziers began to glow in the new dark. The cries muted. A smell of cooking suppers floated on the wind.

"Comfortable?" Joe said to Myra softly. They sat on the rugs, leaning on cushions against the wheels of the plane. Edmund had said nothing.

One by one the red eyes of the braziers were put out. For a long moment the valley was in blackness,

Continued from Page 43

and in that moment the invisible crowd moved and muttered, all the separate human units gathering, groping, into one shadowy human need. A deep note, like the deepest note from the waterfall, a chord of a hundred thousand voices, throbbed softly, almost below sound. Lights from tiny tin oil lamps in hundreds of black hands fell upon the awakened, straining eyes of the cripples, the sick children, the wounded men, the grandfathers. The great note, the singing chord, deepened and swelled and grew until all that ravine throbbed like an organ with a chant—grave, sonorous, churchly.

"I want to follow them," Myra said suddenly. "I want to see the lights among those trees."

"Why not?" Joe said. "I want to, too. Perhaps we'll see a miracle."

Edmund was shaking her by the arm. "You've lost your senses. These people may turn on us. I forbid you. Are you, or are you not, pledged to me as my wife?"

"That," said Joe, shadowy at her shoulder, "is an excellent question. What on earth, Myra, made you think you were in love with this fellow, when it's so plain you're not?"

Edmund said: "How dare you? I've stood enough. You bouncer!" and struck out wildly towards the blur of Joe's face. Myra heard them trampling, vaguely, in the dark.

"Joe," she said sharply. "Don't—don't hit him."

"I'm not." His voice was even. "I'm just holding him off."

Edmund must have stopped struggling. She saw them stand apart.

"You might as well be polite to me," Joe's voice went on.

"I AGREE you're handsome enough to make any woman think, for a while, that she loved you. But not for long. What have you to offer her, anyway?"

Edmund said: "What possible affair of yours is this? Myra has accepted what I have offered her—my love, an honorable name and position, an assured future."

"It's not enough," Joe said sharply. He was only a dark shadow—but he was there, near her. "What's all that to her? Myra," he said, "it's not enough. I challenge his claim as any man would have the right to, who loves you. All that I have to offer are privations, uncertainties and struggles. But life, also, as this—this fellow here knows nothing about it. I'll make you a present, along with my love, of the sun and the stars."

The music came in soft gusts amid the thunder of the waterfall. Edmund said: "Myra—I beg you—"

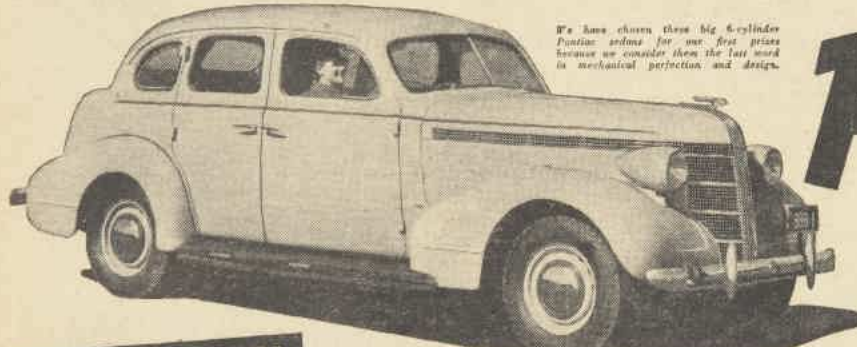
But Joe had her by the hand. His touch was alive, vibrant, electric. It stung in her veins and calmed, curiously, all the hot tumult of her heart.

"He doesn't know what I'm talking about. Actually, for his benefit, I'll tell you that I think I have a job in an aeroplane factory near Bristol, and you may even have to go to work in a library again. But you'll like it, and you'll be a free woman, as free as a man's love can make you."

She said, impulsively: "Oh, Edmund—I'm sorry—I had no idea—"

"You'll be more comfortable up in the cockpit," Joe said to him. His voice was gentle. "I promise you, we'll get off at dawn. But this is a night when the blind see and the lame are made to walk, and we have to celebrate a private miracle of our own."

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SEPT. 7

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(5) Employees of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd. and the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency are not permitted to enter this competition.

(6) All entries to be included in the first month's judging must

reach the offices of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. not later than 5 p.m. on Tuesday, August 31st. Results will be announced in the Kraft Music Parade over 2UW on Tuesday night September 7th.

(7) Any person may forward any number of entries providing each entry is accompanied by a label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite. The

label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in four entries.

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COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 6

"THAT her heirs shall be so instructed in perpetuity. By Rudolf's order, Gollaux, a chemist of Innsbruck, preserved the corpse of the King. This he did according to a certain prescription which he had of a learned Venetian whose son he had saved. His raiment also he dipped against the corruption of Time."

"Dated the ninth day of March in the year of Our Lord one thousand four hundred and thirty-nine, (the King being dead on the seventh, having lain in state till now and to be replaced this night) and written down word for word as my lord Rudolf hath commanded by his unworthy servant and clerk."

"GABRIEL OF LITTAI."

"Whom I also whiles his ink was wet for he hath a long tongue and I have need of a boddy as he hath said."

"RUDOLF OF BRIEF."

The original postscript was laboriously written in German and poorly spelt. The translation was done in German from first to last, and to this had been added two lists—one of the Lords of Brief and one of the several heads of the other House. Caroline was trembling.

"Oh, Richard, do you know what this means?"

"It means you're a queen," said I. "But, then, I knew that before."

"No, no," she dabbed at the parchment. "That last name there. Not my grandfather's—the other. Harriet Vincentia Slaying, Duchess of Whelp. She's still alive, and she's bigger than any queen. She's always known as 'Old Harry.' Her mother was English, as mine was, and if she'll take up my cause—"

"She must," said I. "It's a case of deep calling to deep."

"She's a law to herself," said Caroline thoughtfully. "But if she does—well, next time you come to Brief you won't have to force any bars."

"That's right," said I, feebly enough. With a sudden movement, I set a torch in her hand. "And now I'll go for a pen. You must write your name here at once. Shall Herrick come down?"

"If you please."

I left her there and mounted the unknown stair.

The thing was absurd and childish, but now that I saw what was coming, my heart sank down. The "rough stuff" was over, and so—my service was done. From now on, steps would be taken by a lady of high degree. Pressure would be put on the impostor; ways and means would be used which were out of my ken. And when the game had been won, I should be invited to Brief, where a servant would hold the door wide and another would

take my hat. I should be ushered—I—that had broken into the place, to set a queen on her throne. And then I should be presented to Her Grace the Duchess of Whelp, and the Countess of Brief would tell her how good I had been. I that had held a king's daughter against my hammering heart—

I suppose that my face was betraying my state of mind, for, as I stepped into the hall, I saw Herrick throw up his head and clap his hands to his eyes.

"Oh, I can't bear it," he groaned.

"Don't say that after all this—"

"On the contrary," said I, "we're practically home. I'm going to get pen and ink—for you to take down."

Leaving him staring, I entered the room on my left, passed to a table

GIRLIGAGS



"TO LEND your ear too often means being talked into lending your purse."

and dipped a pen in some ink. Then I came back and gave it to Herrick and watched him begin to descend.

Brenda, of course, was wide-eyed; but it was not for me to tell her what we had found.

"It's her ladyship's secret," I said; "but at least I may tell you this—that, thanks to what we've discovered, she's going to come by her rights."

"It is very ancient?" said Brenda. "It's nearly five hundred years old."

Brenda drew in her breath. "And has been handed down all that time from father to son?"

"Certainly," said I. "And each of them signed his name. The signatures are down there. I think there are thirty-two."

(Here I should say that, in fact, there were thirty-three, the first twenty-five of which are those of the "lords" of Brief. The twenty-sixth was that of the first of the "counts.")

"Few houses," said Brenda, "could show such a title as that."

"Very few," said I, sitting down.

"Is your family ancient, too?"

"I REALLY don't know," said I. "I believe we go back some way, but I've nothing to show." "The Revokes have held Haven for more than a hundred years."

"But I have no home," said I. "In fact, I'm nothing at all. It's true that I have some money—much more than I need. But that is all. I haven't even got an address."

Brenda frowned. "You have always Raven," she said. "And when my lady is up, I think you will be welcome at Brief for as long as you live."

I smiled, and we spoke no more, but waited together in silence till Herrick came back—alone.

"Caroline wants you again," was as much as he said.

In some surprise, I took the torch from him and again descended the stair.

As I entered the little chamber: "Look!" said Caroline, pointing. "Is that all right?"

I stooped to regard the vellum. She had written a line beneath her grandfather's name.

Caroline Virgil, Countess of Brief, only child of the foregoing's first-born son.

"Yes," said I. "There's no mistake about that."

She gave me the pen, and picked up the great gold ring. Then she

turned to look again at the body, sunk in its stall.

"Seeing's believing," she said. "But no chemist could do to-day what Gollaux has done."

That, of course, was most true. By every right, the body should have been dust. Instead, it had the air of a wax-work. And that, I suppose, was why it was in no way offensive, but only remarkable.

After a long look:

"We'd better be going," she said, and turned to the stair.

I began to follow her up, throwing a beam beyond her, to light her steps, but after a little she stopped to ask for a torch. I gave her one of my two, and by its light she examined the arms on the ring. Then with a sudden movement she put this into my hand.

"Put it on my finger," she said. "You have the right."

I SLID my torch into a pocket and took her left hand in mine. Then I slid the ring on to her beautiful second finger, for which it was far too big. For a moment we regarded it together. Then:

"I'm out of my depth," I said.

"There's a king down there—that I've been using as if he were a giant at a fair; and here I am standing up to a girl who's really a queen."

"I'm Caroline Virgil to you—and shall be, as long as you live."

"I know I said that," said I. "But now this has happened to—put me where I belong."

"Where do you belong, Richard?"

"To the crowd," said I, "that watches the great go by."

"Where my father stood. Where, but for you, I should be standing this very day."

"What of that?" said I. "You don't belong to the crowd, and neither did he."

Her left hand tightened on mine. "I'm afraid," she said gravely, "that he, like me, must have had a very low taste. You see, we both—"

took to you. And, unless I'm much mistaken, from what I've heard of 'Old Harry,' she'll do the same."

A smile swept into her face. "Don't look so surprised, my dear. I mean what I say. And I'll tell you another thing. As I've said, if she likes, 'Old Harry' can pull this off: but if I had to choose between your assistance and hers, I'd choose you every time, and let her go hang."

Please turn to Page 46

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My heart burned at her words—which I could not allow.

"But that—that's fantastic, Caroline."

"It isn't really," she said. "And in any event it's true. You see—no, you wouldn't see—so that's no good. Let me put it like this. Till you came I had no one to lean on. Then you came out of the blue and took the whole of my weight. Well, that has demoralised me; and now I know that I must have someone to lean on—that I cannot go back and stand by myself again. Now, so long as you are willing, you are the person on whom I wish to lean; but you seem to have an idea that that would not be correct, because the blood in my veins is rather better than yours. Well, I'm not going to argue the point, but tell me this. Was your father a stable boy?"

"Oh, no," said I. "He—"

COUNTERFEIT Coin

"Well, that man's was," said Caroline, and pointed over my shoulder down the stair. "If you don't believe me I'll show it you in the books. Perhaps that'll make you feel better. Or must I do something to lower myself in your eyes?" I cried out at that. "Very well. Who am I to you?"

"Caroline Virgil," said I.

"No more?"

"No more—and no less."

"And are you content that I should lean upon you?"

"Unwilling to trust my voice, I bent my head and put her hand to my lips."

I looked up to find her smiling.

"The man of action," she said.

And then she was two steps above me, climbing the stair.

There was now no cause for haste, for leave before midnight we dared not, in case Brief was not asleep; and that was the hour at which Winter was to be the mouth of the drive. (He, of course, knew no more than that all was well, for I had twice sent him that signal a short half-hour before dawn. This from the leads of the tower, which were easily reached.) Indeed, we were faced with the prospect of being confined for three hours with nothing to do; for, though we were all worn out, excitement and impatience between them would not allow us to rest. But first, of course, we had to cover our tracks.

Here let me say that I make no excuse for the outlook which I have this moment set down. It was ours at that time; and it must be said that I prayed it would remain so.

Now that we knew the secret, it took us a very short while to return to their ancient order the elements we had displaced; but that the years have laid cannot be reproduced in ten minutes of time, and half an hour went by before I was satisfied with the look of the thirty-sixth step, within whose stone the key to the chamber lay. Whilst I was attending to this, with Brenda to give me light, my lady and Herrick together composed a full role of what we had found in the chamber and what the statement set forth. They were at work in the

Continued from
Page 45

"Thank Heaven, yes," said I. "I was on my way up."

As luck would have it, our stuff was ready to hand, and before two minutes had passed we had packed it anyhow and were ready to leave. We had intended, of course, to restore to the rooms we had used the order we had found when we came, but this was not now worth doing and so we let them be.

As the four of us stole past the door, the latch was raised and let fall, and the oak was urged, as though someone refused to allow that the bolts had been shot. But we heard no conversation, which gave us hope that no hue and cry had been raised.

As fast as I dared, I led the way down the stair.

As I gained the hall, I heard a key being tried in the door at the foot of the stair.

It was, of course, tried to no purpose. The door was heavily barred. But it meant that both exits were held, and that we were caught in the tower as rats in a trap.

I OFTEN think that we fully deserved our plight, for, once we possessed the secret we set out to find, we should not have lost a moment in leaving the tower. To cover our tracks was essential, but that we could have done in a quarter of an hour. Then, again, we needed the darkness, but dusk would have served our turn. And that we had. We preferred to ignore a grave peril because for forty-three hours it had never lifted its head, losing sight of the starting fact that if it should lift its head we were bound to be caught.

Be these things as they may, when I heard that key move in the lock I was ready to do myself violence for throwing away the chance of escape we had had; for, had we behaved, not with prudence, but common sense, we should at that time have been nearing the mouth of the drive.

After a moment's hesitation, I led the way through the hall and into the room beyond. Then I shut the door behind Herrick, lighted a torch and threw the beam on the floor.

I touched Caroline's arm.

"First, tell me this," I said. "Is the roof any good?"

"I've no idea," she said, and pushed back her sable hair. "There might be a way—I don't know."

I shook my head. "To seek such a path by night would have been a desperate venture for Herrick and me; the presence of our companions ruled such an enterprise out."

Please turn to Page 47

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"ROSE O' MY HEART"

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Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
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But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
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For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lip.

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bedroom; that is to say, the uppermost room of the tower. We had used that room, and no other, because that alone was above the rest of the house, so that there we could move and converse, yet could be heard by no one who was not within the tower. To reach this room we had to pass by the great door which gave to the second floor of the castle itself. For us this spot was always the danger-point, and while we had laid down a carpet to swallow the sound of our footfalls as we went by, we always put out our torches before we approached the landing which served the door. It follows that, whenever we passed, we did so in darkness and silence, feeling our way.

I had finished my work on the step and, with Brenda behind me, was going upstairs to the bedroom quietly enough. We had passed by the door and I was about, being by, to relight my torch, when a sound there was no mistaking rapped out of the dark. It was the clack of a latch.

The two of us stood still as death.

AGAIN the iron was raised—by somebody standing on the other side of the door—and pressure was put on the oak, which could not open because we had made it fast. Then, whoever was there gave in, and the latch fell back into place.

We had been so much occupied, and had become so familiar with our peculiar estate that the fears which at first had plagued us had lost their sting, and we had come to ignore, if not to forget, that someone of Brief might purpose to enter the tower. This sudden catastrophe, therefore, hit me between the eyes, and I make no shame to confess that, to use the words of the Psalmist, my heart in the midst of my body was even like melting wax. Then I had myself in hand, and was up the stairs in a flash to give the alarm.

Caroline paled and Herrick stifled an oath.

"If we can, we must bolt," said I. "By way of the courtyard, of course, and so to the belvedere."

"Is that step all right?" said Herrick.

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"THEN I can think of nothing," said I, "except to draw them away from the upper door. If we can only do that, we may still get clear. Out of the upper door, where we heard them first—across the landing you spoke of into your suite—down your staircase—out of the castle and up to the belvedere. Winter will still be there, if we can be quick, to lead us over the ridge and down to the Rolls."

"A feint?" said Herrick, frowning. "That's my idea," said I. "A demonstration down here—the lower door. I admit it's a very thin chance, but what else can we do?"

"What sort of demonstration?" said Caroline.

I looked at Herrick. "Do you think you could do it?" I said. "Disguise your voice—and parley with them in German?" I meant—

Herrick's face was a study. "I see," he said slowly. "Parley. And how, when the parley's over, do I get out? Up a hundred steps and then through a house I don't know. Or don't I get out?"

"I shall come back," I said, "as soon as they're safe in the suite."

With my words we heard somebody pound on the lower door.

"Who is within?" they demanded. "Open at once."

Herrick looked at Caroline. "Is that his lordship?" he said. "I'd like to—er, parley with him."

My lady smiled. "That was Bertram," she said. "The steward. I'm afraid he may get rather fussed."

"A little bit pompous?" said Herrick.

"A shade, perhaps. But a most respectable man."

"Leave him to me," said Herrick, and settled his coat. "And when I take up the running, stand by to move. If you get clear—"

"I'll give you a flash," said I, "from the bend of the stair."

Herrick nodded and took out a cigarette.

By this time those in the courtyard were fairly assaulting the oak, and since, when the latch was drawn, the door could be moved to and fro for an eighth of an inch, a not inconsiderable uproar invaded the room.

"Put out that light," said Herrick.

As I did his bidding, he stepped to the door of the chamber and flung it back with a crash.

The uproar beyond stopped dead. Then—

"Who the devil is there?" roared the steward. "Open at once."

A thick voice replied in German. "What does this mean—disturbing respectable people at this time of night?"

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COUNTERFEIT Coin

Then a wave of scandalised consequence burst on the lower door. The oak was pounded and shaken, and choking cries of protest stood out of a motley clamor of orders and threats.

I touched Caroline's arm and made for the stair.

As we went up—

"Understand this, Bertie," said Herrick drunkenly, "if you don't take your verminous carcass away, I'll come out and punch your nose for you." He hiccuped again. "Just because you're too drunk to stand up, that gives you no right to come here—"

A composite yell of indignation drowned what was left of the slander and drowned it well. The demonstration was developing. Bertram and his supporters were certainly "getting fussed."

Two steps at a time, I leapt up that sullen stair.

Now few could have done as well as Herrick was doing below, but I was by no means sure that the outcry which he was raising within the courtyard could be heard by one who was standing by the side of the upper door—that is to say, on the second floor of the house; and even if it was heard, it might not persuade such a sentry to leave his post. On the other hand, it seemed likely that the other was yet too young for orders to have been issued or any precautions taken against the trespassers' flight; and since any moment now precautions would be taken—for Bertram, thirsty for vengeance, was certain to think of preventing his detractor's escape—I decided to waste no time boggling, but draw the bolts.

As the girls stumbled on my heels, I opened the upper door.

BEYOND this, curtains were hanging, heavy and thick. I cautiously lifted one, to see the broadest landing I ever knew. In its midst was an oval well, some forty feet wide, with a bronze balustrade about it and the heads of twin flights of stairs upon either side. (To give some idea of their size each step was but two inches high and some twelve feet long.) The landing itself was dim, but a brilliance rose out of the well and the sumptuous flights of stairs ran down into light. So far as I could see, there was nobody hereabouts, but the sound of voices and movements came from a lower floor.

Caroline, peering beside me, caught my wrist.

"Quick," she breathed, and urged me across the carpet, past the luminous pool of the well, to a door which was close to the head of the farther stair.

An instant later, the three of us entered her suite.

"Too easy," I said, with an eye on the way we had come. "And if I'm not back in three minutes, please give me your word you'll go on. I cannot tell what may happen. If there's a hitch, it may be better for us to leave by the lower door. But we couldn't do that unless we were sure you'd escaped."

Caroline shook her head.

"If you don't come, I shall use my judgment," she said.

I shrugged my shoulders and went. There was no time to argue. Any moment someone might visit the upper door.

I have so far said nothing of what we were most afraid of that summer night—the entrance of Percy Virgil upon the scene. Not only was the fellow efficient—he would have secured both doors before he did anything else—but he had good cause to remember both Herrick and me; and though we made good our escape, if he set eyes upon us the police would be at Ravens very nearly as soon as the Rolls. But now I disclose this dread, for as I whipped over the landing, I heard his sinister voice.

I think he was giving some order. But that as it may, his unmistakable accents rang out of the well.

In a flash I was past the curtains and back in the tower and was cursing its stairway anew, because to go down it too fast was to break your neck.

As I came within earshot—

"Only let me get out," belched Herrick, fumbling the bolts of his door. "I'll teach you to talk to your betters."

And there I flashed my torch—and saw him leap for the stair.

I turned and climbed before him for all I was worth.

Eighty-eight merciless steps, wedge-shaped, steep and naked, curling between walls that were hostile and, when you sought for a handhold, bruised your nails. After a little, you seemed to make no progress, to be no more than the pitiful, captive squirrel climbing his endless wheel. Up, up, up. For less than a minute, I knew; but such is the power of apprehension, it seemed an age.

I was six steps short of the landing which gave to the upper door, when Percy spoke again—to bring my heart into my mouth.

"Oh, and bring my pistol, curse you. It's next to the torch."

Continued from Page 46

The man was beyond the curtains masking the upper door. Herrick and I stopped dead.

An instant later the curtains were dashed apart and a transient glimmer of light revealed our enemy.

Then—

"Who said it was shut?" he screamed. "It's open wide. By Heaven, they've done it on you, you poisonous fools. Where's Elgar? Get hold of Elgar and tell him to watch the drive."

With that, he thrust into the tower.

He could, of course, see nothing, but his foot at once encountered the heavy length of carpet which we had laid on the steps.

Please turn to Page 48

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"HELLO! What's this?" he muttered.

I heard him pass onto the carpet, but what further movement he made I could not tell, for the pile was tremendously thick and deadened all sound.

With Herrick one step below me, I crouched there, straining my ears. We were just clear of the carpet, standing upon the stone.

Then Virgil spoke again—and made me jump like a foal.

"Heavens above!" he yelled. "Why don't they bring that torch?"

The man was three steps above me—and coming down.

I dared not try to hit him—I could not see; but, quick as a flash, I seized the end of the carpet and jerked it downstairs towards me with all my might.

His feet whipped from beneath him, with a foul but forgivable oath Percy Virgil fell violently onto his back. As he did so, still holding

COUNTERFEIT Coin

the carpet, I flung myself upon him, enveloping him in its folds. Moved by some brilliant instinct, Herrick fought his way past us, and, seizing the head of the carpet, flung this over and down.

Now, since the carpet was immensely heavy and thick and more than twice the width of the winding stair, it follows that Percy Virgil was very deeply involved. To this I can swear, for when the top half of the carpet fell down upon me, I felt as though I were buried beneath some invincible bulk. I was, of course, clear in an instant, by wriggling back, but Percy could not emerge, though my weight was gone. His bellows for assistance were stifled, his convulsions, because they were frantic, did little, if any, good. Moreover, I could not go by without treading upon the welter—if not,

indeed, upon him, and, since I am no featherweight, I fancy this made matters worse.

Remembering his orders to Elgar, I hurried myself up to the doorway and on to the landing beyond.

"Well done," breathed Herrick. "Which way?"

The mighty landing was empty, but, as we bolted across, a man came full tilt up the staircase, the head of which was six feet from Caroline's door.

So dim was the light and he was making such haste that though we must almost have met, I think he would have let us go by, but I dared not take the risk and hit him, very reluctantly, full on the jaw.

As he crumpled and fell downstairs, Caroline's door was opened, and Herrick and I passed in.

Continued from Page 47

Thirty seconds later, the four of us left the castle by way of the staircase-turret by which, two nights before, we had hoped to come in. The drive was clear. If Elgar had had his orders, he had not yet had time to carry them out. We darted across the gravel, slipped down the steps to the garden and hastened, Caroline leading, to where the walk began that led to the belvedere.

Twenty minutes later, Winter, still breathing goodwill, was leading us down to where he had berthed the car.

If our narrow escape had shocked us, the drive to Raven ministered to our minds. Woods and meadows were fragrant, the winds were still, and the Ralls seemed to skim the country through which we passed. After our two days' confinement, the rush of the soft night air was grateful beyond belief, and I could have wished the journey as long again.

Supper for three had been laid in our sitting-room, and a note addressed to Herrick was lying beside his plate.

As he read it, his face grew grave. "Sir—I am told that you are returning to Raven to-night. A man, of the name of Max Bracher, was found by Salzburg yesterday afternoon. He corresponds to your description of the man of that Christian name. Your identification of him is desired, and I beg you will visit Salzburg without delay. When found, he had been dead for some hours, shot through the back."

"Your obedient servant, 'SERGEANT OF POLICE.'"

I confess that from this time on a medieval vigilance ruled whatsoever we did. If we entered the Raven meadows, we took good care not to stroll too close to the woods. If we used the car, we were careful to waste no time on the neighboring roads. If we sat out in the evening, Winter patrolled our vicinity, orch in hand; and at night, against all custom, the doors of the house were barred.

Herrick visited Salzburg against his will, and viewed the corpse of the man we had known as Max. No evidence had been discovered—against Virgil or anyone else. Even the bullet was useless, for it had spread irreparably. The same day, Thursday, Caroline, resting at Raven, laid her plans. I sat by her side in the meadows, and listened—and watched the woods.

The Duchess of Whelp was at Tracery, thirty-five miles from Innsbruck and ninety from where we lay. Tales out of number were told of the state she had kept, of the things she had said and done, of the efforts which had been made to obtain an invitation to enter her house. If the half were true, it is clear that for years before the war the Chateau of Tracery sheltered a second Court. And now, though she shut herself up, her writ still ran, and though the "fountain of honor" no longer played, its peaceful pool was reflecting, as never before, the vivid presence now nearly eighty years old.

"I SHALL go there to-morrow," said my lady. "And you, if you please, will drive us—there and back. At least, we'll be breaking a record. No one's gone uninvited to Tracery for certainly fifty years."

"With all my heart," said I. "But won't you take Winter, too? I mean, it'll look more important than if you just roll up with me at the wheel."

Caroline seemed to reflect.

At length—"Perhaps you're right," she murmured, pulling the grass. "I wish I knew what to expect. I know that she visited Brief very shortly before I was born, and my grandfather knew her well; but my—my uncle has never seen her since mother was killed."

"I sat up at that."

"Are you sure that he saw her before?"

Caroline started, and a hand went up to her head.

"Good Heavens," she breathed.

"Exactly," said I. "I'll lay he's never set eyes on the Duchess of Whelp. Your father saw her—and knew her; but the younger son—the 'bad hat'—was not at Brief when she came. He can't deny her visit, because he knows it took place. It was a great occasion. Brief was delighted to honor so rare a guest. And so your uncle is bound to pretend he was there. But he wasn't—because he isn't the man he pretends to be, and all he knows of her visit is what he's picked up from the staff."

Please turn to Page 49

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COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 48

"THAT'S right," said Caroline slowly, still pulling the grass. "What a fool you must think me for not having seen it myself."

"How can you?" I cried. "I've known the truth for a year, and you for less than a week."

"I suppose that's why I'm so stupid. You can't wipe out all at once an impression of twenty years. And that's what we're up against. He's Count of Brief by prescription. To pull him down is like trying to close some road that everyone's used for ages and knows for a thoroughfare."

"Perhaps. But at least you're offering them a very much prettier way."

Caroline Virgil flung out a joyous laugh.

"Oh, Richard, a compliment! I must be good for you. You couldn't have said that last week."

"I know," I said, very conscious that I was red in the face. "I see the things, but I haven't got Herrick's tongue."

"What things do you see?"

"Your—your points," I stammered. "Your beauty. Your eyes and your mouth and your hands, and the way you move. They—they cry out for recognition, but I haven't got any words. Only please don't think I don't see them—and all the rest. Perhaps if they weren't so rare I'd be able to—to pay them tribute, but when I see—perfection, it leaves me dumb."

With her eyes on the shimmering foliage, my lady touched my arm.

"Stay dumb, for me," she said gently. "It suits you well and I couldn't ask any more."

I wiped the sweat from my face. "You always say the right thing."

"Do I?" said Caroline, frowning. "I'm not so sure."

But when I asked what she meant, she would not tell me, but bade me talk of Oxford and Harrow and then of the smiling manor which, till I was eight years old, had been my home.

At eleven next day I stood with my hat in my hands at the foot of Tracery's steps. Caroline stood at their head, some ten feet up. We were waiting for the door to be opened in some suspense. A liveried keeper had stopped us while we were yet in the drive and had been hardly persuaded to let us proceed.

At last the door opened and a man all in black, with knee-breeches, inclined his head.

His manner was ceremonious and very polite, but left in my mind no doubt that he did not mean to admit "The Lady Caroline Virgil" or anyone else.

When he had finished speaking, I saw my lady nod. Then she held out the little packet she had in her

hand. A salver appeared from nowhere.

I do not know what she said, as she laid the packet down, but after a little I saw the man bow and turn, and Caroline cross the threshold into the hall.

At least, she was in; but, as the door was shut and I turned to the car, I confess I felt far from sure that she was to be received. And if she was not, what then? The packet contained no less than the king's great ring, with which she was hoping to gain the access she so much desired. If the Duchess of Whelp was scrupulous, well and good; but if she was not, Caroline would be dismissed—and the ring was gone. And "Old Harry" might well be hostile to a girl who made bold to remind her that the bearings which Tracery flaunted were rightly hers.

I SAT down on a step of the Rolls and lighted a cigarette, while Winter stood like a statue beside his charge, determined, I think, to show that he could maintain the pace which the major-domo had set.

The house was imposing, but grim, and plainly had not been cared for for several years. Massively built of stone, wind and weather could do it but little harm, but rust was corrupting the bars to the lower windows and the stain of roof-water showed where the gutters were choked. The entrance-drive was unkempt, and grass was here and there sprouting between the sets of the apron which served the steps. The park which was very handsome was not kept up: posts and rails were rotting, and trees which the wind had felled lay still as they had fallen, the clouds which their roots had hoisted stuck all with weeds.

These things I found peculiar, for rumor had it the Duchess of Whelp was rich. But I think the truth was this—that when she had closed her Court, she had determined to let its residence go. What was the setting to her, when the jewel was gone?

Nearly an hour had gone by when the door was opened again and the major-domo appeared and began to descend the stairs. Expecting some message, I rose and went to meet him, and then I saw that he was an Englishman.

As I approached, he stood still. "Sir," he said, with a bow. "Her Grace desires to see you. If you please, I will show you the way to her private rooms."

His announcement took me aback, as well it might; but, though the summons shook me, my heart leaped up, for it meant that "Old Harry's" interest had been aroused. And that was everything.

To my surprise, three footmen stood at the door, but the echoing hall within was that of a house whose owner has gone abroad. Furniture and pictures were shrouded and carpets rolled, but the marble floor was spotless and there was no sign of dust.

WE passed up a glorious staircase, the carpet of which was gone, by draped or hooded statues and sheeted tapestry, to enter a sunlit gallery down which three four-in-hands could have passed abreast. Its range of open windows commanded the wasting park, and, when it was in commission, it must have enriched the eye. I never saw proportions more lovely in all my life and, if you except kings' houses, there can be existing few chambers so pleasant and yet so royal. At the gallery's farther end a woman-servant was standing beside a door. To her I was delivered, and at once she ushered me into a drawing-room. This was small and stuff, but, though it showed no sign of having been lately used, its furniture was not shrouded and a carpet covered the floor.

The woman, who looked very sour, addressed me in German and indicated a chair, and when I had taken my seat, she passed to another door. As she opened this, I saw that it gave to a passage some six feet long. She closed the door behind her as though, I thought, she was happy to shut me out, and I can only suppose that I looked as much out of my depth as indeed I felt. Within thirty seconds, however, the door was opened again, and she beckoned to me to approach. As I did so, I saw that a second door was now open at the farther end of the passage I had observed. Through this the woman pointed, and stood

back against the wall, for me to go by. I passed her and entered the room, and the door behind me was shut.

I stood in a spacious bedroom splendidly furnished in the Italian style. Gold leaf and velvet and beautifully painted wood; lantern and plaque and mirror silver, dusky crimson and mellowed green made up a stately harmony of lovely things. In their midst, commanding them all from its dais, a great state bedstead stood with its head to the wall. And sitting up in the bed was Her Grace the Duchess of Whelp.

The room was full of light, and I saw her well. A highly elaborate coiffure adorned her head and a richly embroidered vestiture swathed her from throat to wrist, but once I had seen her face I had no eyes for anything else in that room. That this was painted was nothing; motley could not diminish the light of her countenance. Her cheeks were raddled, her lashes were stiff and laden, her lips were a scarlet blotch; but the visage thus overlaid was above these things. It was handsome as an eagle is handsome—with a cold majesty of feature, heedless of the sense of minority which it imposed.

Her nose was aquiline and its bridge was high; her chin was jutting; her mouth was firm to a fault; her eyes, which were grey, were piercing and very clear; and the whole of her face was very finely shaped and might have been that of a woman of fifty years. Looking upon it, I knew that I was in the presence of something extremely rare—a ruling personality that had no need to order because it controlled.

Please turn to Page 50



IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST!



• When a recipe says a spoonful of mustard, it means just that much real mustard!

Mustard is in the recipe to give the keen zest and flavour of mustard, so it is economical to use.

KEEN'S
D.S.F. Mustard

NS418A

Watch your KIDNEYS after any illness



An enormous strain is placed on the kidneys by illness owing to the accumulated impurities which the kidneys must clear away before perfect health returns.

In most illnesses the kidneys themselves get weak or impaired. So when they are called upon to take the extra load of clearing out the poisons which result from the illness (bacteria, dead cells, uric acid, etc.) you will see how necessary it is that your kidneys are carefully watched and assisted.

Any urinary irregularity or unusual pains in the back, or in the muscles or joints, should be suspected.

The safest and most pleasant way of strengthening and helping your kidneys is by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are prepared specially to act on the kidneys. This they do so effectively and gently that you will be delighted with the relief and glow of returning health that comes after taking a short course with them.

They are so successful in giving relief in all cases of kidney trouble because they are

specially prepared for that work. In fact, you can see for yourself within 24 hours that they have put their healing touch right where it is needed. So do not take the grave risk of neglecting any symptoms that warn you your kidneys need attention. Look out for—

BACKACHE	PAINS IN JOINTS
BAGGY EYES	LISTLESS FEELING
BAD BREATH	RHEUMATIC PAINS

or any Urinary Irregularities

If you have these symptoms, get some De Witt's Pills at once. They will hasten your recovery and help build up your whole system, because they help the kidneys to perform perfectly their task of removing waste matter (poisons) from the body.

You will be glad you took this advice. Be sure you get—

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.

Day-long Freshness



HOW lovely and fresh you feel after a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! Its more costly materials and rich antiseptic lather cleanse pores thoroughly, removing every trace of dirt and danger. Wright's leaves your skin really clean; gives you day-long freshness. Wright's is the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

1.83

I BOWED—somewhat awkwardly, dimly aware of Caroline sitting beside the bed and smiling at me to tell me that all was well.

Old Harry inclined her head. "How d'you do, Mr. Exon? Come here, if you please."

I stepped to her side, and she put out a hand which was blazing with three magnificent rings.

I took the fingers in mine and put them up to my lips.

"That's right," says she. "I may be of mongrel stock, but—"

"I think you are above lineage, madam."

"Nowadays, yes," said Old Harry, frowning her arms. "But it gave me a flying start. And now let's talk about you. I'm told you're a man of action, and so it seems. But you're not very quick off the mark." She tapped the papers that lay on her delicate quilt.

"This Gering business. Why did you wait so long?"

"For two reasons, madam," said I. "First, for several months I was not myself. I found life hard to handle and had no brains to spare for anything else. And then I shrank from interference with a state of affairs which had been established so long."

"And then you saw Percy Virgil?" "Yes," said I. "He's—he's not a nice-looking man."

"He'd look very well from a gal-lows," observed the Duchess of Whelp. She turned to Caroline. "What made you allow Mr. Exon to carry you off?"

"That," said Caroline, "is what I keep asking him."

"Sex," said Old Harry firmly. "You liked subjecting yourself to the strength of the male. It's been done before. The Sabines kicked and screamed for the look of the thing; as a matter of hard fact, they were tickled to death." She turned upon me. "And what do you mean, Richard Exon, by hiding this lady at Raven for over a week?"

Her attack was so sudden that I was taken aback.

"Madam," I said, "it seemed the best thing to do."

"Did it, indeed?" said Old Harry. "Well, Heaven preserve us all from your benevolence. The Lady Caroline Virgil, for whom the cities of Europe are being surreptitiously scoured, sharing two young men's lodgings ten miles from her father's house! And

who's this Herrick person? I knew a Naseby once—"

COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 49

who's this Herrick person? I knew a Naseby once—"

"He's one of the best," said I. "And he pulls far more than his weight. As a matter of fact, he's the present Lord Naseby's heir."

"His mother," said Caroline gently, "was my mother's greatest friend."

"You're not staying with his mother!" snapped Old Harry. "By

consenting to do as you did you were playing straight into the hands of father and son. Supposing you'd been discovered. Brief would have seen his chance and have flattened you out. He'd have trumpeted the scandal, played the outraged father, and ordered his erring daughter out of his sight. Never darken my doors again! And you would have had to go; your cousin would have seen to that. Father fooled, police fooled, Austria fooled—because you desired a week-end with a couple of men. And, ring or no ring, I couldn't have helped you at all. I used to be able to drop a soul-shaking hint, but I've never mastered the art of raising the dead."

THERE was a little silence, only disturbed by the sleeveless fret of a bee on the window-pane.

At length—"You must blame me, madam," I said. "That Caroline should stay at Raven was my idea."

"Are you proud of it, Richard Exon?"

"No, I'm not," said I. "I'm greatly ashamed."

"Good!" said Old Harry. "In future stick to your last. Take action—that's your forte. But never reflect. From what I hear, you have instinct—a precious faculty. Well, be content with that—and drown your ideas at birth. And now take a seat." She touched a chair by her side. As I did her bidding she turned to Caroline. "What were your going to tell me about your mother's jewels?"

Caroline recited the facts.

When she had done, Old Harry wrinkled her brows.

"I'm not surprised that your cousin found you de trop. That he's drawn and sold the gems, there can be no doubt. And that by forgery. Now, the English are a tolerant lot. They'll overlook treason and fight for a murderer's life, while a healthy theft in England is nearly always worth while. But they're always loath to forgive—probably because they feel that it isn't playing the game. Witness your poor father. Now Cousin Percy has committed that 'loathsome' crime. But yours is the only voice that can send him down. Without you, he can't be arrested, much less arraigned. With you, he is—doomed. And so you had to go. The sheep must be stolen to cover the theft of the lamb. I think it likely that you would have gone anyway; but if he was to have

SONG CLASSICS

Mark Yonder Tomb

By L. van BEETHOVEN.

Born 1770—Died 1827.

Words by John Oxenham.
Mark yonder tree, half hidden,
Buried there would I be,
Thou while I live, oh, false one,
Wast forced to think of me.

Quitting a world of sorrow, let
my shade find relief,
And poison not my ashes with
a mockery of grief.

Ludwig van Beethoven, born at Bonn, began his musical career at 4, but not until he was 30 were his works given to the world. Ludwig received little education in his youth, and was compelled to earn his living as organist and accompanist at the theatre in Bonn, until Haydn made him his pupil in Vienna in 1792.

Beethoven tried his hand at most forms of composition, but it is his noble symphonies, piano-forte sonatas and instrumental chamber works that are given pride of place in musical history. His nine symphonies were produced at intervals of a year or so. The marvellous 9th (choral) symphony was specially written for the Royal Philharmonic Society of London.

the jewels, he obviously had to get them before he put you out. I'm afraid he's an egoist. And you had him at your mercy, Mr. Exon. In the dark—on a steep, stone stair. I hope you won't have cause for regret that you let him live."

I swallowed before replying. "Madam," I said, "we English are a tolerant lot."

"I know, I know. A very charming defect. But prevention is better than cure. That's Percy's motto, you know. Never mind. You were awkwardly placed. And now do I know everything? Or have you omitted some detail which you think of no account?"

Together Caroline and I went faithfully over the ground, while the Duchess interposed questions and comments, frequently acid, on what we had to relate. Finally, she glanced at a clock.

"Lunch," she said, "will be served in a quarter of an hour. For you two: in the Medici room. After that, you may sit on the terrace until I send. I must think this matter over. I don't want to let you down, but I can't make bricks without straw."

With that, the door was opened and the woman-servant appeared. This, as though by magic, but she must, of course, have been summoned, and I think that a bell-push was lying beneath the quilt.

To be Continued



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And use Vapex whenever you have a cold. It clears the head, relieves stuffiness, destroys the germs—and soon your cold is gone.

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Polish the porcelain of your bathroom and kitchen, the brassware of dining-room or lounge; brighten silks and laces and restore silver to dazzling brilliancy— with Scrubb's! Your wash is snow-white with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. Add to the water before soaping. Keep it handy always! And remember it is most economical, being three times the strength of other ammonias.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

YOUR FUTURE!

What... Are my 1937 Prospects? What... Lottery shall I be lucky in? What is my lucky number and day? Send P.N. 2/6 full birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for Reading by "NARGEE" World Famous Numerologist.

Dept. W. Box 1618VY, G.P.O., Sydney

"You're right!"
said Mrs. RUSS of "IONA"

... And until then she had thought this the only way to buy a TASTY cheese!



MUM! I'VE FOUND THE VERY CHEESE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. OLD ENGLISH! IT'S GOT THAT REAL TASTY, WELL-MATURED TANG!

BUT THAT'S A PACKET CHEESE! YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS SAID THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO BUY A TASTY CHEESE



NOW MUM, WHAT DO YOU HONESTLY THINK?

YOUR RIGHT! KRAFT 'OLD ENGLISH' IS REALLY TASTY. I'LL GET SOME FOR DAD!

ARE you just a little bit like Mrs. Russ? Then try a slice of creamy "Old English"—and you'll agree that it's as tasty as the tastiest bit of "cut" cheese you've ever found. "Old English" has that well-matured flavour... rich, full, tasty.

And here's some real news! You know how hard it is to get two blocks of "cut" cheese with the same flavour? You'll never have that trouble with "Old English." Every packet has

the same rich tasty flavour... and every packet holds its tasty tang to the last slice! So economical too! No wasteful rind. No drying up and crumbling away. Surprise your family to-night—take home a packet of tasty Kraft "Old English" and let everyone share the good news!



Have you tried these other Kraft Cheeses lately?

Kraft Cheddar: If you like a delicious MILD creamy cheddar—then here's the cheese for you! Very "mild" indeed! Try some.

Kraft Pimento: A creamy cheddar flecked and flavoured with Spanish Pimento. Gives an interesting Creole dash to cooked cheese dishes.

Welsh Rarebit: Here's the miracle meal of a moment—just tastes as though it took hours to prepare! Mix on toast and serve up hot.



Surprise packet IT'S TASTY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 21, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

... Learn to Acquire PERFECT POISE!

It is an Essential Part of that Desirable
Feminine Quality known as Charm

POISE will make you appear more beautiful than you are; it will give glamor to your personality if you are the shy, negative type; it will add charm to the manner of the gay, vivacious woman.

THE great enemy of poise is nerves. You may be of a naturally nervous disposition or you may be in a temporary physical condition of "run-down" nerves. And both "nerves" and nervousness have an unfortunate habit of betraying themselves in various awkward mannerisms that destroy all suggestion of poise.

You must be mentally and physically relaxed in order to possess poise. If you are in a nervous state from overwork or too many parties and late nights, then you must take yourself in hand and make yourself relax.

To do this put yourself under a strict regime. Take regular exercise or, if you can manage it, go to a massage three times a week. Every day after lunch and before dinner have a complete rest in a darkened room, lying flat down on your bed, completely relaxed. If it is impossible for you to do this, try to rest after lunch, even for ten minutes, by relaxing in a chair.

Warm Bath

TAKE a warm pine-needle bath before you go to bed.

Have at least four early nights out of seven and try always to have at least eight hours' sleep every night. Sip hot milk before retiring—this is excellent for nerves.

Have your meals at regular hours with a glass of fruit juice first thing in the morning, during the morning, and afternoon tea, if liked, in the afternoon. Don't read while you are eating and try to include more fresh vegetables and fruit in your meals.

If nervousness is a matter of disposition with you, then you have a more difficult task, but you can so drill yourself that no one meeting you for the first time would ever suspect you of being nervous.



A CHARMING SMILE, with quiet self-possession, comes to you easily when you have poise of manner and bearing.

What has already been prescribed for the woman with "nerves" also applies to you as far as early nights and regular meals are concerned.

But you must also study yourself from every point of view. You must take stock of your mannerisms, the

way you talk, the way you walk and sit.

If you have any nervous habits such as fidgeting a piece of jewellery you may be wearing—give up wearing jewellery for at least three months or until you learn to use your hands gracefully.

You will find it a help if, when you sit down, you relax the hands naturally in the lap, one resting in the other with the palms turned upwards.

Practise sitting down and standing up in front of a full-length mirror. Try to sink into a chair in a casual way, not in a studied or self-conscious manner. Do everything as though you had plenty of time—never rush.



HANDS play an important part in acquiring poise. They must not fidget nervously, but be graceful and relaxed as the lovely actress, Greta Nissen, shows you in this unusual pose.

By
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PROTEX prevents!



NEGLECT a scratch or septic sore to-day, and you may be in hospital next week!

Infection spreads so easily—Protex protects you!

Protex is recommended by the medical profession because it contains Ti-Tree oil—valuable when children are in the house, and completely non-irritant even to baby's tender skin.

Protex is a healthy habit for the whole family.

Shampoo with Protex to destroy dandruff germs and make your scalp clean and hair lustrous.

Use Protex in the bath to protect you always!

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN
CARBOLIC, YET NON-IRRITANT

Metaleuca Alternifolia (showing the leaf) from which Ti-Tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.



Made by COLGATE,
Makers of Quality
Soaps for 121 years.



LEFT: The popular Myrna Loy, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is well known for her possession of perfect poise.



ANOTHER ACTRESS, Gloria Stuart, of 20th Century-Fox, has a serene loveliness which comes from having acquired poise.



IF YOU SUFFER from eye-strain do not hesitate to wear glasses for, as demonstrated by the young lovely above, they can be a charming aid to beauty.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Look After Your Eyes

Advice to those who wear glasses, and to those who should wear them but do not . . .

By EVELYN

ALTHOUGH eyes are most precious, it is amazing how many women constantly over-work the eyes and give them no care at all. Many women should be wearing glasses to relieve strain on the eyes, but they will not for reasons of vanity. Yet glasses can be an aid to beauty.



THE EYES should be washed out daily, using an eye bath and a weak solution of boracic acid or special eye-wash.

SINCE glasses are something you put on your face they can be considered according to the principles of make-up; that is why they are now discussed on the beauty page.

There was a time when women were justified in regarding the wearing of glasses as detrimental to their appearance. That was when spectacles were bulky and uncomfortable—when they were made with little regard for the facial characteristics of the intended wearer.

It is most unwise to refrain from wearing glasses when your eyesight demands them, simply because you think glasses won't suit you. Apart from their use to your eyes, glasses can actually help your looks.

To-day modern eyewear is not only inconspicuous and attractive in itself, but is styled to harmonise with the natural beauty and charm of the wearer.

Nothing is so destructive to your personal charm as being unsure of yourself, tense, fumbling to sort your cards, appearing to be haughty or bored to hide the fact that you cannot see clearly. The faults tend to wreck all your efforts to be poised, dynamic, radiant; thus glasses, if you choose them properly and then forget them, can contribute to your personal charm.

Nervous Lines

NOTHING makes you look so pitifully old as those nervous little lines on your lids, that drawn look at the inner corners of your eyes, those squinting lines at the outer corners, frowning furrows just above the bridge of the nose—all of which come from eyes straining to see more than they can. Correctly prescribed glasses if you need them can prevent these.

Your glasses may contrast sharply with your face and may be worn with forthright nonchalance, or they may harmonise with your features and coloring and thus be as unnoticeable as possible.

Among these modern style spectacles are many varieties that will harmonise perfectly with your features. The new rimless glasses are less conspicuous on the face than lenses fitted into a frame. They are also much lighter in weight.

Optical experts have also been studying the suitability of different shapes of glasses, too. A round face, for instance, with rounded contours, round cheeks, round eye-sockets, looks best with round lenses. On a heart-shaped face that narrows down through the cheeks to a pointed chin, lenses which are broad at the top and narrow down to almost a point at the base will show less. A patient and thoughtful dispenser can design



FOR REFRESHING HER EYES, Olivia De Havilland, Warner Bros. player, soaks two little pads of cotton wool in witch hazel and places them over the eyes for ten minutes while relaxing.

lenses for you that will harmonise with the outline of your face and so fit in with its contour and show very little.

When you are having your glasses fitted discuss your features and their faults with the man you have entrusted this work to. If your nose is too long, long glasses with a low-placed bridge will make it look shorter; if your nose is too short a high bridge adding length to your nose will be more becoming.

The size of your lenses should be such that your glasses will take their relative place among your features and thus not be conspicuous.

Glasses that are too big throw your features out of alignment because they are all important in relation to your nose and mouth. Glasses too small make your eyes look little. Spectacles with bows set high at the temples give your face lift, just as the new high brushed coiffures do.

Be at leisure when being fitted for glasses. You want to see well and to look well, too, and if you tell the man who is fitting you your problems and fears he will work with you to accomplish both ends.

Regular care, too, will help not only in preserving the sight of your eyes, but in keeping their youthful beauty. Wash them daily with the aid of an eye-bath and a little weak boracic solution or some specially dispensed eyewash.

If your eyes feel strained or tired soak two little pads of cotton wool in witch hazel, lie down, place the pads over the eyes, and relax completely for 10 minutes.



Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power in "LLOYDS OF LONDON"—28th Century Fox Film.



Romantic Loveliness
Alluringly fragrant

TODAY, the rare and costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet distinguishes a complete range of beauty preparations. Each item should have a place on your dressing table. Then once the simple, inexpensive routine of Cashmere Bouquet home beauty treatment has become a habit, you need never regret that beauty salons are only for the rich and leisured. The daily use of Cashmere Bouquet beauty products will make your skin as youthfully, lastingly attractive as you could desire.

A flawless skin is a priceless possession. Write to-day to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney, for the new FREE Cashmere Bouquet Booklet on Home Beauty Treatment. Post Free.

Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid)

PAINT Transformed THIS ROOM!

IT wrought the magical change that turned an ugly, dull, children's room into the vision of beauty you see pictured here

ISN'T this just the loveliest nursery? Couldn't you imagine any child being happy and thrilled about it? So fresh, so colorful, and, above all, hygienic. . . Yet this room cost amazingly little to create.

IF you had seen this child's room before it was rejuvenated with the paintbrush you would refuse to believe it was now the same room—so amazing is the change.

The original room had drab walls, covered with a dark, dull paper. The floor was covered in a brown-patterned carpet, rather faded, and the curtains were in a dark blue and brown material. The furniture and woodwork were also brown. Really there was nothing inviting about the room at all.

First the furniture, floor covering and curtains were removed. Then the floor and ceiling were cleaned, the walls stripped and the whole painted. The walls and ceiling were done in a pale orchid tone with dulsetta, which is a semi-flat enamel that is easy to apply. The floor was painted with blue solpah, which is hard-wearing and washable.

Small Step

NEXT the furniture was given a rejuvenating treatment. Part of the railing of the bed was removed and this, together with the rest of the furniture, was painted with harbor-blue dynamel, a quick-drying, high-gloss preparation.

As the little occupant of this room is still of very tender years, a small step was also made at trifling cost and placed beside the bed.

Instead of old-fashioned blinds, Venetian blinds painted blue now grace the windows, while dainty cross-over curtains in white muslin allow the light to filter through softly.

The bedspread and chair cover are made of blue-and-white check sunfast gingham which is easily laundered and always looks fresh.

If you are doing over an old nursery or bedroom you might like to try this delightful color-scheme or you might prefer some other, such as walls of distant blue, woodwork and furniture in hydrangea-blue, accessories in Oriental-red, floor in silver-grey, and hangings in red-and-white check.



THIS NURSERY was once a dull room with brown wood furniture, brown papered walls, blue and brown curtains, and a brown patterned carpet on the floor. Paint worked the amazing transformation you see above.



A FRONT DOOR painted bright green which harmonises with the cream exterior walls of the house.

By.. Our Home Decorator

QUAINT old table and chair rejuvenated with gay enamels in green and red.



For a boy a suitable scheme would be cream walls, russet furniture, brown floor and green, orange, and white plaid coverings.

So pleased was the owner of the room pictured on this page with the change wrought by means of a little paint that other parts of the house came in for the same treatment.

The front door which was a nondescript brown tone was painted a gay Bristol-green, and now harmonises perfectly with the cream walls of the exterior of the house.

New Life

IN the breakfast-room a quaint gate-legged table and some old-fashioned chairs took on new life after being enamelled scarlet and green, respectively, and, incidentally, they, in turn, gave new life to the breakfast-room.

You will find it a help if you decide to do any painting to ask at your paint shop for color cards. These are a great aid in planning a color scheme, because you can compare the actual colors one with the other, and so visualize the finished effect.

Keep a few general rules in mind, however, when deciding on a color scheme. As a rule bright colors are better used for accents than for the dominating part of a room.

All the furniture need not be in the one color. Sometimes a contrast creates a very beautiful effect. Furniture designed in the same style, of course, such as bedroom or dining-room suites, should be done in the same color.

In the lounge-room you can be more casual, and combine several colors with happy effect.

Remember, too, that colors have a definite influence on the occupants of a room. Red is warm and friendly, but too much can have an irritating effect. Yellow, the sunniest color, is most useful, and is especially good for brightening dark interiors.

Blue must be carefully used in order to avoid creating a cold appearance; green can be soothing, while the neutral tones, such as cream, beige, fawn and so on are restful and useful as background colors.

Accessories such as chairs, tables, stools, bureaus, picture frames, lamp bases, vases, ash trays and other small pieces are most effective when used as color accents and painted in a bright color.

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All recipes are tested in our kitchen.

VEGETABLES Can be VERSATILE

By
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly

Try these Recipes for turning Vegetables into the most delicious kinds of dishes.



GLAZED CARROTS are delicious. They are baked with brown sugar, chopped mint, and knobs of butter.



A PLENTIFUL supply of vegetables in the daily diet is essential to good health—we all know that—but too much of any vegetable just cooked in plain style is apt to jade the most good-natured of appetites.

But just try some of the vegetable dishes given here on your family and they will be asking for more. Even the children will eat up all kinds of vegetables from turnips to spinach with great relish if they are prepared in an appetizing way.

Some of the recipes given are suitable to be used as main dishes for luncheons and for children's meals, or on occasions when meat is not required.



ABOVE: Stuffed cabbage makes a splendid main dish. The shell and leaves are filled with minced steak.

RIGHT: Left-over cauliflower with French dressing makes an appetising luncheon dish or a restful sandwich filling.

Famous Old English Inns



"The Red Lion"
Wrexley, Herefordshire
This lovely half timbered example of Tudor architecture graces an equally picturesque village in the Severn Valley.

Host Holbrook says:

"It was on the River Severn also that the House of Holbrook was founded in 1798. For many generations my Sauces and Table Delicacies have been served in the homes and the inns of England."

The World's
Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE



STUFFED CABBAGE

One cabbage, ½ lb. minced steak, 1 onion, salt, cayenne, 2 table-spoons stock.

Wash cabbage and cut off coarse leaves. Scoop out heart, leaving a shell. Mix steak minced, onion, seasoning and stock. Put this inside cabbage and place a couple of leaves over the top. Tie in muslin. Boil gently in salted water for 1 to 1½ hours. Remove from cloth and serve at once with gravy—or the leaves of the cabbage can be stuffed separately, rolled up, then tied with string, and cooked in salted water. Serve with gravy.

STUFFED PEPPERS

Three peppers, ½ onion, finely chopped, 2 table-spoons butter, 3 table-spoons breadcrumbs, 4 table-spoons finely-chopped ham, 4 table-spoons chopped mushrooms, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste.

Cut a slice from the stem end of peppers, remove the seeds and cook in boiling salted water 15 minutes. Drain. Sprinkle inside with salt. Cook the finely-chopped onion in butter 3 minutes; add the mushrooms, ham, and 3 table-spoons brown gravy. Cook 1 minute, and add the breadcrumbs. Fill the peppers with the mixture, cover the top with breadcrumbs with a dot of butter on top, and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Serve with or without a brown sauce.

CAULIFLOWER SAVORY

Pieces of cooked cauliflower, mayonnaise, hard-boiled egg, finely-chopped parsley.

Break cauliflower into small pieces, and place on ice till very cold. Arrange in small scallop dishes, pour the cold mayonnaise over—or French dressing if preferred—and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, curled radish, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

CARROTS FLAMANDE

One bunch carrots, 1oz. butter, 1 dessert-spoon flour, yolk 1 egg, 1 pint stock, croutons of fried bread, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Prepare carrots cut into four, and boil for 15 minutes. Make white sauce

with butter, flour and stock, add yolk of egg and cook for 1 minute longer without boiling, add carrots, reheat, serve on a hot dish. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and garnish with small rounds of fried bread.

GLAZED CARROTS

Carrots (small), brown sugar, butter, chopped mint, water.

Scrape carrots and place in boiling water. Boil for 10 minutes. Drain. Place in greased fireproof dish and liberally sprinkle with sugar and knobs of butter. Add mint and 3 table-spoons water. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve at once.

SWEET CORN PIE

One tin sweet corn, 1oz. butter, 1oz. plain flour, ½ pint milk, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs.

Make a white sauce with butter, flour and milk. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Add corn. Butter a pie-dish. Sprinkle with crumbs, add corn mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until brown. Serve at once very hot.

VEGETABLE PIE

Carrot, tomato, onion, celery, 3oz. macaroni, white sauce, salt, cayenne.

Cook macaroni in salted water 15 minutes. Drain well. Put in the bottom of greased pie-dish. Slice the cooked carrot, onion and celery, and the raw tomato. Place over the macaroni. Pour over the sauce. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

BROAD BEANS A LA CREME

One pound broad beans, 1½ gills milk, onion powder, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. plain flour, salt, cayenne, rolls of bacon, 2 table-spoons chopped ham and tongue, 2 table-spoons cream.

Shell and cook beans in boiling salted water. Drain. Then remove skins from the beans. Make white sauce with butter, flour, and milk. Add salt, cayenne, onion powder, ham and tongue, mixing well. Then add beans and reheat carefully. Pour into hot dish and garnish round edge with grilled rolls of bacon. Serve at once.

More Entries In Our £500 Recipe Competition!

Winners of Weekly Prizes
in Various Sections
ENTER YOUR RECIPES NOW

The recipes below, entries in our big £500 Recipe Competition, have been selected as the best for the week, and are awarded cash prizes.

ON Page 36 of this issue you will find prize-list and conditions of the competition, and entry coupons.

Send in your favorite recipes now. Simple dishes stand as much chance of winning a prize as the elaborate kind.

In addition, you may win not only a big cash prize in the competition, but a weekly prize if your recipe is published on the best-recipe page.

Cake Section

PORK CAKE

One pound fat pork chopped fine, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. figs, 1lb. currants, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 cups molasses or treacle, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 8 cups sifted flour, 1 pint hot water.

Pour hot water over flour and stand aside to cool. Have ready all other ingredients, chopped and mixed together. Then add the flour and water. Mix all well together and bake in a moderate oven about 2½ hours. When cold, decorate with lemon icing and novelties.

BOILED LEMON ICING

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Put sugar and water on stove, stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil until it will spin a thread. Have ready well-beaten whites of eggs and pour hot syrup slowly over them, beating all the while, and so continue until cold. Add lemon juice; beat well again. Ice cake and decorate with six small celluloid plaques and pieces of green and red angelica.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Wain, 75 Anglo Rd., Camper, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Cream ½ cup butter with 1 cup of castor sugar. Melt 2½ ounces unsweetened cooking chocolate over boiling water, and add to blended butter and sugar, then add 1 cup of mashed potatoes.

Mix all well together, then add beaten yolk of 1 egg and ½ cup of milk. Sift 1½ cups of flour and 2 level teaspoons of baking powder and add. Beat well. Add ½ cup of chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, and the beaten white of 1 egg. Mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

When cool, ice as follows: Boil 1 cup of granulated sugar with one-third cup of water, without stirring, till it spins a thread from a fork. Pour slowly over the beaten white of an egg, add a little vanilla essence. Beat till thick, then spread over cake. Before icing sets, sprinkle with coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Farsh, 8 Penfold Rd., Magill, S.A.

Pudding and Sweets Section

MARSHMALLOW VIENNESE

Chop 4oz. marshmallows into quarters and cook overnight in half gill of cooking sherry or port wine. Next day chop finely 1 tin pineapple (either cooked or tinned), and put into colander to drain off juice. Whip up 1 pint cream and stir into it the prepared pineapple and marshmallows. Tip into a decorative dish and garnish top with cherries and nuts. The pineapple juice and remaining pineapple may be used to make fruit cup or can be made into jelly by adding 1 dessertspoonful of granulated gelatine to each cupful of juice. Bring to boil and pour over remaining pineapple and set on ice.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Poole, Mickle St., Tooradin, Vic.

BANANA SANDWICH PUDDING

Five slices of bread and butter, sugar to taste, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, bananas.

For a very large pudding use more milk and eggs. Slice bananas, and make sandwich of them with the bread and butter. Beat egg with sugar

broken, then pour into a flat-bottomed enamel dish. Put on a table out in the sun, and cover with a sheet of glass. Four days will be sufficient if the sun is very hot. If not, it will take longer. Turn the fruit each morning with two forks before putting out in the sun.

Fruit for this purpose must be quite ripe. Other fruits that can be successfully used are strawberries, white currants, cherries, plums (all kinds), nectarines, apricots, figs, and when properly done will keep indefinitely.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Winter, Oak Street, Bellingen, N.S.W.

MELON AND DRIED APRICOTS

Four pounds melon, 1lb. dried apricots, juice of 2 lemons, 6lb. sugar, 6 cups water.

Cut up melon and sprinkle with one pound sugar. Wash apricots, and then cover them with 6 cups water. Allow both fruits to stand all night in separate bowls. In the morning put melon and apricots with water into preserving pan, bring to boil, and then add the remaining 5lb sugar and lemon juice. Boil for 3½ hours.

2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Maschmedt, 12 Weld St., Northam, W.A.

Economical Dinner Section

MENU: Potato Broth, Tropical Mutton, Golden Pudding.

POTATO BROTH

Take a quart of the water in which mutton was boiled, then add one finely chopped onion, 4 large potatoes, 1 tablespoon cornflour, pepper, salt, 2 tablespoons finely chopped bacon. Fry bacon before adding to mixture, peel and slice potatoes, add pepper and salt, put all on and bring to boil, simmer for 40 minutes, then strain through sieve. Mix with cornflour little water so as to make paste, add to the liquid, stirring all the time on stove for five minutes. Serve hot.

TROPICAL MUTTON

One pound mutton, 3 onions, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 sticks macaroni, 4 cloves, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tomatoes, 1 lemon.

Finely mince raw mutton and onions together, add nutmeg, make into balls bending with the butter that has been melted, then dip in the milk, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry with the cloves in the pan all the time (this gives a piquant taste), have macaroni

cooked; slice tomatoes. Place on slices balls of meat, garnished with chopped up macaroni and slices of lemon. A rich gravy and mashed potatoes and any vegetable can be served with this dish.

GOLDEN PUDDING

One cup sago, 1 pint milk, 1 cup treacle, 1 coconut.

Boil sago till soft in the milk, add 1 cup brown treacle, stirring all the time over the heat for 3 minutes. Set in mould and when cold turn into glass dish and pour over milk of a pulped coconut. Let stand and serve with custard or cream.

2/6 to Mrs. H. B. Wright, Watlie Flat, Central Tablelands, via Bathurst, N.S.W.



Breakfast was becoming a nightmare to Mrs. Brown - it was such a tussle to get young Billy to eat. "Leave him alone then" growled Dad. "But he can't go to school without his breakfast" replied Mother, almost in tears.



"Why don't you give him those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles - I had them at the Johnson's and they're great! The kids like 'em because they go 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when the milk is poured on." "Do they make a noise?" asked Bill. "Too right they do," answered Dad, "and it's fun to eat them!" "Get some for me Mum, then I'll eat my breakfast!" said Bill.



You wouldn't know the Brown's house now at breakfast time. Smiles everywhere, and Bill loving his Rice Bubbles. "And they're so good for him" Mum says. "They're made of the best rice, one of the most easily digested and nutritious cereals he could eat! You certainly saved the day, Dad, when you suggested Kellogg's Rice Bubbles."



Crisp and ready to serve - save work. Sold at all grocers.

R.G.

THIS WEEK

DINNER SWEETS

Here are some new recipes for making delicious dinner sweets selected from entries in our £500 Recipe Competition.

TRY them, and then send in your favorite recipe for a sweet or any other kind of dish that is appetising.

Each week in this section our cookery expert selects from recipes submitted by readers a subject which has proved popular, and a prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published.

RICE APPLES

Four apples, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, 1½ rice, 4 cloves, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, and 1 gill of water for the sauce.

Wash rice and cook in boiling salted water for about 10 minutes. Strain, and line 4 small greased basins with the rice. Peel and core apples, and place one in each basin, together with a teaspoonful of sugar and a clove. Cover over with rice and press well down. Cover each with greased paper. Place in a steamer over boiling water and cook for about one hour. Turn carefully on to hot dish, and serve with apricot sauce.

To make sauce: Boil jam and water together about five minutes, pour into a jug. Whipped cream can also be added if desired.

2/6 to Mrs. Neta Gooding, Penrith, N.S.W.

ALEXANDRA PUDDING

Two eggs, 1½ cup (breakfast) sugar, 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Break eggs into bowl and beat for two minutes. Then add sugar slowly, beating all the time in one direction until thick (about 10 minutes). Then fold in flour and baking powder. Pour into a greased tin and bake in fairly quick oven for about seven minutes. Turn out on to a sugared board or cake-cooler, and when cold cut out centres and fill with filling.

LEMON FILLING

Quarter-cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1½ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, yolk of 1 egg.

Place all ingredients in a saucepan and stir well together before putting over stove. Stir on slow until mixture is thick. Allow to cool. Then pour into centre of cake. Replace top, spread with jam and sprinkle with coconut.

2/6 to Mrs. E. C. Doherty, Burnett St., Ipswich, Qld.

CRYSTAL PEARS

Choose even-sized and firm pears, with stalks attached.

Peel carefully, leaving stalk on. Put in a large saucepan with small piece of lemon peel and vanilla pod, or a few drops of vanilla essence. Barely cover with water

and simmer until pears are soft, but not broken. Then put quarter of liquid from pears into small saucepan, leaving pears in the other juice to cook. Bring small saucepan of juice to boil, and add ½ cup of sugar to every cup of liquid, and boil till it is a thick syrup. Allow this to cool to tepid heat. Take pears from saucepan, draining off all juice. Arrange in a glass dish, standing them upright, and pour the syrup carefully over the pears. This forms a glaze, and they should look clear. Serve cold with whipped cream.

2/6 to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice Street, Flinders Park, S.A.

ORANGE ROMANCE

Half-cup gelatine, one-third cup cold water, one-third cup hot water, 1 cup sugar, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup orange juice and pulp, whites of 3 eggs.

Line a mould with sponge cake sprinkled with orange juice. Soak gelatine in cold water until soft. Pour on boiling water, add sugar and lemon juice, orange juice, and pulp. Beat a little of the grated rind until melted to set. Beat egg-whites until stiff, and when orange jelly is half-set, beat until quite light. Add egg-whites, and beat together till stiff. Pour into mould and decorate with whipped cream.

2/6 to Miss G. McEure, Allans, Ararat, Vic.

CARAMEL, BANANA, AND APPLE PUDDING

Cream 1 tablespoon butter with 2 tablespoons brown sugar until fine and light. Spread a pudding basin thickly with this, then line with a suit crust. Slice 3 bananas and place a layer in the basin, then a layer of partly-cooked apple with a little sugar and lemon juice to taste.

Continue until basin is full, then cover with paste. Cover with greased paper and steam from 1½ to 1¾ hours. When done turn out on to a hot dish and serve. The butter and sugar will form the caramel sauce.

2/6 to Miss C. Kelly, 364 Park Road, Farringham, N.S.W.

HONEY MERINGUE

One pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons tapioca (soaked in cold water), yolks 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter.

Drain tapioca and stir into boiling water with a pinch of salt. Slightly cook until clear. Beat yolks of eggs well, and beat in honey, then lemon juice and butter. Add this gradually to tapioca, and cook in a double boiler until it thickens (about 20 minutes). Pour into buttered dish and cover with a meringue.

Meringue: Beat whites of 3 eggs to a stiff froth, then add 2 tablespoons honey. Beat again, pile on top of pudding, and bake to a delicate brown.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Kennedy, Wilson's Lane, Ipswich, Qld.

A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD



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There is a lot of goodness in Bournville Cocoa. Doctors will tell you it is a valuable food. It has a high mineral content and children must have minerals to build up sturdy constitutions. Give your children Bournville Cocoa regularly—they love its "chocolatey" flavour—and made with milk and a little sugar it is 45% more nourishing than milk alone.

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FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS Precautions Against Infantile Paralysis

By MARY TRUBY KING

All Australia is saddened by the news of the outbreak of infantile paralysis in Melbourne, with its tragically high death-rate.

DEVOTED work is proceeding in the medical profession towards the prevention and cure of this scourge, about which comparatively little is as yet known.

Meantime mothers have an extremely important part to play in the fight against this disease, which maims and cripples even where it does not kill. Their important role is to: **Keep their children out of crowds.**

This dread disease is passed on by human contact, direct and indirect, wherefore the chief necessity is to keep your child at home.

The causative virus of Poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) is a tiny organism found in the nasal and throat discharges of those suffering from this disease, and in the nasal discharges of "carriers."

It passes from one person to another by droplet infection and contact.

During epidemics of infantile paralysis, mild cases often go undiagnosed.

These children, travelling from one place to another and mixing in crowds, spread the infection, though showing no symptoms of the disease themselves.

In districts where a case of infantile paralysis has been reported, mothers should, therefore, keep their children at home. Picture palaces, schools, trains, trams, buses and even children's playgrounds are all danger zones at such a time.

Early Symptoms

THE "incubation period" of Poliomyelitis is from 2 to 7 days. Early symptoms are stupor, profuse sweating, numbness of the limbs, difficulty in swallowing, lassitude, drowsiness, and headache.

Sometimes there is vomiting or convulsions or diarrhoea. There is generally tenderness or pain in the back and limbs.

Pain in the muscles is also common, and the child may become restless and delirious. When handled, the child evinces pain at your touch.

Usually between the first and fourth day muscular paralysis develops, the

muscles of the limbs being the ones most frequently affected.

It is difficult for the average mother to recognise the very early stages of "Infantile," so it is a wise precaution to keep any baby or child who seems to be "sickening for something" apart from other members of the family, and to obtain medical advice at the earliest possible moment.

Should baby appear to have several of the symptoms, the matter is urgent. Isolate the child, and see that an even room-temperature is maintained. Call in a doctor at once.

Infantile paralysis is "an acute, general, systematic disease tending to involve the central nervous system and capable of producing lesions throughout all the tissues of the brain and spinal cord." Epidemics occur chiefly in warm weather, and the disease principally attacks young children.

If your child appears ill, take its temperature and report the temperature to the doctor when first getting in touch with him. A rise in temperature to 101-103 degrees Fahr. may be one of the early symptoms.

Preventive Methods

COUGHES, colds, and afflictions of the nasal area should be particularly avoided. The time to stop a cold developing is when it is first noticed. Put the child to bed and keep him there for 24 hours, or longer if necessary.

The child should be warmly clad from the waist upwards so that, if he feels inclined, he can busy himself with various handiworks without running the risk of catching a chill.

There is no necessity for him to suffer from boredom as well as from his cold.

A cold, taken in time, will clear up in a day, with consequent benefit to the child, and to the playmates who might otherwise catch it from him.

In areas where cases of infantile paralysis have been reported, particular attention should be paid to all children suffering from nasal troubles. Do not allow their little friends in to play with them—they might either bring infection or take it away.

Whether your child is well or ill, if you live in an infected locality, keep him at home till the authorities advise that the danger is over.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have a terrible fear of train travelling. Is this a form of neurosis?

ALL of us are a bit timid on occasions. In fact, a little fear makes for caution and is a powerful adjunct of the instinct of self-preservation. This normal, average timidity, however, such as fear of taking chances while swimming, or of speculating in stocks, is something quite different from the abnormal types of fear.

For instance, there is claustrophobia, a marked fear of all closed, shut-in places. People who suffer from such fears cannot feel at ease in a small room, an elevator or a train. They feel comfortable only when the places are large or the doors and windows of the room open.

There is an opposite to claustrophobia, also a tormenting fear, called agoraphobia. Persons with this phobia shun all open spaces—fields, the street or large assembly halls.

Women sometimes have abnormal fears of snakes, worms or mice. A little of it is natural enough. But if a mouse sends an otherwise healthy

woman into an hysterical attack, then, to be sure, something is amiss.

The seat of the trouble always, in these abnormal fear states, lies in the nervous system.

The nerves are not organically affected. Their structure is perfect. But, functionally, they misbehave. Thought messages go to wrong places and excite wrong emotions, one might say. That is why phobias are classified as symptoms of a neurosis, in other words, of a functional nerve disease.

The fundamental cause for these conditions is to be found in some malfunctioning of the unconscious mind, in the deeper layers of our thinking, which we scarcely realise exist.

But there are psychological methods available through which unconscious mental processes may be explored. In this way all kinds of phobias may be improved or made to disappear entirely.

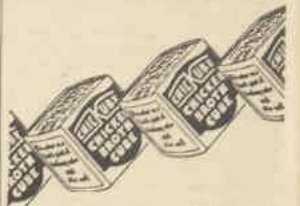
Persons with phobias should not, however, worry lest they some day go insane. Insanity and neurotic disorders are entirely different conditions.



One cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth

CHICK CUBE

CHICKEN BROTH CUBE



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PLANT NATIVE FLORA in the GARDEN

Few plants grow with greater or more loyal profusion, are sturdier or more prolific than natives of this soil.

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

THE native flora of Australia is considered by many overseas visitors to vie with the most beautiful flowers the world can produce.

We, in this country, know that this is true, and are justly proud of the flowers that grow in the Australian bush, but are we patriotic enough to grow them in our own gardens?

At present the bushlands are covered with all kinds of native flowers. The wattles are showing masses of golden glory, the annual heralding of spring. Looked upon as the national flower of Australia and made popular by Wattle Day, this flower is now world-famed.

But wattles are not the only flowers which are blooming at present. Hundreds of acres, especially around the coastlines, and in the warmer climes, are covered with heath in

various colors according to the locality in which it is growing. In some parts of the country it is pure white, another pink, and in another, red.

Many gardeners say that the difficulties experienced in growing the native flowers are too great to overcome. Some will tell you that they do not make satisfactory growth. This is not so, for they can be grown as easily as any other flower.

Why not have a native corner in your garden? The Christmas bush for instance will thrive under cultivation. Wattles grow rapidly, heath can be grown simply, and boronia thrives under ordinary conditions. The blue-bell can be grown from seed. The wild violet, and the waratah with its majestic flowers, must not be overlooked. The wild freesia is most attractive, and the hardenbergia, a beautiful little creeping plant covered with masses of blue flowers, grows very rapidly and makes an attractive display clambering over a rockery or covering old tree-stumps.

There are many different varieties of Australian orchids, field daisies, and everlasting flowers. Coming back to the shrub varieties, there are the callistemon or bottle-brush, the various flowering gums, the prostanthera, and the pittosporum. This latter flowering



AUSTRALIA'S lovely wattle blossom is successfully cultivated in California. Here is Della Lind, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, surrounded by Gootamandra blossom, known as mimosa overcast, in the garden of her Hollywood home.

Don't "Toots" me!
that's the 6th one today



KLEENEX HABIT

reduces handkerchief washing during colds

Every woman knows washing dozens of handkerchiefs during colds is no joking matter. All the more reason to adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start. It saves noses, for Kleenex Tissues are soft and soothing. It saves money; costs less than laundering. And, of course, it reduces handkerchief washing.

Here's one habit that's good for the whole family! For Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Saves Steps—Time—Money.

Keep a box in your desk, in every room, at home, for handkerchief use . . . To remove face cream and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . for the baby . . . To dust and polish.



No wonder the merrily Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Colloccotton (not cotton)

Take Special Care With That Hoe



REMEMBER! Never leave your gardening hoe or rake with the sharp edge or dangerous prongs facing up—no matter if you intend to be away only for a minute. Unless you take this precaution you are inviting unpleasant accidents.

shrub or tree is well known by all gardeners, the perfume from the flowers being indescribable.

There are hundreds of different varieties of climbing plants, dwarf plants, trees and shrubs, and every State in Australia is well known for the native flowers it can produce.

In the growing of native plants, trees, and shrubs, very little difficulty is experienced if the original situation and soil conditions are studied. Always remember that native plants do better in soil of a natural character. So select the same condition of soil they are used to growing in, study the position in which they usually flourish, and select in your garden as near as possible a similar position.

Natural Soil

MOST gardeners when growing native plants or trees make up a compost of soil rich in manure, the same as that for the cultivated varieties of other flowers.

This is wrong; it is useless to take a plant from its native home and try to force it to grow in soil which is naturally unsuitable. Our native flora is very hardy and, therefore, must not be nursed or coddled in any way. Keep them hardy by growing under natural conditions. Keep mature well away from them. Leaf mould or natural bush soil is the ideal material.

Most of our native plants will grow from seed, and so will the trees and flowering shrubs. Many will grow from cuttings.

Those who wish to raise native flowers from seed should select the spring months, grow them in the same conditions as any other outdoor plants, and use good, loamy, natural soil.

Seeds which have a hard shell should be soaked by placing them in hot water for about 48 hours. This will soften the hard coating and give quicker and better germination. All seeds should be gathered when fully ripe, and kept preserved for sowing when the right time arrives.

AND SHE'S GLAD SHE BOUGHT OLD DUTCH



Once you have used Old Dutch you'll never put up another day with harsh, gritty cleaners, sandsoaps, scouring bricks and pastes. Old Dutch gives greater satisfaction and service because it's made with Seismotite. Old Dutch goes so much further. That's why it will save shillings on your cleanser bill. And because it doesn't scratch it saves you pounds, for it assures longer life to the things you clean with it.

Here's a housekeeping hint you will appreciate. Buy two tins of Old Dutch at a time . . . one for the kitchen . . . one for the bathroom. It will save you time and many steps each day.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh grinding sound, because Old Dutch is made with Seismotite and contains no grit. Try the same test with an ordinary cleanser and notice the difference.

Old Dutch offers A1 Guaranteed SILVERWARE!



Get some of this beautiful "Old English" pattern Silverware and Cutlery. Made by Vinal and Hall Ltd., Imperial Works, Sheffield—the World's premier Cutlery and Silverware—every piece guaranteed. Choice of 10 different units. (Illustrated) UNIT No. 5—TABLE KNIFE AND FORK, for 3/- and 2 Old Dutch tins.

OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 30, 1938

HOW TO GET THE SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A1 Silverplate or Stainless Steel.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 18/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 12/- per dozen).
3. 1 DESSERT KNIFE AND FORK (value 5/- per pair).
4. 1 SOUP SPOON (value 12/- per dozen).
5. TABLE KNIFE AND FORK (value 4/- per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 20/- per dozen).
7. 1 PAIR RISH SATERS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 5 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match the Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 4/-).

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CUDAHY & CO. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number _____.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Attractive New Spring Modes



PATTERNS
provided are
reliable, easy to
follow, and reason-
ably priced.



PYJAMA SUIT

WW1802.—Short puff sleeves and lace Peter Pan collar are smart touches to this troussseau pyjama suit. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4 5-8th yards, 36-inch wide, and 1 yard 36-inch lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 19d.**



SWING SKIRT

WW1803.—Swing skirt, short puff sleeves, and tucked shoulder line are notable features of this unusual afternoon frock. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required, 31 yards, 36-inch wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



UNUSUAL MODE

WW1804.—Smart spring coat, with broad shoulder treatment and well-fitting skirt. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 3 5-8th yards, 36-inch wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



FROCK AND JACKET

WW1806.—A new spring style for the young girl. Hat is very becoming. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1 7-8th yards, 36-inch wide for jacket, and 31 yards for frock. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COOL FOR SPRING

WW1807.—A very smart charming little frock with quaint collar. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required, 3 5-8th yards, 36-inch wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 2d. stamp.

CHILD'S FROCK.
WW1801.—A charming style for the little one 2-8 years. A remnant will suffice to make it. Material required, 11 yards, 36-inch wide, and 3-8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CONCESSION



THREE SMART JACKETS AND ONE FROCK

Patterns for All Cost 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for one frock and three alluring little jackets, and the price is 3d. Pattern is obtainable in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required (36 inches wide): For No. 1 jacket—2 yards. For No. 2 jacket—2 1/4 yards and 1 1/8 yards for frock. For No. 3 jacket—1 1/4 yards and 2 1/8 yards contrast.

PATTERN



OLD-WORLD GOWN

WW1808.—Delightful evening gown with unusual bodice treatment. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 41 yards, 36-inch wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 2d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department" to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. 2d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 258A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 469F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 126, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 590T, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh St.
TASMANIA—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 21/8/37.



OUR SPECIAL



... Needlework Notions ...

SPRING FLOWERS For YOUR BEDROOM

They Adorn Gay
Bedspreads and Cushions in a
Thrilling Needlework Design

IDEAL for rejuvenating your bedroom for spring, these bedspreads and cushions are simply and quickly embroidered, and when finished look perfectly charming.

THE spreads and the cushion-covers can be obtained from our Needlework Department, stamped with this attractive flower design all ready for working on white or colored Cesarine.

It is not difficult to imagine how pretty the spreads shown in the picture on the right would look in your bedroom—or sleepout, for that matter.



CLOSE-UP of design on bedspreads to be done in lazy-daisy stitch.

For Summer

IF you get busy and work them now, you will have your room looking most attractive for the summer months, and especially for Christmas. Cesarine is wash-

able and fadeless, too, which is a great advantage.

The prices of the bedspreads stamped with design on white, cream, blue, pink, green, beige or yellow Cesarine are:



THESE ATTRACTIVE BEDSPREADS and the cushion-cover can be obtained stamped ready for working with the spring flowers design from our Needlework Department.

Size 60 by 80 inches, 15/6.
Size 70 by 90 inches, 18/6.
Size 90 by 100 inches, 26/6.
Cushion-cover in same design to

match bedspread, size 18 by 18 inches, 2/9.
To embroider the simple design, work the flowers in lazy-daisy stitch

in shades to harmonise with the color scheme of your bedroom. The squares should be worked in stem-stitch and the leaves in satin-stitch.



PRETTY CORK MAT COVERS for your dining or luncheon table, stamped with design for working.

Charming Table Linens

Cork mat covers in attractive and easily-worked designs.

YOU will find these mats most useful and so attractive for your dining-table. They are specially designed to cover the cork mats used under hot plates for protecting polished tables, but they can also be used as ordinary place mats for luncheons.

You have a choice of two pretty designs stamped on best quality linen in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green, and finished with spoke-stitched edge ready for crochet.

Cork mat covers are usually made in the average size of 64 inches

diameter, but you can obtain the mats shown here in any size to suit you.

The price of these mats, stamped with design ready for working, on white or colored linen in any size desired, is 1/3 each post free, from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 166 Castle-reagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

The design is quite simple to do—just use stem-stitching and lazy-daisy stitch. The flowers should, of course, be done in color to suit the color scheme of your room or dinner set.

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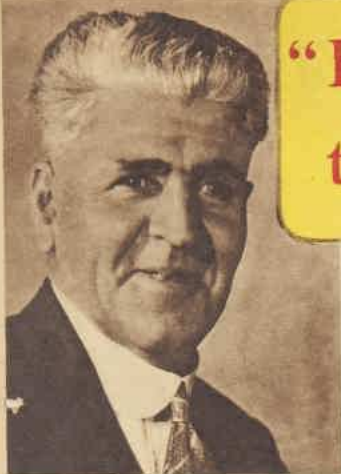
Jubilant ladies tell us that KAYSER Stockings have a miracle touch with shorter skirts. So sheer they're a mere bloom on the legs... clear as a rain-drop... exquisitely dull! Wispy-thin, yet they wear superbly. Buy Sheer-weight MIR-O-KLEER, RINGLESS, SHADOWLESS, from 5/11. Service weights from 4/11.

NEW SPRING COLORS, exclusive to KAYSER! 'Gloatan,' a rich sun bronze—'Clary,' a soft copper tone—'Pomp,' a copper with a rosy glow. Twelve beautiful shades!

If they fit the ankle without a wrinkle, they're KAYSER!



LINGERIE...GLOVES...HOSIERY



"I felt so terribly depressed and weak that I actually broke into tears..."

Read amazing story of recovery by J. HAYDON, 16 Stone Wool Presser, who now loves life again.

THERE'S NO DOUBT BIDOMAK IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

THANKS! IT'S MADE ME A NEW MAN. I FEEL WONDERFUL AND LIFE'S WORTH LIVING AGAIN—THANKS TO BIDOMAK



The wonderful true story told in words and pictures below is typical of the amazing benefits Bidomak brings to all who take it.

Mr. Haydon's address is:—

C/o FREE KINDERGARTEN, CAMPERDOWN, SYDNEY.

and if you care to write to him, he will tell you more about his wonderful recovery.

He did not receive one penny for his letter, nor for his permission to use his photograph. He had received such wonderful benefit from Bidomak that he cheerfully gives his sanction for his story to be told in the public Press. His is a genuine case, and in publishing it we have used his actual photograph, not the picture of a photographer's model, who has never taken Bidomak at all.

DISCOVERER OF BIDOMAK GUARANTEES BENEFIT OR YOUR MONEY BACK . . .

This amazing guarantee is given by the discoverer of Bidomak because he is positive that if you take it as directed, you must obtain real benefit. He has the whole of modern medical science on his side when he asserts that 90% of human ailments result from "mineral starvation." This lack of vital mineral elements from our food supply causes a great list of deficiency disorders, including all nerve troubles, malnutrition, nervous dyspepsia, anaemia, headaches, lowered vitality, and many other common illnesses.

GOOD HEALTH DEPENDS ON MINERALS

The most important health-giving minerals are ferrum, calcium, potash, sodium, and phosphorus. These vital minerals are all present in Bidomak, and made available for easy assimilation in accordance with formulae developed by the most advanced scientific work on nutrition. A course of Bidomak strengthens the liver, pancreas, and stomach so that we make better use of our ordinary food supply. It builds nerve strength and vigorous, buoyant muscles. It recharges the arteries with a fresh supply of living, red blood corpuscles and with oxygen, too, for the purpose of burning up the body's wastes.

Bidomak is safe and pleasant to take... the latest product of Science

There is not one single substance contained in Bidomak which is not present in a perfectly healthy human body. Modern life destroys these mineral elements; Bidomak restores them, and thus restores the body to a



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Bidomak for tired, doxy men.



Lostest, run down women should take Bidomak.



Cranky children who won't eat need Bidomak.

normal healthy state. Bidomak contains no bitter, dangerous, narcotic drugs nor opiates. It feeds—does not drug—and builds up permanently, starved nerves, blood, muscles, heart, and brain. From the first dose you feel it is doing you good, and as you progress with it you will, yourself, become as enthusiastic about Bidomak as thousands of other Australians who every day ring its praises to their closest friends. You'll like taking it, too, because it tastes so nice.

These are the Benefits BIDOMAK Brings!

1. Ends MINERAL STARVATION by adding ferrum, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep to the weary sleepless.
4. Strengthens nerves that are tired and inflamed.
5. Relieves stomach upsets and dyspepsia.
6. Builds energy, "pep," and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the blood stream.
8. Creates rich, red blood, new healthy nerve cells, and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over!
10. Tastes so good you'll like taking it.

NEXT DAY

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO YOU GOOD... THAT'S BIDOMAK—LOOK WHAT IT DID FOR ME.

OH WHAT'S THE USE? IT'S PROBABLY NO BETTER THAN THE OTHER TONICS I'VE TAKEN.

IT'S UP TO YOU—BUT BIDOMAK IS A FOOD. IT GIVES YOU THE MINERALS YOU NEED TO MAKE YOU WELL. GET A BOTTLE—IF IT DOESN'T DO YOU GOOD YOU CAN GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

OH! ALL RIGHT.



A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK PLEASE

HERE YOU ARE, A GREAT TONIC IT IS TOO... EVERYONE WHO BUYS IT SAYS SO



"I couldn't sleep at night and I lost my appetite completely. It's difficult for me to explain how bad this made me feel, because I had been a strong, healthy, vigorous man, and spent years in the shearing sheds, until I began to feel too ill to work at all. I not only felt sick, but a horrible nerve rash spread all over my body.

"I consulted various people and spent pounds on ointments, and only to find myself getting worse and worse.

"Then my friend Mr. Henry, who's a living advertisement for Bidomak, told me to try your tonic. He said, 'I had to go to hospital with my nerves. I did, but Bidomak made me well after I left hospital!'

"I didn't think anything would do me good, but I decided to try a bottle anyway. At first I did not notice much improvement, and I thought Bidomak no better than any ordinary mixture. But my wife persuaded me to keep going, and when I had taken three bottles the difference was marvellous.

"I was in such a rotten state of nerves that I hated to talk to people. I'd just snap their heads off. My nerves were all shot to pieces, and I felt so depressed and weak, that I would burst into tears for apparently no reason at all.

"I was a new man—I can eat anything now, and I sleep like Rip Van Winkle. The rash is nearly gone. It's absolutely wonderful what a difference Bidomak made to me. I love life once more, and I thank you for your wonderful tonic!"

Yours truly, (Signed) J. Haydon.

AFTER ILLNESS OR 'FLU OR TO BUILD UP QUICKLY

BIDOMAK

THE BEST TONIC EVER MADE—BECAUSE IT'S A FOOD AS WELL
THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Heart's Heritage

FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY.
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BY ...

Joseph McCord

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

HEART'S HERITAGE

By JOSEPH McCORD



LONE chattering, brassy clash. Old White always met about its Sabbath morning summons with a discord. Until the hempen bell-rope, writhing through various floor openings, furnished impetus needed for the stately cadence of mellow boomings that followed. And, as always, squadrons of alarmed pigeons launched in aimless flights from their shuttered base below the slender spire.

Processional maples below, arching the long flagstone walk leading from the street. Maples with leaves turned to saffron and gold—a graceless contrast to sombre pines murmuring endlessly above the weathered slabs in the burying-ground beyond the east wall of the church.

To-day there appeared to be an unusual outpouring of Locust Hill's faithful bent upon worshipping within the austere walls of Old White Church. Before the bell finished its reminder, a growing stream of arrivals was converging on the front of the edifice. Singly and in groups they made their way up the foot-worn treads serving the two entrance doors.

The building filled steadily. Even the spacious gallery, rambling about three sides of the auditorium on slender fluted columns, saw the greater part of its uncushioned benches pressed into service.

Obviously among their number was a personable young man who arrived early and appropriated a choice seat on the centre aisle, where he remained apparently insensible to the polite censure of the ushers' regard.

The youth's roving blue eyes, their whites showing rather oddly against the deep tan of his face, scanned the growing audience with unflinching interest. At times his glance betrayed sudden eagerness. As if he fancied he caught a glimpse of a familiar countenance.

Only once did the young man stir from his languid pose. That was when a trio of elderly women, all in black silk, hesitated reprovingly at the entrance to the pew. Then he scrambled to his feet in apologetic haste and stepped into the aisle.

"I hope I'm not intruding," was his low-voiced suggestion. The words were accompanied by a formal little bow.

Two of the newcomers passed him without a word or glance. But the third lingered for a swift appraisal. Something she encountered in the frank smile brought a touch of color to her faded cheek.

"You are welcome, I'm sure," she murmured politely, hurrying after her companions. It was evident the three were sisters.

A last muffled stroke from the old bell overhead died with a lingering note. Quiet strains stealing from the bronzed pipes of the organ.

Sunlight filtering through the stained glass of narrow windows, dropping multi-colored mosaics here and there on the heads of waiting worshippers.

One vagrant shaft dalled with the crimson hat worn by a small woman who sat directly

in front of the blue-eyed stranger. The hat, for a moment, became the sanctuary's most radiant spot. Brighter than the silken folds of the flag drooping on its eagle-tipped staff within the altar rail.

The small woman straightened her thin shoulders in an annoyed fashion. The gesture, however, was not directed at the plying sunshine. Another woman, exceedingly stout, was displaying an intention of sharing the pew with the red hat.

Its wearer looked up. A brief smile revealed the primness of her mouth as she offered a subdued but audible:

"Good morning, Hannah. You can sit in here with me."

The new arrival worked past the relentless knees of her hostess and sank heavily to the wine-colored cushions. There was an unobstructed view of the rostrum as the centre aisle, and the woman under the red hat had no intention of relinquishing her advantage.

An amused glint in the eye of the young man indicated his appreciation of the little manoeuvre.

Swaying slightly in the direction of the stout Hannah, who was spreading out to an accompaniment of gusty sighs, the smaller woman remarked in a whisper that carried clearly:

"So you thought you'd come out and see our new preacher."

Hannah admitted the charge with a nod that added interestingly to her assortment of chins. Her small eyes were moving actively over the nearer pews.

"Don't worry," came her neighbor's assurance. "Plenty of your members tagged along."

"His name's Farwell, isn't it, Abbie?" Hannah parried the thrust.

"Yes, Doctor Jonathan Farwell." This direct bid for information exercised its placating effect. "My brother Tom was on the committee, you know. He says we'll like him. He heard him preach twice. He comes from out West. . . . Some place in I-o-w-a." Abbie favored that State's second syllable with an impressive accent.

Hannah apparently had no difficulty in allotting the Reverend Farwell and Brother Tom to their places in the recital. She wagged her head understandingly and billeted a little nearer the fount of information.

The young man with the blue eyes likewise inclined his head closer. He was listening shamelessly. Fortunately, the organ music was subdued at the moment.

"Is his wife here, Abbie?"

"He hasn't any. Widower."

There was a merest suggestion of secrecy in the last, as if the speaker sensed the presence of an eavesdropper. Her new gloves were smoothed with an air of satisfaction.

"Mrs. Farwell's been dead for quite some time I heard. The important whisper resumed. "He's never married. . . . so far."

"Any children?"

"One boy. He must be grown up. Dale's his first name. Sounds too fancy for a man. I don't know where he is. Not in the minister's pew, anyway."

Had Abbie Brown carried her investigations farther, a pair of twinkling blue eyes directly behind her would have furnished the desired information. Instead, she gave Hannah a quick nudge with her elbow.

"There he comes!"

Like the dropping of a stone in a placid pool the opening of a door at the right of the altar sent an attentive flutter rippling over the congregation. A tall black figure made its appearance.

Jonathan Farwell, the new minister of Old White Church.

Save for an official group that waited on the clergyman prior to his formal invitation to shepherd the Locust Hill flock, few of that town's residents had been favored with a glimpse of Doctor Farwell.

Here, in a single instant, he was made the target for a host of inquisitive eyes.

These saw above the pulpit a white, rugged face, its pallor brightened by coppery-red hair brushed straight off the lofty forehead. Penetrating black eyes, seemingly oblivious to the sea of staring faces below and fixed steadily upon a clock hanging against the rear gallery panels. A generous mouth flanked by deeply-etched lines running to the nostrils. There was a distinct cleft in the centre of the square chin.

While observers still were engrossed with first estimates, they were caught and held by the sound of a voice announcing the opening hymn. A vibrant voice, very nearly harsh in its penetrating quality.

The stern majesty of the spoken lines was strangely suited to the man.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God . . .
Words dropping evenly from the thin lips.
"Made us of clay, and formed us men."

The recital at an end, the resonant voice decreed almost without a pause: "We will unite in singing the first three and last stanzas."

As the familiar strains of the hymn sounded from the organ loft, the minister turned abruptly and seated himself in the centre one of three tall chairs that stood with their backs stiffly to the choir. His chin dropped against his breast, strands of the red hair falling forward and covering the long white fingers that shaded his eyes. He might have been engaged in prayer or meditation.

Nor did he stir when the congregation rose to its feet to join in the summons to praise.

THE younger Farwell had reached Locust Hill late Saturday, making a hurried cross-country trip in order to be present when his father appeared for the first time in his new pulpit. Recently graduated from a Mid-West university, Dale had spent the summer in camp assisting with the direction of a geological survey. The field work finished, he returned to school for several weeks of compiling reports and arranging specimens for the department's museum.

Doctor Farwell's household goods were delivered by a moving van but a short time before Dale put in his own appearance and both men worked until a late hour settling the parsonage for a housekeeping programme of sorts.

Soon after their first breakfast together, Dale appeared in his father's study ready for church service.

"I'm going early," he announced. "I want to size up the crowd, before you give them their big moment."

Farwell glanced up from a perusal of the notes he invariably carried into the pulpit.

"I imagine there will be nothing very spectacular about my entrance," he suggested impatiently.

DESPITE his pride and an impetuous faith in his father, Dale had approached the day with some misgivings. The preceding pastor had served Old White for something over forty years. That sort of thing sounded very much like the East, was Dale's rather patronizing decision. Doctor Bailey must have been pretty tolerant and easy-going to last so long. Young Farwell was aware that his parent had the name of being "different."

Disguised by a seemingly-cold personality the clergyman from the west possessed a dynamic forthrightness. To an unwavering directness of address and a scorn of mincing words, he added the readiness to declare himself upon popular issues whenever he deemed such a course appropriate. Unrighteousness in every form drew the withering fire of his denunciation.

Dale's brief sight of their new home town convinced him that the place was reserved, set in its ways.

It was more than possible that these people would resent a progressive minister, even if the causes he championed were just.

Jonathan Farwell's coming to Locust Hill was the result of a coincidence. It began with an invitation to deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the university where his son was receiving a degree.

After the services, Doctor Farwell found himself accosted by a tall smooth-shaven man with keen eyes peering through silver-rimmed glasses set astride his thin nose and tethered to a black ribbon. The eyes, thinning hair and immaculate clothing combined to produce a cool greyness.

"I am Cassius Brady of Locust Hill, New Jersey," the newcomer announced crisply. "And this is my daughter Lenora." He indicated a slender dark-eyed girl standing at his side. "I was greatly impressed by your sermon, Doctor Farwell. Very much so. In short," he added bluntly, "it set me wondering if you would consider a call from our church."

"This is a trifle sudden, Mr. Brady," Farwell returned with a slight smile.

"I suppose it is. I dropped off here yesterday on my way from the Coast to meet my daughter and take her home. I am glad I did. Now, I want very much to have a talk with you."

This brief encounter was followed by an invitation to dinner at Brady's hotel and a meeting between Dale Farwell and Lenora Brady.

If the lawyer was impressed by the minister, the latter's son was attracted to the lawyer's daughter to a degree that rendered him almost incoherent during their introduction. He scarcely removed his eyes from her face when he found himself sitting opposite her at dinner.

Later, when their elders had withdrawn

for their talk, Dale found himself charged with the responsibility of entertaining Miss Brady in a secluded corner of the hotel lounge. He also found his tongue, exhibiting a sample of his father's forthrightness by launching the topic uppermost in his mind.

"What I can't understand," he declared wonderingly, "is how you've been around here for three years and I never saw you. I still don't believe it."

"Only two," she corrected demurely. "Besides, seniors aren't supposed to notice underclassmen . . . or women. Are they?"

"I don't get it," he insisted stubbornly. "I should have found you before. I feel cheated."

"And now it's too late," she teased. "You're all through here."

"I'm not so sure. I'm thinking of doing post-graduate work next year," Dale volunteered hopefully. "I know I'll be around for a while when you get back. I'm going to see you."

"But I may not be here," Lenora remarked soberly. "Daddy hasn't brought me a very good report about my mother. I haven't told him, but I've almost made up my mind that I ought to stay with her next year."

"That would be too bad. Maybe your mother will be much better by autumn."

"I hope so. She isn't very strong. I think she needs me to look after her."

"Well," Dale ventured boldly, "perhaps the Farwells will be living in your town by that time. Your father seems rather keen for it. What's it all about? Don't you have good men in your part of the country?"

"Of course," Lenora gave a brief account of Doctor Bailey's long pastorate and last illness. "He was a dear," she explained, "but there have been so many assistants and substitutes and they didn't please everybody. Some of the members think it would be best to call a minister from outside the State . . . a younger and more aggressive man. They've been hunting for months now."

"Is that what took your father all the way to California?"

"Oh, no. Grandfather Brady died three last year. . . . Something to do with settling the estate." She laughed softly. "Daddy has amused me so to-day. He's been the treasurer of Old White for ages and he almost never attends. But don't tell him I gave him away. He surely is enthused over your father. You should be proud. . . . Doctor Farwell is a wonderful speaker."

"Pretty fair," Dale agreed complacently. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's the man you need. I'm growing convinced of it."

Before the day was over, Cassius Brady had gained Jonathan Farwell's promise to consider the new pastorate. If the proposal came through official channels. Within three weeks a committee from Locust Hill waited upon the western pastor and heard him preach in his own pulpit. A formal invitation followed and was accepted.

Dale heard the news after he had begun his summer's work and promptly wrote a letter to Lenora Brady underlining congratulations—upon his own behalf. A cordial little note in reply assured him the writer hoped to see him in Locust Hill. She had decided rather definitely against a return to the university.

Dale carried that letter about in his pocket for six weeks.

He would not admit to himself, least of all to his father, to what degree his expectations regarding that first church service included seeing Lenora Brady. But he was doomed to disappointment. There was no

sign of the Brady family in the congregation.

When Doctor Farwell mounted the rostrum, Dale made a swift survey of the faces within range. He sensed that first wave of curious suspense, observed the subdued craning of necks. The instant hush that fell over the room was vaguely depressing. Like watching a jury filing in with its verdict.

The brief tension gave way to a general rustling. Whispers. By the time the minister finished reading the lines of the hymn, Dale experienced his first feeling of relief. The reaction on the majority of the listeners was undeniably favorable. It was evidenced by the close attention, by furtive glances exchanged within the pews. Here and there, nods of approval.

Dale rose to his feet with the others, smilingly declining a share of the hymnal offered by his neighbor in black.

"I know the words," he assured her. With his brown head tipped back, hands clasped behind him, the minister's son raised his voice in song, all unmindful of the interest his vocal effort was creating among the nearby listeners.

Composure marked Jonathan Farwell's demeanor when he stepped down within the altar rail after the benediction to meet the members of his congregation, many of whom pressed forward for the purpose.

Each new arrival was greeted with a firm hand-clasp and a searching glance from the black eyes, making it evident he would be known by name when he met the minister a second time. Approving comments upon the morning sermon—many of them effusive—were accepted with grave unconcern.

When Henry Marblestone, Locust Hill's banker and wealthiest citizen, elbowed his way through the milling crowd to proffer his own particular greeting, those nearest to Doctor Farwell gave place deferentially. Marblestone had headed the committee responsible for the pastoral selection and the satisfying prestige lingered. With his florid face wreathed in smiles, Henry declared:

"Well, Doctor, that was a very good effort. I can see where you and I think alike on a lot of things. Congratulations!"

IF the banker's manner suggested that felicitations were mutual, it was because he was enjoying his moment to the full. No one among all his hearers could have employed a similar freedom of expression. It is doubtful if it would have occurred to any of them.

"That is very kind."

Since undertone in Farwell's response had a chilling effect upon Henry's ardor. There was an awkward silence, then, Marblestone deferred hurriedly to the two women at his elbow.

"My wife has been very anxious to meet you, Doctor. And this is my daughter, Evelyn."

"Welcome to Old White, Doctor Farwell! Your discourse was positively delightful. Inspiring. Wasn't it, Henry? You know I . . ."

This breathless and unfinished offering came from a pretty woman wearing a white fur piece that came very nearly to the crown of her lavender hat. Scarcely waiting to observe if her encomium had registered, Sarah Marblestone merged unobtrusively into the atmosphere of her husband, leaving the field to her tall daughter.

Farwell's black eyes narrowed a trifle as he found himself elevating his hand so that it might encounter the limp fingers of Miss Marblestone. He saw a willowy figure in a clinging green gown. A pale blonde with eyes very nearly matching the dress for shade. A smiling red mouth displaying

small white teeth. The voice suggested a cultivated droll.

"So glad to meet you, Doctor. We just heard that your son had arrived, too."

This momentary respite served to aid the banker in recapturing his former assertiveness.

"Where is the boy, Doctor? We're taking both of you home to dinner," he explained heartily. "My car's out front. Just as soon as you can break away from here."

"Thank you," Farwell returned mildly. "Dale and I have arranged to dine at home. We are scarcely unpacked, you know. I appreciate it just the same."

"Won't you change your mind, Doctor? Please," Evelyn said, gently reproachful.

"I am sorry."

"Come then. We may as well be starting."

The banker turned on his heel and walked away followed by his household. Evelyn's white teeth flashed a parting smile over her slim shoulder.

In the vanguard of those pressing forward at the conclusion of the services was Miss Abbie Brown. She sped swiftly down the centre aisle leaving her friend Hannah Garner staring after her in helpless vexation.

Mrs. Garner had hoped for a mutual comparing of notes of Doctor Farwell's appearance and first effort. Additional information regarding his past, perhaps, for dispensing at the dinner table.

Since Thomas Brown was involved with the coming of the new pastor, a certain responsibility might be said to devolve upon his sister. Abbie hastily identified herself and assumed general supervision of the introductory rites until obliged to retire in favor of the Marblestones.

As she hovered uncertainly on the sidelines, her bird-like glance changed to fall upon Dale who had taken refuge in the shadows under the gallery until his father should be at liberty. At the moment, the younger man was bestowing absorbed attention upon a bronze tablet set in the wall.

Abbie regarded him closely. Speculation became a certainty. Making a brisk circling movement, she approached the stranger from the rear and announced her presence with a playful tap on the arm.

"Aren't you Doctor Farwell's son?" she demanded.

"Yes, I'm Dale." His eyes lighted with amusement, remembering the red hat and its owner's comment upon his name.

"I thought so. You don't look much like your father."

Miss Abbie was rather taken back to find that her first thought concerned young Mr. Farwell's hair. It was pretty, but it needed fixing. And that he . . . Her fingers itched to adjust it. Mindful of proprieties, Miss Brown folded her hands primly.

"I'm sure I hope you'll like Locust Hill."

"I'm going to. It is a very attractive town . . . the little I've seen of it." Dale's eyes strayed towards the tablet. "I didn't know before that this was such an historical spot. I've just discovered that the British burned the church here!" He smiled again, a trifle apologetically. "I've always been rather keen on American history."

"Really? Then you must meet my brother. He has everything about Locust Hill right at his finger ends . . . A Son of the American Revolution, of course. I'm so sorry he isn't here to-day. Just a slight cold. I'm sure it's nothing serious, but Rita . . . that's his wife . . . called up this morning and said he . . ."

"I think that would be fine," Dale managed to interject.

"Never mind. I'll see that the two of you get together very soon. He'll be so glad to know you're interested in Colonial things." With this common ground established, Miss Abbie ventured to bridge the years. "And I'm sure you and your father will find the parsonage very comfortable. It must seem dreadfully large for just two men. I was sorry to hear about your mother . . ."

"My mother?" A startled expression in the blue eyes.

"Why, yes. I was told . . . I mean, I understood that she was . . ."

"My mother is dead."

"For goodness sake! What will you think of me, Mr. Farwell? Here I've been talking your arm off and I never thought to tell you who I am! I'm Abbie Brown. I guess I just took it for granted that everybody here knew me."

"I'm very happy to meet you . . . Miss Brown."

"That's right. I have to admit it. Everybody knows that, too."

"By the way, Miss Brown . . ." Dale's eyes had sought the front of the room. "Do you mind telling me who those people are . . . the three talking to my father?"

"That's Henry Marblestone and his wife. And their daughter. Evelyn's pretty, isn't she?"

"I'll say. If you'll excuse me, I'll see if father isn't about ready to go now."

QUITTING the church together, Dale Farwell and his father walked in silence over a path that led past the thickly-set gravestones—a short route to the parsonage that stood on a far corner of the church property.

The new home was a roomy brick house, product of a more modern era than the picturesque church with its wide white clapboards. The residence boasted a tower on one front corner, fitted with curved panes and surmounted by a conical cap and weather vane. Gable trimmings and those of the front porch exemplified a period that taxed the ingenuity of scroll-saw artists.

As Doctor Farwell hunted through his pockets for the door key, Dale stood regarding the burial ground.

"Did you know there was fighting around here, Father? I just saw a tablet that says the church was burned by the British in 1781."

"I recall hearing something of the sort." "Seems a lot of your former parishioners were in the Colonial army. Some of them buried here after the fighting. Soldiers of 1812, too."

"It would not be surprising," Farwell had located his key. "We are living in an old part of the country now. You should find it interesting." He thrust open the door and passed within, Dale following.

The lower hall was in partial darkness with the closing of the door. Paper was littered about and several packing cases loomed in the shadow of one wall.

"Oh, father!"

"Well?"

"I didn't see anything of . . . Mr. Brady to-day. Did you?"

"He was not at the service. I had a note from him yesterday explaining that he and his family were out of town."

"Oh."

"Have we some milk?"

"Sure. A whole bottle."

"I will take a glass up to my room. I have some work to do."

"Will that be enough?"

"Plenty."

WITH the reopening of Old White's parsonage, Locust Hill's feminine contingent found itself faced with a problem for which there seemed no immediate solution.

The two Farwells were living alone in the house.

Housewives agitated themselves and their neighbors with questions that found no satisfactory answers.

"Which one of them does the cooking? Whatever can their meals be like? How long is that going to last?"

Dale himself furnished one of the major angles to the enigma. Rumor had credited him with graduation from college. Was he going to remain with his father? A healthy-looking young man like that ought to be at work.

Women visitors, comparing eager notes, agreed reluctantly that the one attainable apartment was more attractive than might have been expected.

Carefully verified statistics accounted for the room's inventory.

One grand piano, lightly closed, blocking off the tower windows. Neither sheet music nor hymn books in evidence. No indication whatever as to the musician or his tastes. One mahogany centre table. Four upholstered chairs and three floor lamps. One oriental rug in dull coloring—and considerably worn—covering most of the oak parquet. Two large steel engravings hung on opposite walls. One of the pictures—Abraham Lincoln surrounded by his cabinet—was a trifle askew on its wire.

No woman could sit in a room five minutes with a crooked picture on the wall.

Lesser items in conference had to do with the utter lack of those little homelike touches that bespeak a woman's presence. The marble mantel-shelf, for example. Its dreary expanse was broken by a small clock. Nothing else. Not even a photograph to furnish speculation.

Most unbelievable of all, the parlor and its deficient furnishings were immaculately free from any vestige of dust. A grudging unanimity in that finding.

"But the kitchen's what I'd like to see. I'll venture it's a mess." Thus the oracular comment of Myrtle Spicer. Mrs. Spicer conducted a rooming house on near-by Grace Street and, likewise, was patroness to a limited number of "table guests." She had been among early callers at the parsonage.

"It just occurred to me, Doctor Farwell . . . I mean, perhaps . . ." Mrs. Spicer had found the going a trifle difficult, when she experienced the quiet scrutiny of her pastor's dark eyes. "I thought you and your son might like to know where you could get a home-cooked meal now and then. We're just around the corner and we do have nice people. Several teachers from the high school. I'm sure you'd find it very congenial."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Mrs. Spicer," the pastor replied.

Feeling that her mission was not meeting with marked success, Mrs. Spicer made ready to leave, pausing long enough to delve into a bulbous handbag and suggest:

"You'd better take one of my cards . . . I know there's one in here somewhere. Isn't that funny now? There! You see the phone number is in the corner. But of course you won't have to call up. Just drop around any time . . ."

"Thank you."

Doctor Farwell stood bending the pasteboard gently in his long fingers.

Mrs. Spicer's contribution to the general forum was negligible.

It remained for Abbie Brown to formulate a more novel approach. With her characteristic energy, she marched briskly up to the front door of the parsonage bearing a pan covered with a white cloth. No sooner had she rung the bell than she chided herself with a want of foresight in not presenting herself at the kitchen entrance. Still, that might have looked rather "funny" was her consoling thought, as she heard approaching steps in the hall.

Jonathan Farwell answered the summons. "Oh, good morning, Doctor! I've brought you something."

"Please come in, Miss Brown." "I guess you'll think I've got a nerve," was Abbie's bright comment when the doctor relieved her of the proffered pan and ushered her into the parlor. "It's something I know every man loves . . . and I'm sure you don't make them yourself. This is the coolest room!"

Miss Abbie's glance travelled swiftly and hopefully about the parlor as the minister deposited the pan on the centre table.

"Fancy, Doctor! I'm such a rattletrap when I get going. I never once thought to tell you what I brought. Doughnuts!"

"How thoughtful!" "Yes, Mother was baking this morning . . . She's really quite famous here in town for her doughnuts. They're not greasy like so many. And I said, 'I'm going to take some over to Doctor Farwell and his son. I know they'll adore them.' She was shocked. But my brother Tom used to love doughnuts. When he was living at home with us . . . before he was married, that is . . . he was forever . . ."

"Please thank Mrs. Brown for the two of us. And please sit down."

BUT Miss Abbie was not ready to see her offering dismissed in so summary a fashion. Defiantly she whisked the napkin aloft and revealed to the pastor's non-committal gaze this brown discs in all their rich crispness.

"You know, Doctor, we weren't quite sure if you'd like them with powdered sugar or not. Some prefer them plain. My brother does. But if you do want them sugared, just put some in a shallow dish and . . . And now I am being ridiculous. Of course you know how! Well, anyway . . ."

"They look delicious," the minister ventured to interrupt. "Will it be quite all right if I ask Dale to return the pan later?"

"Why, of course! There's not the slightest hurry. We've no end of pans. You know, after mother decided it was all right, she was going to fill a small dishpan, but I told her . . ."

"Excuse me a moment."

To the caller's chagrin, Doctor Farwell left the room, taking the gift doughnuts with him. Unfortunately, he chose to make his exit by way of the hall instead of through the closed door leading into the dining-room near which the visitor had posted herself in alert anticipation.

If the town's housewives ever permitted their imaginations to tour the second floor of the parsonage, most of them were too modest to give voice to such speculation. As a matter of fact, they would have found this portion of the dwelling more revealing than they hoped.

Doctor Farwell had selected the large "spare room" for his own use.

A broad table, with books and papers scattered untidily about the base of a green-shaded lamp, stood in front of the lower windows. One entire wall was given over to ranks of crowded bookshelves. A double bed and dresser had places in the back-

ground, but the general atmosphere was that of a workroom. Its appearance suggested that sleep was a matter of secondary importance to the occupant.

YOU get all the mail to-day," Dale announced, scowling into the kitchen where Doctor Farwell sat at the table pouring himself a cup of coffee. "It looks interesting."

As he spoke, he laid a heavy white envelope near his father's hand. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, fashionably angular and bold.

The minister tore the letter open, glanced through the contents with an expressionless face, then held it out to his son.

"Dear Doctor Farwell—"

"Mother has asked me to invite you and your son to our home for Sunday dinner. I have delayed the note purposely, so that you will not have the opportunity to refuse us again. Please do accept. We will find you after morning services. Just a family dinner, of course."

"Hastily but sincerely."

EVELYN MARBLESTONE.

"What's this?" Dale wanted to know.

"Have we been passing up chances to eat?"

"Mr. Marblestone was kind enough to suggest that we have dinner with them last Sunday," Farwell explained. "I preferred to have the afternoon in my study."

"Evelyn's the daughter, isn't she? I've seen her rolling around in a big roadster. Are we accepting this time?"

"I presume we shall have to."

Farwell dismissed the subject by opening the morning paper.

Henry Marblestone's genial expansiveness was in full flower as he waited for his chief guest to receive a subdued chorus of acclaim after the morning service. And with reason. The ushers had been obliged to fill the aisles with chairs and the banker appropriated a share of the credit. By this time, he had convinced himself he must have awayed the other members of the committee that selected this popular clergyman. His acumen was pleasantly justified.

"We've another guest to-day . . . a friend of yours," he remarked to Doctor Farwell as the two men, followed by Dale, walked to the church door. "Cash Brady. You met him out West."

"Surely. I did not know that he was in the city."

"Back yesterday. Another widower," the banker suggested with his usual freedom.

"His wife's in poor health. . . . Off on a little trip with the girl. Great fellow, Cash. Best prosecutor we've ever had. Keen as they come, close-mouthed as a clam. He's about the only man in Locust Hill I ever tell my business to."

Brady was standing by the Marblestone limousine listening to his hostess and her daughter when the others came up. He stepped forward at once to greet the Farwells and bid them a delayed welcome to the church and community. Then came Dale's turn to be introduced to the occupants of the car.

"I've been wondering how long I was to be kept waiting for this," Evelyn smiled, thrusting out a gloved hand. "You'll have to sit on the little seat opposite me. That will be a test. . . . Doctor, you sit there beside Mother where it's comfortable. Come, on, Father. Do hurry!"

When Marblestone stowed his guests to his daughter's satisfaction, he took his own place beside the chauffeur and conversed steadily and loudly over one shoulder. Brady, his tall form adjusted to a second folding seat directly behind his host, bore the brunt of the talk.

Doctor Farwell, leaning back in his corner, studied the men in front of him with quiet curiosity. It would have been difficult to imagine a pair more unlike in manner.

Dinner proved to be a long-drawn-out affair, served with little attempt at formality. Marblestone carved and orated in generous fashion from the head of the board, demanding frequent confirmation of his many opinions from the older men. Mrs. Marblestone, very nearly lost to view behind an old-fashioned coffee service, voiced an occasional protest—always unfinished, and to which no one paid the slightest attention.

Evelyn, dressed again in green, gave bored attention to the masculine talk, occasionally giving Dale a smiling glance from across the table intended to signify that she considered the situation hopeless. That young man found the meal something of an ordeal, marooned as he was between his hostess and Cassius Brady. Dale attempted several times to converse with the lawyer, but his hopes were dashed each time by Marblestone's dislike of losing an auditor. He did discover, however, that Lenora had taken her mother on a brief motor trip that included a stay with relatives. They would be coming home shortly.

That hard-earned message was cheerful, at all events. And Dale made another effort to be nice to Mrs. Marblestone. His only reward was a consciousness that the stout little woman apparently regarded him as a small boy. It would not have surprised him greatly had she offered to cut his meat for him.

At the conclusion of the meal, Marblestone suggested an adjournment to his library on the second floor. Dale was never to know whether the banker considered him mature enough to be included in the main session, for Evelyn had plans of her own.

"Come on, Dale. . . . Out in the sun room," she suggested, slipping her hand within his arm. "They're going to talk politics. I want a talk with you. We'll have a cigarette out there. Does your father approve of women smoking?" She lowered her voice cautiously, as she disappeared with her captive.

Mrs. Marblestone was standing in her place, saying something and smiling helplessly.

"May I offer you one of these?" Cassius inquired of the minister, as they followed their host into a room with a beamed ceiling and a huge fireplace at one end. The walls were lined with books. Brady had taken several cigars from his pocket and was extending them tentatively.

"Thank you, no," Farwell returned with a quiet smile.

"Then you don't indulge?"

"Only in my study. I am a pipe addict." The minister strolled to the nearest row of books and commenced a leisurely survey of their titles.

Marblestone lifted the cover of an ornate humidor and selected a cigar for himself.

"I've no objection to your smoking your own cigars, Cash," he grumbled, "but I can't go 'em. If you think you can stand a good smoke, help yourself to one of these." He lighted his own, as he spoke, with little smacking noises of his lips. "I say, Cash, you'll have to reform along another line, too."

"How's that?"

"Going to church. . . . Seeing for yourself where the funds get to. You're cheating yourself, now that the Doctor's here."

"I'm sure of that."

"Yes, sir." The banker's cigar was burn-

ing to his satisfaction and he dropped into the depths of a big chair, as he proceeded with: "Real sermon this morning . . . twofold stuff. We had to hang out the SRO sign."

"So I heard."

Brady helped himself to a comfortable seat and stared thoughtfully at the tall black figure before the books.

"Say, Doctor . . . Marblestone spoke abruptly. "I should think you'd find it a slight disadvantage for a man in your profession to . . . not to be married."

"Why?" Farwell turned to his host. His white face was impassive.

"Oh, you know. It's more or less a popular notion that a preacher's wife has a lot to do with his getting on."

"As a preacher, you mean? I always have been in the habit of preparing my sermons unaided." There was no indication of resentment in the words.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that. Of course not. I was referring to general success in the community. There are social affairs, for instance. It takes a woman, after all . . ." Henry was bawling a trifle. Farwell's habit of staring fixedly at a questioner always was disconcerting.

"That might be so," the minister agreed after a pause.

Brady flashed a quick glance at the banker. There was the suggestion of a warning in the grey eyes behind their shining lenses. Why the devil couldn't Henry see that he was broaching an untimely topic? But Marblestone either was unaware of the fact, or he had another point to establish. He was speaking again.

"Well, it's always seemed to me that a man in your position would find himself rather on a spot, as the saying goes. Under pretty close watch and . . . Well, fair game for a lot of unattached females." He chuckled at his expression of the idea, as he leaned forward and deposited his cigar ash in a heavy bronze tray that rested on a corner of the library table.

"I am afraid I am not in a position to say . . . from experience," was the deliberate answer. Farwell turned back to his interrupted examination of the book titles, but Marblestone was unwilling to drop the matter so easily.

"Then I can tell you one thing, Doctor," he resumed good-humoredly. "You have the good women here guessing in one respect."

"Yes?"

"I'll say. It worries them to have you and your boy keeping bachelors' hall. That's a new one on them."

"You are rather a connoisseur of editions, I see."

"Eh? Oh, yes. . . . You're talking books. Why, I pick up some good ones now and then, they tell me. I don't know when I'll ever have time to read them. But they're a good investment. Wouldn't mind if I had some of the money that's tied up in this room. That's a fact."

Brady had been studying the glowing end of his cigar abstractedly.

"Your advice strikes me as being sound, Henry," he observed quietly.

"My advice? What about?"

"My attending church." Brady straightened in his chair. It was high time for someone to take the conversation out of the banker's hands.

Recalling the fact that Doctor Farwell was from the Middle West, what did he think of general conditions there? With particular reference to the farmers. What was their reaction to the plans of the administration? It was difficult to form an

intelligent estimate from the newspapers and periodicals.

Farwell promptly drew a chair close to the lawyer's and launched a discussion of national affairs. He answered every question without hesitation, proffering his own views in concise authoritative fashion. Marblestone listened in growing surprise. This chap really was a business man. . . . Didn't suppose that ever went with the cloth. No question but that he knew what he was talking about. Must ask him to drop in at the office for a talk. . . . Better yet. Here was a real drawing card for the Rotary lunch meeting. He must make a note of that.

In the meantime, Dale was making the acquaintance of Miss Marblestone in the sun room.

"YOU know, Dale . . ." she began languidly, leaning back among the cushions of the willow settee to which she promptly had guided her guest. "It's quite an event when a new young man comes to this town. I've seen you several times on the street."

"Have you?"

"Of course. Everybody knows you by sight. I want to get acquainted now. You don't mind if I call you Dale, do you?"

"I wish you would. All my friends do," the boy answered politely.

"Well, it is stupid to be so formal. And we are going to be friends, too. You'll find some cigarettes in the box on the stand. I'll have one, if you don't object. Now tell me all about yourself," she demanded, after Dale had obliged with a lighted match. "Do you like being a minister's son?"

"I'm bearing up," he smiled. "I've never been anything else."

"I want to know about your past. All the dark secrets."

"Very simple, Miss Marblestone . . ."

"Evelyn," she corrected, with a slight lift of her brows.

"Right. Well, I've been in school and in school . . . and in school. Most of my vacations have been spent in holding down jobs. Since I was big enough. That's my recent history."

"But we heard you graduated last spring," Evelyn said in surprise.

"I did. . . . By dint of great luck. Then I spent this summer on a survey."

"That's an adorable tan you have. You're going to stay here now, aren't you?"

"No. I have a chance to go back to the U for the second semester. Have a sort of a job there in the department. I may run out there sooner and get in some studying. After I get father safely settled." He smiled.

"Now I am disappointed. We thought you would be here."

"Unfortunately, I have to work. I have visions of becoming a geologist. There are a lot of rocks in the world that need somebody's care. I'm going to try to break one good rock every day."

"That sounds dreadfully energetic. I'm sure that someone told me you were studying for the ministry, under your father."

"Dale chuckled with undisguised amusement.

"Hardly! If I ever had an idea of becoming a preacher, I would have been discouraged long ago. My father's too shining an example to my way of thinking."

"Isn't he wonderful! There's something so . . . so fascinating about him. Everybody's quite mad over him. Only . . . You know, I'm rather in awe of him. He looks so dignified and stern. Is he really?"

"Oh, no. I used to feel that way about him, when I was a kid." Dale remarked re-

flectively. "Of course we haven't seen such a lot of each other these past years. Perhaps I understand him better now. He's a mighty square shooter."

"I'm sure he is. Have you met many people here?"

"Almost no one. Oh, there have been quite a few dropping in at the house. But father does the honors."

"Then you have no friends here at all?"

"Only one, you might say. I haven't seen her since I came."

"Really?" Evelyn's eyes widened to sudden attention. The draw in her tone vanished. "Whom are you talking about?"

"Miss Brady. I met her out West."

"Oh . . . I never thought . . . Do you mean she attended the same school you did?"

"Yes. She has one more year there. But I believe she does not intend to go back this autumn."

"Why, how odd! You are a friend of Lee Brady. I knew she had been in college somewhere . . . but I never supposed . . . I see now."

"Sure. Mr. Brady was out there in June and met my father. That's how everything started."

"Of course," Evelyn leaned forward from her nest of cushions and slowly extinguished her cigarette in the ash-tray. "Do you like Lee?"

"I think she's charming." It was simply said, but with an undisguised sincerity. "Then you've known her for a long time," Evelyn said.

"But I haven't. That's the funny part of it. I never met her until Mr. Brady came to town . . . commencement time. He heard father preach the baccalaureate sermon and introduced himself. Miss Brady was with him. That's when I found we had been together at the U for two years. . . . And I never knew it."

"Oh," Evelyn's red mouth curved in a smile. "Lee is a dear."

"Of course you know her well."

"Rather. We were in high school together and went to the same kid parties here. I haven't seen so much of her lately."

"Did you attend college?" Dale decided that a few questions on his own behalf were in order.

"I tried a finishing school for a year . . . to please father. He still has some old-fashioned ideas. It bored me. I don't make much pretence at being a highbrow . . . like Lee. I'm afraid I like a good time. I have travelled quite a little. And I do read. Locust Hill is a dreadfully poky place, but it's not so bad if you take it in broken doses."

"I think it very attractive."

"The most attractive thing about it is its nearness to New York and Philadelphia. Still, there's a pretty good bunch here to travel with. Do you like golf?"

"I've only played enough to convince myself that I could qualify for the world's worst amateur." Dale said smiling.

"Contract?"

"Not guilty."

"Well, I see that I'll have to take you in hand. I want you to like us."

"I do."

"You know what I mean. Let's see . . ."

She looked at him through half-closed eyes. "To-morrow afternoon . . ."

"Are you children getting acquainted? I thought I'd look in . . ."

Mrs. Marblestone rustled into the sun-room to stand looking in vague perplexity at the two on the settee.

"Please sit down, Mr. Farwell," she resumed. "I can squeeze in between the two of you. . . . Like this." She suited action

to the word. "Evelyn, you've been smoking. I don't know what Dr. Farwell would think."

"What do you think?"

She turned to Dale who was trying to accommodate himself to what was left of his former place.

"I quite approve," he assured her gravely.

"Dear, dear. Everything's so different these days. It's a trying thing to bring up an attractive young daughter. You know, when I was a girl . . ."

"Mother, I've just found out that Dale is a friend of Les Brady. They went to school together."

"You don't tell me! Les is such a sweet girl. Evelyn . . . You must have Les over as soon as she comes home. And Mr. Farwell . . ."

"I was thinking the same thing," Evelyn admitted with a slight smile.

For the next hour Mrs. Marblestone dominated the conversation familiarising herself wholeheartedly with her guest's past, present and future.

When Doctor Farwell came downstairs with Henry Marblestone he found Dale still in his corner, his appearance suggesting that of a witness enduring a cross-examination and hoping to remember the salient points of his story. The minister came to his aid by refusing a chair. He offered the preparation of his evening sermon as an excuse for taking an early leave. Brady, it appeared, had some business to discuss with his host and had remained in the library.

"We've been having such a nice visit with your son . . ." Mrs. Marblestone beamed. "So sorry you must go. Evelyn and I were so interested. Such a pity your dear wife was not spared to share your labors."

Years of living with Henry had imbued Sarah Marblestone with something of his facility for ineptness.

"Thank you. If you are ready, Dale."

But the hostess was not ready to relinquish her final idea.

"It must be so lonely for just the two of you in that great house. I really don't see . . ."

For the first time since his arrival in Locust Hill, the minister volunteered information regarding his personal affairs.

"The present arrangement at the parsonage is temporary. Our housekeeper will be here shortly. And now I really must say good-night."

ASIDE from more or less routine duties, Constable Kerney, of Locust Hill, permitted himself one diversion. It was meeting the half dozen north and south-bound trains whose schedules called for a stop within the province of his authority.

Kerney's shrewd eyes ever were on the alert. Near-by cities furnished him with frequent "filers" describing wanted criminals—rogues' gallery liars, aliases and, not infrequently, a mention of tempting rewards. The constable acquired the knack of keeping these unfavorable portraits in the back of his mind. Locust Hill, with its quiet respectability, might easily appeal to some fugitive as a peaceful haven.

This uncompromising vigilance appeared to have met with possible results one afternoon. Number 406, from the north, slowed to a grinding halt on time. The last passenger to clamber down the steps of the smoker was a small man who clutched a shabby suitcase in one hand and a paper parcel in the other.

Kerney stiffened to attention.

An unprepossessing figure this stranger, looking about uncertainly from under the cap drawn low over his thin face. A livid

well ran from the outer corner of his left eye across the cheek and under the jaw. The ear, on the same side, seemed to have suffered damage all its own.

The scarred face brought no response from Kerney's mental collection, but he felt amply justified in accosting the new arrival.

"Lookin' for somebody, buddy?"

"Maybe."

"Where are you going?"

"For why? Is this a pinch?"

"That depends," was the grim reply. The constable was nettled. He edged a trifle closer. "I like to know who folks are that get off here. I get paid for it."

The eyes under the cap scanned Kerney coolly. There was a slight flicker of amusement in their gray depths.

"Yeah? Money must be more plentiful here than where I come from."

"That'll be enough of that."

"Okay, flatfoot. I was just startin' to pay a call on my boss."

"Who's he?"

"Doc Farwell."

"Farwell?" Kerney's jaw sagged.

"Yep. Know him, do you?"

"I know him, all right. But . . ."

"Then you might show me where he hangs out. Trail along, if it suits you."

"His church is up the next street . . ."

Got a high stool. Doctor Farwell's house is on the far side. By the graveyard."

"Sounds cheerful. Thanks."

"Wait just a minute. You mean you work for the reverend?"

"That's whatever." The little man grinned impudently. "I'm his hired girl. Well, so long . . . See you in church."

Kerney stood staring after the departing figure as if uncertain of the best course to pursue. When the latter vanished around the corner of the station, the constable followed. A moment later, he sighted his quarry walking briskly along Market Street in the direction of Old White. Kerney crossed to the other side and followed at a distance calculated to disarm suspicion. It wouldn't hurt to shadow this new arrival.

To his chagrin, he saw the man with the suitcase turn with a friendly wave of his paper parcel as he entered the parsonage yard.

"Black article," muttered the officer. Kerney continued his stroll, watching the next scene from the corner of his eye. He saw the door opened by Doctor Farwell. The man in the cap dropped his parcels and extended both hands with a shrill:

"Hey, Domine!"

There was no mistaking the smile of greeting on the minister's pale face, as his own hands went out to clasp the stranger's.

"Well, I vew!" Kerney ejaculated, as he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of his office. On the way, he encountered Miss Brown and halted her.

"Say, Miss Abbie, funny thing just happened. You're a member of Farwell's flock. Ever hear him say anything about havin' a hired girl workin' for him?"

"A girl?"

"That's what I said."

"Goodness, no! What are you talking about, Phil Kerney? Those two men couldn't keep a girl in that house. It wouldn't be . . . just exactly nice." Abbie's cheeks reddened slightly. "You don't mean she's from here in town?"

"Darned if I know what I mean. I was down to meet the train a while ago and there was one tough-looking guy got off. I was half a mind to run him in on general principles. Then he told me he was Doc Farwell's hired girl."

"For gracious sakes!"

"Yeah. I trailed him up to the parsonage . . . Without his knowin', of course."

And the doc let him in. Both of 'em seemed tickled to death to see each other."

"That is funny. I'm glad he was a man, anyway. Doctor Farwell and his son have been keeping house alone ever since they came here."

"They have, eh?"

"Everybody knows that. But I think the doctor does most of the work."

"Yeah?"

"Because I see Dale . . . that's his son . . . out almost every day with that Marblestone girl. In her car."

"I seen 'em myself a couple of days. The boy isn't lookin' much time. I guess he ain't so dumb at that. Evelyn's pretty easy to look at. I've come near pinchin' her a lot of times . . . Givin' her a ticket," Kerney explained hastily, reading sudden accusation in Abbie's eyes. "If she was anybody else, she would have got one. I'm only hopin' she doesn't kill herself or some of us."

"Tell me more about this man. Is he really so dreadful looking?"

"Well, he can't help his mug, I reckon. But I'm goin' to keep an eye on him just to satisfy myself. If you get any dope on him I'd be much obliged if you'd pass it along."

"I will! And thanks so much for telling me."

JONATHAN FARWELL, smiled across the parlor at his guest, who lolled easily in the largest of the upholstered chairs, puffing on a cigarette and grinning delightedly. The minister's smile held a warmth that no Locust Hill acquaintance had been privileged to see.

"Pink, it does seem good to see you again!"

"No foolin'? I'm not mad, either. I guess you've been makin' out. Some nice dump." The man called Pink looked about the parlor approvingly. "The old stuff looks pretty familiar."

Farwell emitted one of his rare laughs. He had relaxed strangely in this little man's presence, sitting low in his own chair with his long black legs outstretched and hands thrust in his trouser pockets.

"It will look much better, now that you are here, Pink. We have been camping out more or less, of course."

"You ought to know how."

"We have managed. I was beginning to wonder if Chicago had proved too much of an attraction. I received your card at least a week ago."

"Nah! I ran out in the State and spent a few days with the old lady. Couldn't be sure when I was comin' back again."

"Of course. How is your mother?"

"Swell."

The two men chatted for a time, Pink telling of his trip and asking pointed questions regarding Locust Hill and its people. "Thought I was goin' to see it from inside the house," he chuckled, sailing his cigarette butt into the fireplace with an accurate flip.

"What do you mean?" Farwell straightened slightly in his chair.

"Cop down at the depot . . . Took me for one of them public enemies, I guess."

"You told him, of course, that you were coming here?"

"Sure. But he trailed me all the same. Didn't you notice?"

"I didn't."

"Say, Domine . . . Ain't it about time my side-kick was showin' up?"

Pink strolled over to the front window and peered out along the street.

"I expected him before this . . ."

well drew a large open-face watch from his pocket and studied it thoughtfully. "I think Dale is trying his hand at golf this afternoon."

"What?" Pink faced about incredulously. "And you're standin' for that?"

"Why not?" Farwell smiled. "I believe he has earned a little relaxation."

"Umph! I got another name for it. Has he made up his mind yet what he's goin' to do?"

"He is going back to school. I do not know just how soon."

"The sooner the better," Pink grumbled. "Here he is now . . . Drivin' up with a dame. Classy, all right. Get a load of her, will you?"

Farwell stepped near enough the window to look over the smaller man's shoulder.

"She is the daughter of one of my members." His dark eyes contracted a trifle.

"Then you picked a good church . . . Here comes the kid."

Quick steps sounded in the hall. The parlor door was flung open and Dale stood framed in the entrance.

"Pink Mulgrew!"

"Hi there, kid. Let's have a look at you."

"Gee, but I'm glad to see you, Pink!" Dale had the little man by the shoulders, shaking him affectionately.

"Same here . . . but not in them trick pants. Bad enough to go in for a game without dressin' like that. You look pretty fit, otherwise. And you've been playin' with dames, I see. I should have got here sooner and started you trainin'."

"Dale," Farwell interposed the word almost sharply. "I imagine that Pink would like to go to his room. Will you show him the way?"

"Good idea," Mulgrew assented. "I'd better begin gettin' my hands on things. Let's go, kid."

The minister stood without moving after the pair left the parlor. His brows were drawn into a frown as he stared down at the rug. The expression on his face did not change until the silence was broken by a sound from the second floor. He raised his head to listen.

It was the staccato tattoo of a punching bag, vibrating under the attack of professional knucklers.

Within forty-eight hours, Locust Hill was mulling over a Farwell problem that dimmed its predecessors completely. This new and intriguing puzzle was the latest addition to the paragon household.

Who was this Pink Mulgrew? Or, for that matter, why?

It seemed inconceivable that Doctor Jonathan Farwell would willingly harbor so unsavory a person.

To quote Miss Abbie Brown, who was fortunate enough to catch an early glimpse of the stranger, he looked as though he were in the habit of getting up nights and murdering innocent families in their sleep. Those were the words she employed in her prompt recounting of the adventure to Constable Kerney. Her inmost thoughts, however, were concerned with Locust Hill females who slept unguarded. The man looked like a hardened criminal.

The fact that he had been seen conversing with Kerney gave rise to rumors that Mr. Mulgrew was a sometime gangster, employed by the pastor for purposes of reformation. Pink's minister appearance made the suggestion entirely feasible.

Simple deduction proved that the newcomer had taken charge of the paragon

kitchen. He did the marketing with a practised ease, dimming Dale Farwell's earlier reputation as a bargainer. Any attempt at casual conversation on the part of shopkeepers was discouraged with a stare in place of reply.

Moreover, the man Mulgrew officiated in the dining-room as a server of meals. This last knowledge was made public when the window shades of that hitherto unused room remained raised all an evening.

"PAGIN' Mister Farwell!"

Pink Mulgrew thrust his head into the living-room, a smaller apartment across the hall from the parlor which he had insisted putting into service soon after his arrival. Dale was there, stretched comfortably on the couch reading a magazine.

"Phone, Pink?"

"Yeah. The girl friend. Want me to dust off the clubs?"

"Never mind. I'll get it." He rose and made his way out to the telephone. "Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," returned a cheerful voice. "Do you know who's talkin'?"

"I'm not sure . . ." Dale chose to be cautious.

"It's Lee Brady."

"Oh! I . . . When did you get to town?"

"Long ago. I've been waiting for you to call."

"But how the dickens . . . I say! Are you going to be home this afternoon?"

"I think so."

"May I call? I want to see you."

"If you can spare the time," Dale thought he heard a suppressed laugh. "Please do," Lee went on hurriedly. "I want you to meet the nicest person in Locust Hill."

"I expect to," was the bold retort. "How about four o'clock?"

"That will be fine."

Dale was quickened by a thrill of anticipation as he strode on his way to that afternoon appointment.

His walk took him across one end of the public park where a broad path led among rolling little hills of green turf dotted with trees and shrubbery. Past a small boat lake where two swans enjoyed the sunlight, sailing through ripples of emerald and gold. Bright leaves dotting the water. A quiet street beyond.

The Brady home somehow looked the way Dale had hoped. It stood in the centre of a large lawn. A house of drab brick topped by a Mansard roof, its colored slates laid in patterns. A house to live in. At Christmas time there would be wreaths in the windows.

Lee came to the door. The same Lee of the brown eyes and ready smile. Of the bronze curls. And, this time, she wore no hat.

"I'm so glad to see you again," was her frank greeting.

"Maybe I'm not glad to see you!"

Then the "nicest person," welcoming the caller from her big chair beside the glowing fire. Dale's heart went out to Mrs. Brady at sight. A delicate woman with snowy hair framing a young face. Dark eyes like Lee's. Gentle voiced.

"I feel as though we were old friends, Mr. Farwell," she explained, as Dale held her slender fingers in his warm clasp. "Lenora and Mr. Brady have told me about you."

"We are," he assured her. "And just how long have you been in town?" he demanded of Lee, who had settled herself on the arm of her mother's chair.

"Two whole days. Our trip lasted longer

than we expected. We didn't know you were here until Daddy told us. I was sure you would be at school."

"I was. Stayed there long enough to make sure you weren't registered. Then I decided to look you up. You told me I could, you know."

"Lenora should have returned," Mrs. Brady interposed. "I don't know where she got the idea she must stay here to look after me. It's quite ridiculous." Her hand stole out and rested upon Lee's. "She's a stubborn child. Like her father. They both spoil me."

"Of course they do." Dale could understand that.

After a brief conversation, Mrs. Brady excused herself.

"I'm still a little tired after our trip," she told Dale. "And I must be ready to attend church Sunday. My family has been giving me glowing accounts about that father of yours. You will come to see us again very soon, won't you?"

"I hope you mean that."

"Isn't she adorable?" Lee asked, after Mrs. Brady left the room. She slipped down into the chair her mother had vacated.

"She certainly is," Dale said soberly as he helped himself to a seat on the other side of the fireplace where he could watch Lee's face. "I wonder if you know how lucky you are."

"Of course I do. Now tell me about things . . . Out in the great wide open spaces. And don't skip any details."

They talked about the university town. The installation of the new president there. Prospects of a winning football team.

"It all makes me wish I were going back," Lee sighed a trifle wistfully, gazing into the coals.

"It's too bad. But I don't blame you for wanting to stay here. You have plenty of time."

"When will you be leaving again?"

"I haven't made up my mind. You know, I don't have to go until after New Year's. I like it here . . . The place interests me a lot."

"I know." That quick little turn of the head Dale remembered. The brown eyes were twinkling.

"What do you know?"

"That Locust Hill is interesting . . . And small. I understand that you have been very busy."

"Not very. Puttering around . . . Getting in a little golf and things."

"Are you a good putter?"

"Terrible. But I didn't have any time for play last summer."

"Of course not."

"I've been studying, too. Exploring around here." Lee's provoking smile spurred Dale to an elaborate defence. "And I've wanted to help Father all I could . . . Getting the place settled. You know."

"Of course," Lee agreed soberly. "Being a minister's son must be quite a responsibility. What have you been studying? I didn't suppose we had much geology around here. That's your hobby, isn't it?"

"It's my job . . . or going to be. To tell you the truth, I've been getting a kick out of the past history here. I never lived in a place before where things like that happened. Always had a yen for Colonial history and you run into tablets here everywhere you turn. Do you know Thomas Brown?"

"You mean Miss Abbie's brother?"

"That's the chap . . . Looks like a musty

old parchment. But he sure knows his stuff. He's given me a lot of dope and I've been checking it up in the field."

"That must be fun. I've heard it kept Washington busy replacing divots the British dug up around here."

"So that's it. Well, I had to amuse myself in some way until you came home."

"And then I had to call you up. It's all right. I don't blame you a bit."

It was growing dusky in the room and the fire was low. But Dale knew the brown eyes were laughing at him.

"Go on," he encouraged. "What are you thinking about now?"

"I was wondering why you hadn't decided to be a minister like your father. You'll be spending all your time in the wilds, poking around with a little hammer, scaring all the birds away. Will you wear blue goggles?"

"Sure. And a sunhelmet."

"It seems such a waste of time."

They both laughed.

"It's my turn now," Dale warned. "What are you planning to make of yourself when you finish college?"

"Well," Lee reflected seriously, "there are two answers. Both of them are teaching school. I'm too dumb to have a career. What else?"

"Get married. Girls still do that."

"Do you encourage all your girl friends so nicely?"

"I'm predicting. You won't have a chance to teach long."

"That's the most comforting thing I've been told in a long time."

They still were chatting animatedly in the freelight when Cassius Brady found them upon his return from his office.

"Hello, young man," was his greeting. "Found your way over, did you?"

"Yes, sir. And almost forgot the way home. I didn't realise it was growing so late."

"That's all right. I know what it is to get in this young woman's clutches."

Brady rumped his daughter's curls affectionately.

EVELYN MARBLE-

STONE did not neglect her mother's suggestion of entertaining for the minister's son.

"It will be very informal," she explained to Dale over the telephone. "A few couples that want to meet you. . . . You may know some of them and the others are easy to get acquainted with. I thought we could dance. . . . Bridge table for the hopeless addicts. Something to eat later. I'm depending on you."

"I'll be there. Thanks."

Dale no sooner had hung up than he wondered if it would be possible for him to call for Lee the night of the party. There was no doubt about her being invited. He would find out before someone else beat him to it.

"I'm sorry, but I can't say yes," Lee told him readily, when he dropped in to call and proffer his request.

"You're going, of course?" He felt a sudden consternation.

Lee laughed reassuringly.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm one of the lucky ones. But Evelyn has arranged for my escort. It's a quaint custom we have here. Then the poor girl doesn't have to worry about getting to and from. Piny Morehead is the victim. He's had his notice by this time."

"Who's he?"

"Just Piny Morehead. One of the stand-bys. He's a nice boy. You'll like him."

"I don't like his name. And I shan't like him."

"Silly! Besides, you're the guest of honor. Your hostess will expect you to be her partner for the evening."

"Sounds as if we were going to play games. Well, I'm glad you're going to be there. I'll need someone to look after me."

"Be careful. Remember to whom you're saying that."

Dale wished afterwards that he had taken advantage of the occasion to inquire what this Piny person and the other males would wear.

Evelyn had called it an informal affair, but he didn't feel sure. He finally elected to wear a dinner jacket. Also, he would time his arrival to let the others get there ahead of him. Introductions would be simpler—no one could expect him to remember the names.

"I was beginning to worry about you," Evelyn told him, when she greeted him in the hall. "You've been very neglectful of me, too. But you do look nice," she added graciously, eyeing his slender figure and well-tailored clothes.

Dale cast a quick glance at the chattering group in the drawing-room and was relieved to see a sprinkling of black coats.

"So do you," he replied with a little bow. "Gorgeous."

"Come in and meet the crowd."

There was but one name that impressed itself on Dale's memory, Piny Morehead. A portly youth with thinning blonde hair and pale eyes. About what he expected.

"And here is an old friend of yours, Mr. Farwell."

Lee's brown eyes smiling up from the depths of a big chair. Lee in a little russet dress that matched her hair. Russet slippers. She looked sweet.

"Of course. How are you, Miss Brady?"

"Very well, Mr. Farwell. I'm delighted to meet you again."

Later, the rugs were rolled back and the broadcasting stations searched for dance music.

"I didn't know it," Dale remarked complacently, looking down at the top of Lee's shining head, "but I've been wanting to dance with you all my life."

"Go on. That's very pretty."

"Thanks. That's another thing I've been wanting to tell you. You look very sweet. It's your dress, I think. You make me think of an autumn leaf."

"In the 'ere and yellow' you mean. That's very candid but not comforting. Don't you know you should be dancing this with your hostess?"

"She's bridging. I don't play and I won't be a kibitzer."

"Then you should be paying more attention to some of these nice girls. Remember, I have to go on living here. This is the fourth time you've danced with me."

"It's only the fifth. And I still don't like Piny."

"Maybe I do."

"Then you'll have to disobey that impulse."

"We'll see."

It was not necessary for Lee to make good her threat. Evelyn found a substitute for her place in the bridge game and appropriated her guest of honor for the remainder of the evening.

"Stay for a little while and talk," she commanded when the others made ready to leave.

"It's rather late, isn't it?" Dale suggested when they were alone.

"Not too late for one cigarette with me, I hope. You're supposed to tell me that you've had a pleasant evening, you know."

"Of course I did. Marvellous, thank you," Dale said, politely.

Evelyn blew a thin thread of smoke from between her red lips. "Are you sure you mean me? Not Lee?"

"You."

"I didn't know. After all, you didn't seem able to tear yourself away from her . . . until I helped. She is sweet. But you needn't have made it quite so obvious, do you think?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's quite all right," Evelyn smiled sweetly. "And how about some golf tomorrow, if it's clear. We haven't been out to the Country Club for ages, you know. Or had you noticed?"

"I'm not sure that I can. Do you mind if I call you later. . . . Dale glanced at the distant hall clock. "To-day?"

"Never mind. Some other time will do. . . . After you get caught up with your work."

D

DALE extinguished his cigarette and rose to his feet. "I must be going," he said shortly.

When he reached the parsonage, Dale was surprised to see a soft glow of light through the drawn shades of the parlor. As he stepped on the porch, he caught the faint notes of the piano. He opened the door as noiselessly as possible and closed it behind him, paused in the darkness.

His father was playing.

The one lighted lamp brought out Farwell's rugged features in bold relief. His chin was sunk on his breast. The dark eyes were half-closed. From the keys came the stately solemn strains of Tschalkowsky's "Andante."

The listener in the hall caught his breath sharply. He moved on tiptoe towards the foot of the stairs.

"Dale!"

"Yes, father."

"Come in."

"I didn't want to disturb you. . . . Dale began somewhat uncomfortably. "It's been a long time since I heard you play. . . . that."

Farwell swung about on the piano bench and stared at his son. Shadows concealed the expression on his face. After a pause, he spoke. His voice was curiously flat.

"I needed it. Where have you been?"

"Miss Marblestone had a few people in to-night. She asked me over."

"I have not heard you say anything recently about going back to the university. Have you changed your plans?"

"Well . . . not exactly. To tell you the truth, father, I've been thinking about the finances. After the first of the year I'll be making my expenses there and a little more. Then I want to find a real job. In the meantime . . ."

"And in the meantime?"

"I can carry on a good deal of my work here by myself. I've been a rather steady drain on you the past few years. And what I have left of my own money will last me longer here. . . . Unless you're thinking of raising my board." He smiled a little at his suggestion.

"Finances need not enter into your decision," his father reminded gravely.

"You mean . . . you think I should go back?"

"You will have to settle the matter in your own way," Farwell rose to his feet. "It is late. Good night."

Locust Hill was enjoying a return of un-

expectedly warm weather after nights of light frost. Veritable Indian summer, with soft haze resting on the surrounding hills. Leaves, their brightest glory vanished, turned to warm shades of tan and brown. Rustling carpets spread over the still green lawns.

Mid-afternoon.

Pink Mulgrew, wearing his white jacket and with the inevitable cigarette drooping in the corner of his mouth, appeared on the back porch of the parsonage. The sunshine was comforting and he leaned lazily against a column enjoying its brilliancy to the full.

Suddenly his dark brows drew down in a puzzled fashion over a discovery in the near-by burial ground. It was Dale, his crimson jersey making a vivid splash of color against the background of dull stones. He was sitting in the grass, chin resting on his knees, apparently lost in contemplation of a small brown memorial.

Pink discarded his cigarette and strolled over to investigate, his slippers feet moving noiselessly on the turf.

"Hey! Can't you find any live ones?"

Dale's head came around with a jerk. "Hello, Pink. I didn't hear you."

"I noticed. Who's your friend there?" Mulgrew sat down cross-legged on the grass and nodded at the tombstone.

"One Robert Clarke," Dale informed musingly. "Read what it says on that."

Pink scrutinised the death's head and wings ornamenting the top of the weathered slab, then slowly and aloud spelled his way through the words still legible after a century and a half's exposure to the elements.

"Here lieth ye body of Robert Clarke, Slain by ye Hand of a Britifh Foe in Defence of hif Country, ye 23 Jen, 1781. In ye 15th Year of hif Age."

"They didn't spell so good in them days," was the reader's conclusion, when he had finished. "Or is it me?"

"Old English," Dale obliged, staring at the script through half-closed eyes. "You know, Pink, something gets me when I think of that kid. Fancy the little beggar."

Not nearly as old as I am. Killed fighting. He must have tagged along after the militiamen who drove the British back when they attempted to flank Washington.

"That's a long hike from here, ain't it?"

"I'm talking about George. His army was over to the west. This red-coat bunch came around from New York and landed just a few miles from here."

"Yeah?"

"I've been reading up on the campaign. It's interesting when you can go over the ground. The alarm was sounded as soon as the enemy showed up. The farmers and everybody came to town with any sort of weapons that were handy. And they drove the British regulars back!"

"You don't say. The Tommies must have improved their style a lot since then. I seen plenty of 'em in action on the other side. Of course they weren't up against a lot of farmers then. That might make some difference."

"I never realised before that the Revolution was fought by real people and not a lot of misty heroes," Dale went on thoughtfully. "I found part of a diary kept by a young English officer and he tells about this particular drive. He even names the regiments in line. Tells about their own scarlet coats and how the dragons had their brass helmets all polished for the occasion."

"No wonder the snipers took 'em," the practical Pink observed. "That was plain dumb."

"Apparently they didn't expect much trouble. Our men ambushed the advance from behind fences and buildings. The British losses were so heavy that a retreat was ordered. That's when they began burning buildings. . . . One whole town, even. The old church that stood on this lot went up in smoke and flame."

"Filthy trick," Mr. Mulgrew agreed. "But that's war for you."

"This sort of thing makes it seem real," Dale mused, nodding at the stone. "A fifteen-year-old kid. . . . Probably lugging an old flintlock as big as he was. Doesn't seem fair that he had to stop a bullet."

"Tough break, all right. But that's how it goes. I've seen almost as many dead soldiers as live ones. A lot of 'em looked surprised. . . . The ones that had anything left to look surprised with. But they was better off than a bunch of the cripples at that. Seem' you missed the excitement, you'd be better off bein' around with the live ones. When are you goin' back to school?"

"HIS Father been talking to you?" Dale countered with a frown.

"Nah. What put that in your head?"

"Something he said to me. He gave me a feeling that he thought I should."

"I think you got him wrong. He gets a big kick out of having you around. . . . Even if he don't show it a lot. Of course he might be worryin' for fear you'll get to playin' too much."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, skirts. . . . That sort of thing." Dale smiled slightly. "Still the woman hater, aren't you?"

"I won't go that far. It's just that I don't trust 'em. A skirt's goin' to fool you any time she gets the chance. That's been my luck. You've always showed pretty good sense up to now, yourself."

"You're balmy."

"Which is high-brow for nuts. I've heard that before, too."

"Girls aren't bothering me just now," was Dale's unabashed retort. "I have enough on my hands without . . ."

The sudden honking of a motor horn cut short his thesis. A small coupe had halted at the kerb. A slender arm beckoned. It was Lee Brady.

Dale scrambled to his feet and hurried away, unmindful of the "Oh, yeah?" sent after him by Pink.

"I thought that modest jersey looked like you," was Lee's greeting. "Why are you skulking in the tombs on such a gorgeous day? You'll have time enough for that later."

"Just visiting with a couple of pals," Dale explained. His eyes were approving Lee frankly. She wore a pull-on sweater of a soft tan color, a beret of a deeper shade holding the rebellious curls in place.

"I wouldn't want to tear you away," she suggested, "but I thought maybe you would like to ride. If you're not too busy . . . and if there is any of the country around here you haven't explored."

"Sure, I'd like to! Only . . ." He glanced down at his jersey. "I'm not dressed exactly."

"Of course you are. Look at me."

"I have been," Dale already was opening the car door. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"You say."

"All right. I'll fool you. I've been brushing up on my history so that I could talk intelligently to you when I had the chance. How would you like to cover the retreat of

the hostile British Nation. . . . Over to Staten, I mean."

"Great! Is it very far?"

"Not with me at the wheel. There's a small ferry over to the island that runs every so often."

"Show me everything. I hope you have your megaphone."

Dale entered wholeheartedly into the excursion. He told Lee about the diary he had discovered. Between them they located the ground covered by the invader's retreat, the stretch of the bay that must have borne the British flotilla.

"And will you look at the old houses scattered along here!" was Dale's delighted exclamation as they followed the road along Staten Island's northern rim. "They must have been standing at that time. If only they could tell us what they have seen. . . . What stories!"

"I suppose they could," Lee admitted. She waved her hand in the direction of a nearby soap factory. "I hope it smelled better on that famous day and year. What do you say if we push up to the top of this hill? Maybe we can get a sweeter view."

A few moments later she turned the car about on the summit of a small elevation and shut off the motor. For a little time she settled back in her corner of the seat watching her companion. He was staring dreamily at the scene below, apparently lost in his historical reflections.

"I am still here," Lee suggested hopefully.

"Oh . . . I'm sorry, Lady Lee."

"But I can't very well help it. And why that name?"

"I meant I was sorry if I seemed to be wooing gathering. And I think the name suits you."

"Do you know you're funny, Dale?"

"For instance."

"I don't know exactly. . . . You're just different."

"So are you. What's wrong with me mainly?"

"I've never known anyone just like you. Sometimes you act so learned and . . . almost dignified. At other times, you're as eager and excitable as a little boy. Like to-day . . . over the British. It's almost as if you'd forgotten to quite grow up. I don't think I can explain. It makes me wish I had known you when you were a small boy. Did you fight and get yourself dirty?"

"I'm not so sure what I was like," Dale was staring absently at the distant water. "But I know that everything would have been much different if we could have had . . . Elaine." The name was spoken so softly that Lee scarcely heard.

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother."

"Oh . . ." The girl made an impulsive gesture. "I didn't mean to. I'm sorry."

"It's all right. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. You have missed the best thing in life."

"I think that every time I see your mother," Dale remarked unexpectedly. "I like to watch the two of you together."

"Will you tell me something about your mother, Dale? . . . Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale . . . how very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too!"

"It came to me at once," she said simply.

"She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered sometimes that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine . . . instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. He taught me to read. And he used to read to me by the hour. . . . Even before I knew what some of the things were about. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights . . . chivalry. I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I even set up a . . . a sort of shrine in one corner of my room. It was a pecking-box covered with an old red curtain. There were two candles on it with Elaine's picture between them. And my 'Morte d'Arthur' and 'Joys of the King.' I insisted upon having those two books for my own . . . used to read them ravenously. I was only a kid, of course. It must sound pretty . . ."

"PLEASE no, Dale. It doesn't. I think that was a beautiful thing to do. I know your father did."

"He never mentioned it at all. But he must have known. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tin cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance . . . that sort of thing. I suppose I was a queer little shaver in my own world of make-believe."

"I thought it was something like that." Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well . . . your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf . . . too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. It's strange . . ."

"Would you rather not talk about it?"

"No. That's the strange thing, Lee. Dale had turned to her with very nearly a puzzled expression in his blue eyes. "I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. . . . never spoke of it to Pink, even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone whom I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing . . . He frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance. "I doubt if a boy ever grew up with more beautiful ideals of a mother he couldn't remember. Father did it all."

I'm not sure I can make this clear. But it must have been almost a passion with him . . . to be sure that I loved my mother. He wanted me to believe that she was beautiful and perfect. It wasn't difficult to make me understand that she was beautiful. I have two pictures of her, both taken when she was not much more than a girl. But the beauty of her character was built for me by father. It grew into something very near idolatry. Can you understand at all what I'm trying to express?"

"Yes."

"That's the way it was all the time I was growing up. I don't mind telling you I'm glad now. Unconsciously, I think, I tried to be what Elaine would have expected. In a way, it must have been a sort of religion. That's another queer thing . . . speaking of religion. I've always observed the outward forms, more or less. You would have thought father might have tried to force his own brand on me. He never did. Please don't get the idea that I've been morally perfect. I've slipped as often as the other fellow . . . But I'd rather like to have you know I've never done anything I'm particularly ashamed of. I can thank father for that . . . and plenty of other things."

"It must have meant a wonderful companionship for the two of you."

"You would think so, Lee. But it never did. Father's intense devotion to Elaine's memory and my . . . call it near worship, if you like . . . has been our one tie. But it's something we kept to ourselves. We've never seemed to be able to talk very much about it. That doesn't sound reasonable, I know."

"It is strange."

"I wouldn't want you to think that father ever was unkind. But he was strict and exacting. And just as generous about things he thought I needed or wanted. As a youngster, I was afraid of him . . . And yet, I wasn't. But there never was any display of affection between us. I didn't expect it. I guess he didn't either. That's why I know everything would have been different if we could have had Elaine." Dale regarded Lee a trifle anxiously. "Please don't get the idea that father and I are not friends. I respect him more than any man in the world. I'm so very proud of him. We just can't get very close. That's all."

"Of course you're proud of him. You should be. But I don't see . . . It was Lee's turn to be perplexed.

"You don't see what?"

"I'm thinking the same thing any woman would, I suppose. You weren't much more than a baby when your mother died, were you?"

"No."

"Well, don't you see? If your father loved your mother so dearly . . . how could he help giving that same love to you?"

"I'm sure that he did."

"And never show his affection? After all, you were her son. And his."

"I don't know the answer . . . never expect to. It's too late. Perhaps I shouldn't have tried to talk about it."

"I'm glad you did, Dale."

"Then I am."

"Had you noticed that it's growing dark?" Lee reached for the ignition switch. "We'll have to go."

"I hate to. But you're right."

Almost no words were spoken on the homeward trip. Dale sat wrapped in thought. Lee devoted herself to driving, making as much speed as the road and traffic permitted.

Later, when the car rested in the bows of the chugging little ferry, Dale called attention to the soaring arch of the Bayonne Bridge with its twinkling lamps spanning the purple murk.

"Looks like a rainbow going home late," he observed.

Lee smiled and made no reply.

Nothing more was said until the car neared the parsonage. "I'm going to let you out here," Lee explained. Then, when Dale alighted and turned to speak, she checked him.

"I know what you're going to say. Please let me thank you instead. Good-night."

"A . . . AND why so perceptive?"

Cash Brady demanded of Lee late that evening as the two of them sat alone by the living-room fire. He knocked the ash from his pipe. "You've been staring into the coals for the past fifteen minutes. Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no."

"A bit homesick for school?"

"Of course not."

"What have you been up to to-day?"

"Studying," Lee replied demurely. "Dale and I were doing a little historical research work over on Staten Island."

"So?" Brady raised his brows quizzically. "I had forgotten that history was one of your strong points. I have a vague recollection of your report cards being to the contrary."

"That was a long time ago."

"You and young Farwell seem to be getting along pretty well."

There was no answer.

"Nice chap," Brady observed reflectively. "I enjoy talking with him myself. I fancy he may go far, if he doesn't get foolish notions."

"What do you call foolish notions, Daddy?"

Lee drew the stool on which she was sitting close to the arm of her father's chair.

"Just now, he's very much alive and strikes me as being rather original. But it probably won't keep him from letting some woman tie him down before he has a chance to use his wings." Brady refilled his pipe, smiling to himself.

"I . . . M not so sure," Lee

replied with a little shake of her bronze head. She was staring into the fire once more. "I think Dale has his own ideas about girls."

"You don't mean ideas, by any chance?"

"Maybe."

"And they're too high for you modern women," Brady's fingers explored until they encountered a small ear and pinched it teasingly.

"I think so," was the unexpected admission.

"Rubbish! He'll only tumble the harder when the time comes. A hungry cradle snatcher can't resist his type. He'll be lucky if she isn't a good ten years older than he. You watch."

"Maybe."

"Speaking of elderly females . . . you must have a birthday coming before so very long. How much do you make it this time? Just between friends."

"Twenty. Pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Desolating. It still doesn't seem possible. Are we celebrating? Or do you wish us to ignore it politely?"

"Hasn't Momma told you? She insists that I must have a little dinner. Just a few of the old crowd. I'm all excited over it. It's been years and years since I've had a birthday party."

"Shall you have a cake and candies?"

"A cake."

"Well . . . If it's just for your childish cronies, I suppose we old folks must be content to look on."

"Daddy! Don't be ridiculous. If I

couldn't have you at my party . . . it wouldn't be a party. So."

JONATHAN FARWELL sat at his study table. Under his right hand lay a pile of loose sheets. His stub pen was traversing one after the other in relentless fashion, like a plough moving at high speed across white fields. Leaving wide-spaced ink furrows in its wake, scarcely decipherable to one unfamiliar with the peculiar chirography.

As each page was finished, it was thrust aside and the pen continued its drive. So were the clergyman's sermons drafted. To the final word.

There was a sudden pause as the worker lifted his head at the sound of a step on the stair.

"Is that you, Dale?"

"Yes, Father."

"Please come here." The pen hung suspended above the paper. Farwell looked up into his son's face. "I meant to tell you before, Dale, and it slipped my mind. We are having guests for dinner Thursday."

"You don't mean . . . Not to-morrow!"

"Yes. To-morrow. I hope you have no other engagements." The minister's eyes wandered back to his unfinished page.

"But I have! I'm . . . Who are your guests, Father?"

"Mr. Marblestone and his family are dining here with us." A slight emphasis on the last word.

"Oh!"

"I wished to pay that one obligation while I was sure you would be in town." The pen crossed out an undesired word.

"That does put me in a jam!" Dale exclaimed in frank dismay. "It's rather late to . . ."

"Yes," his father agreed. "Quite too late to recall our invitation. Your place, of course, is at our table. Please be good enough to arrange it that way."

Farwell was writing again. The incident appeared to be closed.

Dale turned on his heel without a word and sought his own room. With the door closed behind him, he stood staring out the window in helpless wrath.

Thursday. Lee's birthday. He had been counting the days almost. And now . . .

Lee had been as excited as a little kid when she told him about the party.

"It's going to be ever so informal, Dale. Just some of the crowd I grew up with. And you."

"It's mighty nice of you to include me," had been his grateful reply. "Please don't tell me that I'm supposed to bring anyone besides myself."

"Bring anyone?" Lee was puzzled.

"Sure. I'm thinking of that 'quaint custom' you told me about."

"Oh. I had intended to ask you to call around for little Nellie Adams. She would be so thrilled to have you."

"What's the matter with giving the break to Phyll? I'd rather be the stag at bay. Then no one can rag me about neglecting my hostess."

"So that's it. Well, perhaps in that case . . . May I depend on you then?"

"For everything and anything. Wild horses couldn't keep me away. You know, something tells me it's going to be the nicest party I ever went to."

"Nonsense! You're getting your expectations raised too high."

"Aren't you going to have ice cream?"

"Maybe."

"And you're going to be there. So it will be the nicest."

"I wonder . . ." Lee had dashed him a

little smile and left that sentence unfinished.

How could he tell her at almost the last minute he wasn't coming to the wonderful party? Hanged if he would! It wasn't fair.

Dale turned with a clenched fist and scowled at the punching bag hanging near by. That would help. . . . Too childish. And noisy.

Instead, he stalked downstairs and into the kitchen where his spirits were not lightened at the sight of Pink polishing the best silver.

"Hi, kid."

"Look here. What's all this about company for dinner to-morrow night?"

"You mean that . . . Quarry outfit?"

"Marblestones."

"I never can remember that moniker. They're comin'. That's all I know. . . . Except the dominie told me to try and dish up somethin' special swell."

Pink held a spoon to the light and squinted at the polished silver surface critically. "Don't tell me you wasn't in on it."

"I wasn't," Dale admitted grimly. "Father just broke the news."

"Dear, dear." Mr. Mulgrew's eyes widened in cynical pity. "And here I was, supposin' you had staged the fracas for the girl friend. Sort have had the idea that blonde was goin' to announce your engagement or somethin'."

"Forget it!" Dale snapped. "It's no joke. I've accepted an invitation to the Bradys' for dinner to-morrow night. It's Lee's birthday."

Pink emitted a low whistle.

"Say! That does sort of put you on a spot. Well . . . It's what you get for two-timing. I'm sorry. No kidding. The dominie's lookin' for you to be here, I take it."

"He just told me so. But I can't . . . now," Dale answered.

"Wait a minute, kid. You can't go and let him down like that. It's the first party he's thrown here. Don't walk out on him. That Brady gal seems like a nice little sport. Go tell her what you're up against. She'll see it your way."

"I haven't the nerve, Pink. I swear I haven't. . . . It means a lot to me."

"Shucks. Call her on the phone then. She can't hit you and you can't see the dirty looks. Want me to do it?"

"No, thanks."

Dale strolled into the lower hall and paused irresolutely near the telephone. Pink was right, he concluded moodily.

Reluctantly he dialed the Brady number. A familiar voice answered.

"Say, Lee . . . I'm up against it." He blurted it out with no preamble. "Father just now told me he is entertaining company for dinner to-morrow night. He expects me to be on hand, of course, and . . ."

"I'm sorry."

"And how do you think I feel? I can't see passing up your invitation. I've been counting too much on it. You see . . ."

"But you must, Dale. If you father needs you."

"That's sweet of you. I wanted to tell you . . ."

"I understand. It's quite all right," Lee said it very quietly.

"It isn't!" Dale exclaimed miserably. "I may be a little late, but . . ."

"I understand," Lee repeated. "Will you excuse me now? Mother called me just before the phone rang. Good-bye." She hung up.

Dale slowly replaced the receiver as he heard the click at the other end of the line.

It was settled now. He said one word under his breath.

Pink Mulgrew outdid himself to make that first formal dinner at the parsonage something special swell.

"I'm safe in puttin' on an extra knife for you, ain't I?" he inquired of Dale, after summoning that morose young gentleman to the dining-room when the table was being laid for the occasion.

"Yes."

"I thought you'd fix it. The girl friend much cut up?"

"She doesn't care."

"I got an idea." Pink went on affably. "These swells wouldn't mind showin' me up if I give 'em a chance. Most likely they're set for ham and cabbage." He stepped back to study the effect of a bowl of chrysanthemums against the snowy damask. "Roast beef 'n' Yorkshire may strike 'em as plebeum. But they'll get it and like it. You got any ideas on the subject?"

"That's good enough," was the ungracious retort.

The major domo chuckled as he lifted a handful of silver from the buffet drawer. "We're plum outa parlo-green. Tough."

"Who's going to sit where?" Dale demanded.

"Dominie at the top and you at the bottom. But you won't have any pourin' to attend to. I'm doin' the dirt' work."

"Where are the others?"

"Well . . ." Pink aligned the first of the silver with mathematical precision. "How about parkin' the blonde in the place of honor, so to speak. The old folks just across . . . so they can make signs. I wish there was one more of 'em . . . or less. This don't balance so good."

BBETTER put Mr. Marblestone next to father. They'll do most of the talking."

"I'm one ahead of you, kid. You're feelin' better. Slip me some dope, will you?"

"What about?"

"You said you ate at the Quarry's shack once. Big party?"

"Only one other guest."

"Who waited on table?"

"A maid passed the things."

"I hoped you'd say that. I learned to deal 'em off the arm a long time ago. But when I was in. Chi last time I went and bought me a book on how to buttle. Given the whole works. I've been wanting to try it out. Run along now and let me worry with this set-up."

The authority on "buttling" had failed to endorse the house-lacket for occasions purely formal, but Mr. Mulgrew believed his favorite garment would pass muster.

The coat was starched to such a degree that it creaked pleasantly when its wearer received the Marblestones at the front door and relieved them of their wraps.

Pink's dignified mien left nothing to be desired, albeit he narrowly repressed a whistle of admiration when he assisted the younger woman out of her long coat and found himself staring at a generous display of white spinal column.

Like the butler, Evelyn had given thought to dressing for the occasion.

She wore a trailing gown of black velvet unrelieved by any touch of color, an effect that set off her golden hair and fair skin to pleasing advantage. Her sole ornament was a diamond bracelet encircling her left wrist.

Sarah Marblestone rustled in ebony silk and jet, as though a Sunday service were in prospect. Even Henry had entered into the spirit of formality and had donned a tail coat after his day in the bank. He was

shaved to the pink by his barber and still redolent of toilet water.

His first move, when he led his family into the parlor, was to make for the fireplace where a wood blaze crackled cheerily. He spread his feet well apart, thrust his hands under the skirt of his coat and beamed upon his host.

"This is what I call real comfort, Doctor! Radiators may be all right, but I like to soak heat into my back. Always did."

Mrs. Marblestone left off inventorying the parlor furnishings long enough to predict:

"You're going to burn your coat, Henry. I think I smell . . ."

The alarm was unfinished and unheeded. Evelyn dropped into a chair and engaged Doctor Farwell in a direct conversation that gave him want opportunity to devote attention to her parents. Dale's entrance and quiet greeting to the guests furnished the first diversion.

"I was beginning to be afraid you weren't here," Evelyn suggested to him, under cover of the general talk. "I didn't like to ask."

"Of course I was here. It took me longer to dress than I expected. . . . Wanted to look my best." He mustered a smile as he said it.

"That sounds like a girl's excuse."

Pink sided the situation by appearing at the moment to announce in a sepulchral voice:

"Dinner is served, Doctor Farwell."

Despite his own low spirits, Dale found himself suddenly sharing the butler's anxiety that everything be accomplished in due form and hastened to post himself behind Mrs. Marblestone's chair. She rewarded him with a startled expression on her round face, as though she sensed the danger of some boyish prank.

Doctor Farwell said grace to Marblestone's very evident relief. In the intense silence that followed, Pink commenced serving the bouillon. All the guests seemed to fall under the spell of the butler, as if uncertain what to make of the novelty. Evelyn was the first to recover.

"Your table is lovely, Doctor," she said to her host. "Those flowers are gorgeous."

Someone here has wonderful taste. Don't you think so, mother?" Evelyn was regarding Dale with a smile as she asked the question. Mrs. Marblestone was preoccupied with a study of the silver that flanked her place impressively. She offered no comment.

The first course succeeded in loosening the banker's tongue. He gradually dominated the talk, interrupting himself occasionally to dwell upon the excellence of the food before him. The Yorkshire pudding had its particular appeal.

"I don't remember ever eating anything just like that, Doctor," he insisted happily over a second portion. "Do you mean to tell me that your man cooked this dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are in luck. If you ever want to dispense with him, I wish you'd give me the first chance."

"Thank you," Farwell smiled slightly. "I should hate to think Dale and I were in any danger of losing him."

"Where did you pick him up?" The guest lowered his voice a trifle, as the swinging-door closed on Pink's white back.

"It makes me creep to look at him. He's dreadful," was Mrs. Marblestone's offering. "I don't see how you . . ." She shook her head helplessly.

"Mulgrew was injured serving overseas," the minister interjected. "He has been with me almost from the time he recovered."

"That reminds me," Marblestone looked curiously at his host. "Someone was telling me the other day that you were in the army yourself. Funny I hadn't heard it before. Is that correct?"

"I was . . . for a time. Mrs. Marblestone, may I help you to something?"

"Why, how perfectly fascinating!" Evelyn exclaimed. "I wish you would tell us about your experiences. I've read how brave the chaplains were. . . . Ministering to the wounded and everything. It must have been beautiful."

"I am afraid I did not appreciate the beauty of what I saw," Farwell admitted gravely. "Will you be good enough to ring, Dale?"

The dinner proved a distinct ordeal to that young man. He tried dutifully to converse with the two women on either hand, but without particular success. In spite of his resolves, he found his thoughts straying continually to that other table where he should have been a guest at the moment. Lee's eager little face and laughing dark eyes haunted him. She had said it was all right. But was it? Would it be? He must see her as soon as possible. . . . Try to make her understand this wasn't his fault. Try to make her understand how much he cared. He would tell her. . . . I beg your pardon."

EVELYN was saying something under cover of her father's loud talk.

"I was so glad, Dale, your father's invitation came just when it did."

"Where you?"

"Yes. Lee called me up within an hour and asked me to come to dinner to-night. I believe she said something about it being her birthday. Brave, isn't she?"

"Very."

When the group adjourned to the parlor, Marblestone created a momentary diversion by remarking from his place in front of the fire:

"Here's your chance to make good, Evelyn. If you want to help with the dishes, try and make a hit with that doughboy. He's worth cultivating."

"Henry!"

The banker shrugged good-naturedly at his wife's scandalized reproach. Mrs. Marblestone threw the word at him over a plump shoulder as she disappeared into the front hall. She returned almost at once with a large knitting-bag in her hand.

"Now you folks talk and I'll listen," she announced cheerily from her chair beside one of the floor lamps. "One of my chaps is doing things for the orphanage." She held up a small sweater in the making. "It keeps me busy, but I tell them."

Dale just then observed the banker fumbling through his pockets in an evident search for a match and went to his assistance. He also helped himself to a chair near Marblestone and attempted to draw him into conversation, leaving his father for the moment in Evelyn's hands.

Young men were somewhat without the province of Locust Hill's leading business man, save as subordinates, but he exhibited a measure of toleration in the case of the minister's son. Had he finished his schooling? What did he plan to do with his education? Geology proved to be something of a closed book to the banker. Did it pay?

"Great opportunities you young chaps have to-day. Very different when I was a boy. Twenty-two, you say? Well, when I was your age . . ."

Dale was recalled from his dutiful attention by the sound of his name.

Evelyn was posed effectively beside the piano, one white hand and arm reflected in the polished surface of the wood. Her white teeth showed in a mischievous smile.

"Oh, Dale!"

"Yes?" He looked at her a trifle apprehensively.

"Do you play?"

"No, indeed."

"Then your father's the musician . . . isn't he?"

Dale hesitated. This situation fitted exactly into the intolerable evening. He had done his best to conceal any display of resentment, but he was aware of the displeasure that would be roused if he answered in the affirmative.

"Doesn't he play?" Evelyn insisted.

"Why . . . sometimes." It was out now.

Evelyn turned in triumph to her host. "There now, Doctor! I was sure. Please play for me."

"I am a very indifferent performer, Miss Marblestone," Farwell's voice was low. "I should much prefer listening to you. Allow me . . ." He raised the lid from the keys as he spoke, drew the bench into position.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of it! Mamma will tell you I haven't touched our piano in ages."

"You had enough lessons, I'm sure," was Mamma's unexpected retort.

"And I've forgotten how to play. Please, Doctor."

Without another word, Farwell seated himself at the instrument and ran a few contemplative chords. Then he commenced a selection, a classical theme whose notes filled the room under the firm touch of the long white fingers.

Evelyn leaned nearer. Her elbows rested on the piano, chin supported in her cupped hands. Her eyes did not move from the musician's face during the entire rendition. At its conclusion, Farwell's hands dropped from the keys to his lap. He raised his own eyes to those of his immediate audience.

"It was wonderful . . ." she breathed.

"I adore Liszt."

"Thank you. Won't you play for us now?" The minister rose from the bench. "I wouldn't dare! Not after hearing anything as divine as that."

"I am sorry."

Farwell turned resolutely to his other guests. Dale and the banker sat silent in their corner, the former uncomfortably erasing his father's eye for the moment.

"That was very nice. I always like to hear a man play," Mrs. Marblestone achieved her second complete statement of the evening.

After his unwilling performance, Farwell definitely made the conversation in the parlor general and Dale seconded the effort. The younger man's eyes strayed furtively to the mantel clock as the time passed. He wondered how long the Marblestones were going to stay. He wasn't sure if he dared go to the Bradys', but it was the one thing he wanted now. There must be some explanation Lee would accept. If she were angry or hurt . . . he might as well find out.

It was almost eleven when Marblestone peered from the front window and announced that the car was waiting.

Dale's only conversation with Evelyn came when he assisted her into her coat.

"Was it such a hardship?" she inquired in a voice too low for the others to hear.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Nothing, really . . . I wasn't quite sure you were here this evening." Evelyn stood with her back to him, fingering the fastenings of her coat.

"But of course I was! So glad you could come."

"I wonder . . ."

Why did she have to choose those words? Before Dale could formulate any plan of action, following the departure of the Marblestones, his father called him into the parlor. Farwell stood beside the piano, one hand resting on its case.

"Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, father."

"Hereafter . . . if you can avoid it . . . please do not make it necessary for me to use the piano. I should not have to remind you of my reasons, I think."

"Yes, sir."

Before there was an opportunity for further words, Pink thrust his head into the room.

"Coast clear?" he inquired, speaking around his cigarette.

"They have gone."

"Everything okay, Domine?"

"Splendid, Pink. Thank you very much. Good night, Dale."

Mulgrew departed for the kitchen and Dale waited where he was until he heard his father moving about overhead. Then he walked into the hall, slipped into his overcoat and let himself out the front door. For a moment, he considered taking out the car. But the noise would be sure to result in questioning later. He would walk to the Bradys'.

His mind was filled with misgivings as he neared his destination. A fool's errand, like as not. If he could have a few words with Lee alone . . . What would her guests think if he came barging in at this late hour? Perhaps they would have gone. No. . . . His pace slackened.

The house still was brightly lighted on the lower floor.

Dale approached uncertainly. There was but one car parked in the street. He scanned it closely as he passed. He walked on rapidly. There was a familiar look about that machine.

Pliny getting the break

"GEE, darling! I wasn't sure you'd be up yet . . . But I did want to see you for a minute."

"Of course I'm up," Lee laughed, as she ushered Evelyn Marblestone into the Bradys' living-room. "It's almost noon. You'd better get out of that leather coat. It's rather warm here."

"Well, just for a second. I'm driving with the top down this morning. I hate side-curtains on the car, even when it's cold. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

"You don't know how sorry I was not to be able to come to your dinner last night. I know I missed a lovely time."

"I was sorry, too."

"You see, I was invited out for dinner with father and mother. If it had been just my own date, I would have broken it. But I couldn't very well."

"Why, of course not."

"And I must tell you where we went." Evelyn paused and commenced a search through her bag. "I don't suppose you have such a thing as a cigarette? I must have left my case on the dressing table when I came out."

"Daddy may have some. He usually has them for guests," Lee left her chair and hunted obligingly through her father's smoking cabinet. "I suppose a pipe wouldn't do," she laughed. "There are at least a dozen here. And a box of cigars."

"Never mind, dear. I'm on my way to town and I'll get some. But I must tell you about last night. We dined at Doctor Farwell's. Imagine!"

"Really?"

"Nothing different. You know I was al-

most devoured with curiosity. . . . To see what it would be like. You must have seen that weird creature that runs the house for Dale and his father."

"Mr. Mulgrew? I've met him. He is funny. . . . And nice."

"Maybe. He isn't so easy to look at, though. But I will hand it to him when it comes to serving a dinner. And my dear! I wish you could see the linen and silver. The table was simply beautiful!"

"Was it?"

"You'd be surprised. Of course Doctor Farwell has a good salary and has no rent to pay. . . . But you know what I mean. After all . . . two men living by themselves. You wouldn't expect things to be that nice without a woman in the house. The dinner was delicious. I mean it. And that dreadful looking little man cooked it. Everything!"

"It must have been interesting."

"I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. And we had another surprise. Doctor Farwell played the piano for us after dinner. He's nothing less than an artist. You would have loved it."

"I should like to hear him," Lee assented dutifully.

"Well, I'm afraid you haven't much chance. He doesn't like to play for his friends. But I leaved him into it, after Dale let the cat out of the bag. I could see that the Doctor didn't like it at all. He tried not to show it. . . . But you know those eyes of his. Dale's so funny, isn't he?"

"I'm not sure I've noticed."

"I mean about his father. When you get Dale by himself he loosens up and talks. But when his father's around, he's altogether different. He acts almost as if he were afraid. I don't blame him much. Doctor Farwell is perfectly adorable. But there is something sort of grand and gloomy about him. It makes you wonder. Queer he never married again. Don't you think?"

"I never thought much about it."

"Oh, well . . . Dale's all right, anyway. He can't help his father. Did you know he was going away very soon?"

"You mean Dale?"

"Yes. He was telling Father something of the sort after dinner. Said he had decided to go back to school and do some work. Those two got to be regular cronies last night. It's funny. Father never takes much of an interest in boys. But he was raving about Dale all the way home. He thinks it's a pity he isn't going into a business where he can make money. Thinks he has so much personality and all that sort of thing. I wouldn't wonder if he'd do something for Dale, if he'd only stay here in Locust Hill."

"That would be nice."

"I don't blame him much for wanting to get away from here. But I will miss him. Dale promised me he would take up contract if I would give him some lessons. And I must go!"

"Don't hurry away."

"Sorry. I've heaps of things to do. I'm just beginning to think of Christmas shopping. . . . Always let it go to the last minute. But I did want to run in for a minute and tell you how dreadfully sorry I was over your little party. How is your mother feeling?"

"Quite well."

"So glad. Give her my love. And do run over soon." Evelyn was getting into her coat. "It's been ages since we had a good visit. Call me up and we'll have a whole afternoon of gossip. 'Bye."

PINK MULGREW unwittingly contributed to his culinary fame by neglecting to lower the shades of the dining-room windows while serving dinner for the "Quarry outfit." Abbie Brown chanced to see the unusual illumination in passing the parsonage. She paused.

Dale Farwell was plainly visible at his end of the table. On his right sat a woman who looked amazingly like Sarah Marblestone. Abbie took a quick glance up and down the dark street. There was no one in sight. A stealthy excursion across the lawn and a safe retreat.

It was Sarah Marblestone. And Henry. And Evelyn. Well!

Miss Brown still was revolving the unusual event in her mind early the next afternoon when an errand took her past Old White.

Less than a block from the parsonage, she saw Doctor Farwell stride out from the house to his car. Dale was at the wheel. They were going somewhere, then. Abbie slackened her pace and waited until the machine started away from the kerb, gathering speed as it moved along Market Street. She lifted her small chin in a determined fashion and walked swiftly and unhesitatingly up to the Farwell front door. Pink, jacket unbuttoned in his haste, answered the bell.

"Good afternoon," Miss Brown smiled sweetly.

"I just dropped in as I was going by to ask you about my pan."

"What ails it?" Mulgrew was startled into inquiring, before he realised the attractive little visitor might not be employing his own familiar vernacular. "Beg pardon," he amended hastily. And waited.

"I'm Miss Brown," that lady offered primly, equally desirous of getting off to a fresh start. "Sorry to bother you . . . But I brought a pan of doughnuts over to Doctor Farwell quite some time ago. That was before you came. Of course I left the pan. I was wondering if I might have it back . . . If it isn't too much trouble. It's about so big."

Abbie's gloved hands described an indefinite arc.

"That's a hard one, Miss," Pink answered. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know it. Lotsa junk must have come with this house. You see, there's nobody home except me."

"Never mind, then. It just happened that my mother . . . we live alone since my brother married . . . she wanted to use the pan for something. But some other time will do exactly as well. I wouldn't embarrass Doctor Farwell for the world. . . . But as long as I was going by, I thought he wouldn't mind if I stopped and picked it up. I do hope you won't say anything to him about it." Her distress was so evident that Pink's gallantry was stirred.

"Not a bad lookin' little Jane at all," he decided mentally. Then aloud: "Chances are it's kleikin' around here. How about if I go look?"

"Oh, please don't go to any trouble. I'm sure you must be too busy to bother with a silly tin pan. I know what it is to care for a house, cook meals and . . ."

"Say!" The inspiration that Abbie had endeavored so valiantly to transmit registered at last. "Would you care to ankle back to the kitchen and see if you can pick it out?"

"Why, if you're sure it won't be too much bother . . ."

"Forget it," was Mr. Mulgrew's comforting retort. "Come along with me." This invitation was unnecessary. The visitor already was hastening on her way.

"How familiar it looks," she sighed hap-

ply. "I was almost one of the family when dear Doctor Bailey and his wife lived here. They came to Locust Hill before I was born."

"That wasn't so many years, either," Pink remarked handsomely, bringing up the rear. But the effort was wasted.

The first woman of the congregation to reach this coveted goal, Abbie helped herself to a chair at the end of the kitchen table and commenced a swift and happy inspection. She still was engrossed with her discoveries when the housekeeper emerged, all too soon, from his pantry.

"I got an idea it's one of these," He exhibited two pans for consideration.

"Yes. That's ours. The larger one. It's so kind of you to take all this trouble."

"Don't mention it, Miss," Pink placed the pan at Abbie's elbow when she made no move to take it from him.

"You know, I never . . . Would you mind telling me what your real name is?"

"Pinkney Mulgrew. My friends call me Pink. Handy."

"I've been wondering ever since I heard it. So unusual. I was just going to say, Mr. Pink, that this is the very first time in my life I was in a man's kitchen. You know what I mean?"

"Does it look different?"

"That's what I can't get over. It's really beautiful. You have everything so clean and orderly. I hear you're a wonderful cook."

"Yeah? Guess somebody's been tryin' to rib you."

"Rib me?" Miss Abbie looked at him apprehensively.

"Sure. . . . Kidding you. You know. Nevertheless, Mr. Mulgrew was gratified and showed it."

"But I have!" Abbie nodded vigorously. "It's so nice for Doctor Farwell and Dale to have someone as capable as you are. I know they must appreciate it. After all, Mr. Pink, it's rather difficult for a . . . for a man who's lost his wife. I feel so sorry for poor Doctor Farwell. A home is so important for a minister."

"He seems to be gettin' along."

"Of course! With you to manage things. I suppose you know Mr. Farwell."

"Never saw her." Pink's tone suggested that another topic would be rather more in order.

"Well, as I was saying . . . It would be a trying position for a woman housekeeper, no matter how capable she was. Unless she was a relative or something. Even then, there are people who are always ready to make remarks. You know what I mean. I'm sure."

"That wouldn't be such a hot set-up."

"It was so funny!" Abbie laughed merrily. "The day you came to town, somebody told me that Doctor Farwell had a new girl. It was a joke on me."

"Sure. I get it."

"And it must be nice for you here, too. We're all so fond of Doctor Farwell. . . . Even in the short while he's been here. He's simply wonderful. But you know that. You've been with him a long time. I hear. And Dale is nice, too. . . . So talented."

Miss Brown had struck the right approach. "Dale? You've said a mouthful, Miss. I done my best to make something of that kid. He'll be a champ some day, if he behaves himself."

"I'm sure he will."

Pink helped himself to a seat on the table and swung his slipped feet back and forth sociably. He was on the point of offering this Brown person one of the cigarettes, until he remembered that she was one of the dominie's crowd. Friendly little dame.

"And Doctor Farwell is so forceful. . . . Always fighting evil!"

"You ain't seen nothin'. If you'd ever have seen him when he was scoutin' for the Heinties!"

"Do you mean he was in the war? Why, I never heard that! But . . . I didn't suppose chaplains ever had to fight like that."

"Where'd you get that sky-pint stuff? The dominie was in the ranks with the rest of us rifflin'. That's how I come to meet him in the first place."

"Oh, I wish you'd tell me!"

"We was buddies out there. That's all." A faraway look crept into the grey eyes. Pink's feet hung motionless. "We joined up in the same outfit. Maybe we didn't get in the thick of it, too! It was a queer thing about the dominie. . . . he continued musingly, almost as if he had forgotten there was an auditor, drifting in every word. "Nothin' ever seemed to touch him and yet he was always goin' where things was the worst. Sometimes I used to think he was tryin' to . . ."

"See what?" Abbie leaned forward breathlessly.

"How good his luck was, mebbe. I don't know. But I can tell you one thing. You see that?" Pink's fingers caressed his scarred cheek.

"I must have been a dreadful wound," the little woman remarked with a shudder. "What a blessing you weren't killed outright!"

"Touch and go, you might say. Shell fragment done that. And that wasn't all. I could show you where . . . I mean, there was a couple machine-gun bullets did me some special dirt. We was raidin' a nest when that happened. I'd have had a swell chance to be the Unknown Soldier, if it hadn't been for the dominie. Know what he does?"

"Oh, what? I know it was splendid!"

"Was for me. He heaved me across his shoulder as he was comin' back and dumped me at the dressin' station. It was while he was a-luggin' me that shell spoiled my nap. Never could understand why it didn't rub him out. Guess his name wasn't on it."

"How brave!" Abbie clasped her hands tightly.

"Just a part of the day's work for him." Pink forgot his usual caution in the warmth of his listener's undisguised admiration. "Yes, he kept me from bein' planted under one of them nice little white crosses, and I ain't never forgot it. I was laid up in the hospital until after the Armistice. But the dominie never lost track of me. The fact my pan was busted never seemed to worry him."

"Of course not."

"But," Mulgrew conceded moodily, "it spoiled me for my own profession. Nothin' but."

"What was that, Mr. Pink?"

"You probably don't follow the sportin' pages so close or you'd remember readin' my name. I'm Kid Pink. I was. I mean."

"You're not telling me . . ."

"Sure!" Mulgrew fairly beamed. "I knew it would come back to you after a minute. That's me. Lightweight division, you remember. I was goin' strong for first place when they kicked up that row on the other side. Readin' about it in the papers every day was too much. There was a scrap I had to get into. What a sucker. . . . What a sucker."

"What did you do?"

"Just told you. Joined up like a sap. . . . Couldn't wait to be mustered. I'd been a short-order jockey . . . cook. . . . That was

before I took up the gloves serious. After I was on my pins and wonderin' what next, the dominie makes me a proposition. I was to come and throw in with him. Help around the house by aingin' hash and helpin' to take care of the kid."

"Dale?"

"Sure. He was gettin' to the age then when he was gettin' into everything. The dominie wanted to have the kid with him."

"Guess it sort of made up for not havin' the wife. Anyways, he did. Things hadn't been workin' out so good. . . . Had one of them women keepers you was speakin' about. I'd brung up about six brothers and sisters and Dale didn't give me no trouble. I had gloves on him by the time he was five. . . . Used to sit down on the floor and swap punches with him. Kep' his mind off his fairy tales."

"How nice that was."

"You tellin' me? I'd have dug ditches for the dominie with my fingernails, if he'd asked me to. Would yet, for that matter. You see, I always wanted to pay him back for what he done for me. Maybe I've had the chance in a way."

"Of course you have!" Abbie Brown exclaimed. "I've never heard of such devotion. I think it's wonderful!"

"I wish you hadn't have heard it now." Pink remarked a trifle ungraciously. "When I get to soundin' off about the dominie, I sorta lose my head. I don't often spill things like that. . . . Guess it was because you was so nice and sympathetic. It got me loosened up."

"I'm glad you told me, Mr. Pink."

There was not the note of satisfaction in Abbie Brown's voice that might have been expected. Instead, there was a gentleness in her voice and a softness in her sharp little eyes that suggested tears.

"You were a brave man, too," she said impetuously.

"Ratal! The dominie never talks war stuff. He'd be sore as a pup if he thought I'd been shootin' the works like I done."

"He would be like that."

There was rare understanding in those few words, but they brought only dismay to Pinkney Mulgrew. What had possessed him to blab all that tripe? And to a skirt of all things! He saved himself from his perch and faced the cause of his downfall with belligerency in his own voice and eyes.

"That was pure dumb of me. Forget I said anything about the dominie and . . . the missus. He don't talk about her."

"I understand. And I'll always understand him better. After this."

"No you won't. Nobody understands that guy, Women, least of all. As long as we've gone this far, we might as well put the cards down. I can tell you've got good sense. But if there's any dames in this burg that think the dominie's . . . You get me. On the block. Well, you can tell 'em for me they're all wet."

Miss Abbie bridled perceptibly. She rose hastily from her chair. "Thank you for tellin' me everything. I had no idea it was so late. I only intended to stay a minute. No. . . . Wait! I'll slip right out the back door if you don't mind. It's nearer."

Pink looked after her with gloomy eyes.

"Beatin' it to the neighbors to spill. Can you tie that?"

The last remark was caused by a glance at the kitchen table. The empty doughnut pan still reposed where he had placed it at its owner's disposal.

Circumstances entered into an unholy conspiracy to keep him from having that talk with Lee Brady, was Dale's grim conclusion. He had planned to see her the

afternoon following the party. Then came a request to drive his father over to Newark. Doctor Farwell was scheduled to address a meeting in that city. If it were not too late when he finished, he wished to go into New York. He would appreciate it if Dale would bring the car back to Locust Hill, since he disliked driving in Manhattan.

When Dale reached home it was late afternoon. He decided to defer his call until evening and to make it without telephoning in advance. If Lee were hurt, or angry even, it would be too easy for her to plead a previous engagement. He must see her.

Pink Mulgrew likewise was engrossed with plans for an after-dinner excursion. The incident of the doughnut pan had left him a prey to vague forebodings. There was the chance that Brown dame might come back for her property. If she encountered the dominie or Dale, it was more than likely she would make some "crack" about that kitchen visit. Maybe she was sore . . . He had been a little rough. Sort of a cute Jane, at that. It wouldn't hurt to kid her along a little.

Accordingly, Pink chose four of the likeliest "Browns" in the telephone directory and copied the street numbers on a bit of paper. He planned to begin the quest as quickly as the dinner dishes could be washed and the kitchen put in its usual scrupulous order.

Even then he had a narrow escape, for Dale appeared just as Mr. Mulgrew and the pan were achieving a stealthy exit from the back door.

"Where are you going, Pink?"

"Milkin'." The door closed with a hasty bang.

THE first "Brown" (doorbell) summoned an aged man who proved hard of hearing and eyed the pan with deep distrust. Apparently he labored under the delusion that a contribution of some sort was desired. After a noisy attempt to clarify the situation, Pink turned away in disgust.

"Took me for a pan-handler," he grunted. The unpremeditated gulp cheered him immensely for the moment. Too bad he couldn't spring it on the kid when he went home.

At his next stop, fortune favored him. The door was opened by none other than Miss Abbie herself.

"Here's your pan," the grateful messenger announced and thrust it at her.

"Why, thank you! Did you ever hear of anything so stupid? Calling at your house just to get that pan and then walking right off without it!"

"You did say somethin' about bein' in a rush for it," Pink reminded drily. He was prepared to mollify Miss Brown, but there seemed to be no necessity.

"It was so nice of you to come all the way over here with it. You must come in and sit down a few minutes. You're tired, I know."

"No thanks. Not to-night."

"But my mother would so like to meet you. I've been telling her how we . . ."

"Not a chance . . . I mean I'm in a hurry." Pink explained. So that was it. Been telling her old lady. And who else? "Fine time I'd have giggle that one off," he told himself, as he beat a hasty retreat into the darkness.

In the meantime, Dale had made his way to the Bradys' where Hattie, the elderly domestic, received him and took his hat and coat. In answer to his first question,

she assured him that Lee was at home. Mrs. Brady, however, was the only occupant of the living-room when he entered.

"Oh . . . It's Dale. How are you? Lee is upstairs, but she will be here presently. Please sit down."

"Fine." Dale helped himself to a chair. "I suppose I should have asked Lee if it was convenient for me to call," he began abruptly. "But I was away all afternoon and I did want to tell her how disappointed I was about last night. Father had invited guests for dinner and I didn't know it. I guess Lee told you . . ." he hazarded.

Mrs. Brady sensed the anxiety in his voice.

"That was quite all right," she suggested kindly. "Lee was disappointed that you were unable to come . . . All of us were. The children . . ." She smiled slightly . . . "seemed to have a very good time."

"I know they did," Dale admitted ruefully. "I was counting on it."

Before he had time to pursue the subject further, Lee appeared from the hall. The caller's heart sank when he saw that she was wearing her coat.

"Hello," was her cheerful greeting. "I wondered who Mommie's boy friend was. How are you?"

"All right. I shouldn't have come over unannounced . . . Were you going out?"

"Only to the corner to post a letter." Lee removed her coat and tossed it into a chair. "There's no hurry."

"If you'll trust me with it, I'll drop it in the post office."

"I'm taking a chance but . . . All right. If you're sure it won't be too much bother."

"Of course not. I won't forget, either." Dale took the letter and thrust it into his pocket. "I was just telling your mother how sorry I was about last night. It was rather late when our company left and I didn't like to barge in."

"Oh, well . . ." Lee's voice was disappointingly indifferent. "Maybe I'll have better luck next time. No I won't." She laughed. "I'm all through having birthdays. I forgot."

Mrs. Brady relieved the situation by adroitly changing the topic of conversation. She wondered if Dale had read the new novel she was enjoying at the moment. So many new books appearing every month. One scarcely knew what to select. Then the talk drifted to other matters, until Dale wondered if he might be the victim of a gentle conspiracy. Perhaps Lee had talked with her mother, asked not to be left alone with him. Mr. Brady, it appeared, was spending the evening at the office. No diversion then from that quarter.

It was impossible to tell from Lee's manner whether or not she held any resentment against him. She chatted freely and frankly as Dale's spirits drooped. He was almost on the point of making his adieu, when Mrs. Brady excused herself and retired from the room. When he was satisfied that she was out of hearing, Dale drew a long breath and plunged into his sea of doubt.

"Lee," he blurted, "I wanted to tell you about last night . . . Who our guests were."

"I know," she answered quietly.

"You do?"

"Evelyn was here to-day," Lee replied. "She mentioned it."

"Oh . . . I see." The admission left him floundering. "I would rather have told you myself."

"I'm not sure I wouldn't have preferred

it that way. But it's quite all right. Evelyn had telephoned her regrets, too. So it left everything balanced."

"Well, you see, I didn't like to mention it over the phone. I guess I was rather upset anyway. I know I was. Father told me point blank that he expected me to be on hand to help him entertain. He doesn't very often do that . . . It sounds queer, I know. But it's rather difficult to oppose him."

"Please don't say any more about it, Dale. I told you it was all right."

"But it isn't," he insisted miserably. "I feel like a rotter. And all last evening . . ."

"Now don't try to make me think you didn't have a good time," Lee laughed. "That would be too much. I thought perhaps you dropped in to-night to tell me good-bye."

"Tell you good-bye? What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid I'm gossiping. I heard you were going away sooner than you had planned."

WHO says so? I'm leaving after the holidays . . . That's been settled a long time. It wouldn't have hurt me to be back there now doing some brushing up. But I don't know where anybody got the idea I was on my way."

"Then I don't either."

"Mr. Marblestone sort of got to quizzing me last night. I might have given him the impression I was ready to put on my hat and start. I know I felt like it."

"Just what are you going to do at the U. Dale?"

"It's a joke. I'm trying my hand at . . . Well, it won't be teaching. Just keeping a section of beginners busy. Ben Lingham is taking a leave the second semester and Payne thought I could hold down some of his work. There isn't much in it, but I jumped at the chance to be associated that much more with the chief."

"Doctor Payne is head of the department, isn't he?"

"I'll say he is! Don't you know him to see him?"

"I'm not sure."

"Funny-looking chap. Fat and bald, with a little pointed beard. He's one of the foremost consultants in the country to-day. There are a lot of mining men, up North mostly, who swear by him. I'm going to cultivate him all I can in hopes he might land a berth for me with one of his clients this spring. A recommendation from him ought to go a long way."

"That sounds interesting. Then you won't be coming back here."

There was a little note in the last that Dale was quick to detect. A determined look came into his blue eyes.

"Lee," he told her steadily, "I should have gone away sooner. I didn't. And there's just one reason. I'll always be coming back . . . If you're here. Or unless you tell me I can't."

"What difference does that make?" Lee attempted to ask it lightly. Her eyes fell under Dale's steady gaze.

"All the difference there is, Lady Lee."

"Do you remember, Dale, that I told you one day that you were funny? You are. And I think we'd better talk about something else."

"Yes, I do remember," he said slowly.

"Everything that happened that day. I always will. And I'd better be going home."

"You won't forget my letter, will you?" Lee asked politely.

"I won't forget," Dale rose to his feet.

hesitated uncertainly. "Lee, there's something I want to ask you first."

"Yes?" She met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Is . . . is everything all right now?"

"It's all right."

"Sure?"

"Yes," Lee smiled up at him brightly. "Everything's just right."

THE fast approaching holidays brought little of pleasurable anticipation to Dale Farwell. Each time he thought of Christmas, he was conscious of a distinct depression. A feeling of dejection that he could not shake off.

It meant leaving Locust Hill. Leaving home. . . . Leaving Lee.

For the first time, his departure from his father's roof carried a realization of permanency. Dale's forthcoming work at the university must be a stepping stone only. High time he was making a niche for himself, putting his education to the test.

Days were filled with a restless activity. Odds and ends of sorting and packing, discarding. There were certain belongings that might be needed later. Any geological work would be rather sure to result in a call to the North or West. It could easily mean the long postponement of a visit to Locust Hill. Not too long, Dale assured himself stoutly. In the meantime, he must devote as many hours as possible to his father and to Pink. He owed them that.

Hence, young Mr. Farwell became something of a recluse those last few weeks, pleading his preparations as a reason for declining invitations. There was one exception. He went to Lee's home as frequently as he could contrive an excuse. There lay the cause of his deepening unrest.

Lee had been as good as her word, as far as their outward relations were concerned. But Dale was miserably conscious that something of the old comradeship was gone. He could not define it with any degree of satisfaction. There was a vague barrier there. Lee was holding him away from her, gently but none the less firmly. No good to tell himself that it was all just as well.

It wasn't.

One evening's call at the Bradys' had been made particularly unpleasant by the untimely appearance of Piny Morshead. A decent enough chap probably. Not his fault if he were a trifle vacuous. But he had a persistent way of directing the conversation into channels filled with references to people and occasions foreign to Dale's experience and which left the latter in the role of politely attentive listener. A "zap," as he expressed it to himself.

Two invitations from Evelyn for afternoon drives were declined for lack of time. Then came a plaintive demand for an evening "by ourselves" and no adequate excuse. It was one call that would have to be made. Dale reminded himself, that three strange and uninteresting visitors timed their arrival with his own and the bridge table was at once set up.

For some three hours Dale served as an uninspired pupil, with Evelyn perched on the arm of his chair to initiate him into the mysteries of contract. A Mrs. Wilcox, who was linked with the dual play, was distinctly bored and showed it. Dale sympathized with her warmly, despite the fact Evelyn leaned heavily upon his right shoulder and her fragrant blonde hair brushed his cheek.

Aside from the usual home remembrances, Dale's Christmas shopping concerned itself only with a gift for Lee. There was a prob-

lem. His ideas of what might constitute an appropriate present for a young woman were vague enough. In Lee's case it must be something she could keep, if she would. And it must be something, well, not only suitable, but . . . different.

Perturbed prowls through department stores, a search that took him as far as New York, left him rather dismayed as the vast miscellany contrived for feminine use.

"I hope you don't mind my acting as my own delivery boy," he explained evasively to Lee when he was fortunate enough to find her alone on the afternoon of the day before Christmas. "I had these flowers for your mother and I wanted to be sure they got there shipshape, you know."

"Dale . . . How lovely!" Lee exclaimed, as she carefully opened the box and brought to view a mass of pink roses. "How did you know that she loves flowers better than anything else in the world?"

"I didn't," he smiled happily. "I just couldn't think of anything else good enough for her. She's been so nice to me."

"You've no idea how she will appreciate it. I wish she and Daddy were here now to thank you. They're out playing Santa Claus, too. You must excuse me a minute while I take care of them."

"I had the very dickens of a time finding a little something for you," Dale remarked, when Lee returned to the living-room. He held out a small flat parcel as he spoke. "Save it for to-morrow."

"Indeed I won't!" Lee's brown eyes were shining. "I never could wait until Christmas morning to look at my presents. Please. . . ." Her eager fingers were already working with the ribbon that bound the tissue-wrapped package. "I'm wondering who did it up for you."

"Nobody had a hand in that but me."

"I don't believe it. . . . Oh, Dale!"

Lee was gazing in breathless delight at a small painting held in her two hands.

"Like it?"

"It's adorable. . . . I'm afraid I don't know how to tell you. It's so beautiful," she added softly.

Dale gave a relieved sigh.

"Then I'm glad. I had just about given it up. Then, I was browsing around over in the city and happened in a funny little restaurant down in the village. Some artist had a number of pictures on display there and I saw one . . . that one. As soon as I looked at it I knew it was . . . you. Do you know what it made me think of?"

"Of course," Lee answered quickly. "Our trip to Staten. It's that same soft haze over the water. The same coloring . . . and that old house."

"I hoped you would think of that. It was the nicest day I have ever known."

"It couldn't have been that. Dale. . . . Oh, I hadn't noticed that, pretty card. I was so excited." She picked it up and read its greeting. A Merry Christmas to Lady Lee. "Dale. . . . You don't forget things. Do you?"

"No."

"I wish I knew how to thank you."

"Can't you think of a nice way?" was Dale's bold retort.

By way of answer, Lee laid the picture carefully on the table, crossed swiftly to Dale's chair, leaned down and touched his cheek lightly with her lips.

"There. . . . You're thanked."

"Feel!"

"I'm sorry now that I entrusted my little gift to Uncle Sam."

"I am, too," Dale smiled meaningly. His pulse was still hammering.

"I didn't mean that!" Lee's cheeks flushed suddenly. "But I do love my picture."

"I can't help you hang it, can I?"

"Indeed not! After it is displayed properly to my admiring friends, it is going on the wall in my room."

"And that's that," Dale thrust his hands in his pockets for safekeeping.

He was still under the spell of that first little kiss when he reached the passage and found Pink in the kitchen staring moodily at a dressed turkey that reposed on the table.

"That's the fourth one of them things sent here to-day by the dominie's flock," the cook explained disgustedly. "You'll be lucky if you don't sprout pin-feathers, come New Year's. The ice-box is crammed with turks. Come on out on the porch a minute. I want to show you somethin'."

The something proved to be a small Christmas tree concealed at the end of the refrigerator.

"It sort of had me bothered," Pink offered in some perplexity. "You know the dominie always insisted on your havin' a tree, same as he always draws the line against goin' out anywhere on Christmas. Of course you're pretty old for such dofonnies now . . . but I figured you mightn't be here another time and maybe he'd sort of expect it. What do you think?"

"Mighty thoughtful of you, Pink. I'll help you fix it, if you like."

"I don't think the dominie's lamped it yet. He'll be out this evenin' for a walk. Then we'll go to it."

Dale's share in the task proved a simple one; it was to sit in an armchair while Pink, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, busied himself with placing the ornaments and lights on the tree. As he worked, the little man took occasion to turn the conversation to Doctor Farwell.

"The dominie looks pretty good these days, don't you think?"

"Fine. Why?"

I DUNHO Look here, kid. I don't think it would hurt none to tell you he's been glad to have you stick in so close to the house lately. Goin' places with him and everything."

"Do you think so?"

"Know it," Pink inspected his labors with his head cocked critically to one side. "You don't get him as good as I do. He's no hand to talk his feelin's, but I can tell. He always acts like a cat in a strange attic after you go away. He thinks you're makin' a swell job of yourself. Pretty tough if you ever was to let him down."

"I'll try not to."

"Better hadn't, if you don't want to get unseared all over the lot. That's whatever."

"You and who else, Pink?" Dale laughed to ease the sudden emotion he felt.

"Myself and me, kid. You're still pretty good on your feet. But you don't cover like you should. I'll put the mitts on with you if you like, when I get done."

When the tree was decorated it made a brave showing, its base heaped about with sundry parcels and packages. Jonathan Farwell gave a brief tribute to its beauty when he entered the parlor later, but Dale caught a sudden light in his father's dark eyes that made him understand that Pink had been right.

Late that night the three men opened their gifts.

Dale's remembrance from Lee was a small sashet bearing his initials in gold letters. The memory of their ride to the island prompted the selection. Dale felt a glow of satisfaction which he endeavored to conceal from the others. Lee had not forgotten, either.

Rather to his surprise, there was a second and bulkier parcel bearing the greeting card of Cassius Brady. The contents proved to be a dog-eared book, but a note within the leaves done in the lawyer's crabbed handwriting furnished an explanation.

"My Dear Dale,—

"When I was about your age, this old companion was one of my favorites. It seems to be out of print now, so I'm asking you to accept this disreputable copy with my best wishes. I hope you'll like O'Malley. You remind me of him after a fashion.—Faithfully, C.B."

Before he extinguished his light in the small hours of Christmas morning, Dale had taken the Irish Dragoon into his heart. It was good of Mr. Brady. And Lee... Lee.

A FEW days after Christmas, as Dale stood at one of the windows in the Locust Hill Trust Company depositing a modest cheque that had been a gift from his father, he was conscious of a touch on the arm. A man in the bank's uniform was at his elbow.

"Excuse me, Mr. Farwell."

"Yes?"

"Will you please step into Mr. Marblestone's office? This way."

In some surprise, Dale followed the messenger to a private office at the far end of the ornate lobby. His surprise deepened when he saw Evelyn smiling from a chair near her father's desk. Marblestone greeted his caller with a genial salute.

"Hello, Dale. Draw up a chair. I've been intending to ask you in for a chat. . . . Evelyn happened to see you when you came in. Are you in a hurry?"

"No, sir."

"I won't keep you long." The banker cleared his throat impressively. "We'll get down to business. When are you leaving?"

"I think about as soon as I can get ready after New Year's."

"You're taking over some sort of a school job for the spring months, I believe you told me."

"Yes, sir."

"Um-m. You know, Dale, I've been thinking about you since we had that visit at your house. That profession of yours may be very interesting and all that. But you won't ever make much money at it, will you?"

Dale smiled. "I dare say I'll never be rich."

"That's what I thought. You're making a mistake, the way I look at it. This is strictly between the two of us." Marblestone stepped over to the door and closed it, remarking smilingly as he resumed his seat. "Evelyn doesn't count."

Dale watched the banker curiously. What was he trying to get at, anyway?

"I've taken quite a liking to you," Marblestone observed candidly. "The same as I have to your father. You're like him, I think. Got some go in you. Most of the young fellows I meet these days are . . . lounge lizards. Isn't that what you call them?" He turned to Evelyn for confirmation.

"That's the right name," she assured him demurely.

"Anyway, you're different," Marblestone continued. "And I've got a good opening here for you. . . . No, wait!" He gestured with his cigar as Dale started to speak.

"Let me tell you about it. I've often wished Evelyn was a boy, or that I had a son. But it's too late to do anything about that. What I mean is, I'd like to have somebody I could depend on around here. I'm beginning to need someone like that more

and more. . . . Mixed up in more things every year. You can understand. Whoever I take on will have a chance to get somewhere and to make some real money. See?"

"That's awfully good of you, sir. But . . ."

"I know. I know. You're thinking that you've invested a lot of time and money in a profession and that you can't throw it away. You won't be. Scientific training never hurt a business man. . . . Not these days. It's a good foundation. I'll bet you've learned to look into things closely, study them. You'd do the same thing to business propositions. After you had a little training here in the bank, I'll wager you'd be a hard fellow to put anything over on."

"It never has occurred to me to change my line of work," Dale admitted uncomfortably, conscious that Evelyn was watching him intently.

"Of course it hasn't. I wouldn't be interested in you if I thought you were shilly-shallying around at your age. And I'm not asking for any decision now. You go to your job and give it all you've got. Then come back in the spring and see me. That will give me time to figure things out for both of us. Locust Hill isn't such a bad place."

"Of course it isn't."

"And while you're making up your mind to say yes, don't forget this. In two years here you'll be making more than you will after ten of fustling with rocks. Take my word for it. You'll be somebody."

"That sounds very alluring," Dale managed. "I appreciate it, I'm sure." He rose to his feet.

"That's all right, my boy. Just you keep it under your hat and I'll be looking for you to report on the job about June. If I don't see you again before you leave. . . . Good luck."

Evelyn made ready to leave also.

"Good-bye, Father. My silence in this plot is going to cost both of you plenty." Then to Dale. "I'm going your way. Can't I give you a lift?"

"Why, thanks?"

As the two left the private office, they almost collided with Cash Brady. The lawyer lifted his hat to Evelyn and bestowed a good-natured smile on her companion in passing. Dale was conscious of a wish that he had not met Lee's father under the particular circumstances.

"Daler!" Evelyn exclaimed, when the big roadster was in motion. "You don't know how thrilled I am over the idea of your coming back here to stay."

"That hasn't been settled yet," he reminded her.

"It's as good as settled," was her laughing retort. "Father has made up his mind. He's been talking a lot about it. It's the first time he ever wanted to do anything like that. . . . You should feel quite elated."

"I do," Dale remarked soberly.

"I can tell you what he has in mind," Evelyn went on eagerly. "He wants you to have about a year in the bank, working in the various departments. . . . Then he'll take you over as a sort of assistant and let you in on all the business. You'll have nice hours and a good salary and meet all the right people, you know. I think it's wonderful for you. I'll like it, too."

"It does sound wonderful. So wonderful that I hate to turn it down."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"It's decent of your father to give me time to think it over. But I know what the answer has to be. I can't do it."

"Surely you're joking, Dale."

Evelyn swung the roadster to a skilful

halt at the kerb in front of the parsonage. She shut off the motor and sat eyeing her passenger reproachfully.

"No," Dale observed thoughtfully, "I don't think I'm joking. I've put in four hard years preparing for my own job. I haven't got one, but I will. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see? Didn't father just tell you that made no difference? He thinks your studying will help you."

"It isn't that. I like my work. I feel sure that I can make good in it and I don't know the first thing about banking." He smiled for the first time. "The only thing about banking that appeals to me is cashing cheques."

"That takes money. . . . as a rule."

"I know. And I'll probably never have much. But whatever I make will be out in the open country doing the thing I like."

"Frankly, I don't think I could stand being cooped up in an office and wearing a stiff collar all the time."

"That's silly. Father is one of the best golf players in the Country Club."

"That's just another big start he has on me, then. There's another thing, Evelyn. It's probably just a foolish notion, but I can't get away from it. I want to make my own start in life. . . . First, that's why I know I'm going to decline your father's offer. I don't want to be carried. If you know what I mean."

"I don't know." There was a pleading note in Evelyn's voice. "I've been so happy . . . thinking what it would mean to you. I never dreamed you would turn down such a chance."

"I'm sorry."

"Couldn't you try it, if . . . if I asked you to?"

"That wouldn't be fair to your father. He asked me to think it over and I will. But I know now what the answer will have to be. I'll tell him so shortly." Dale opened the door and stepped out of the car. "I won't ask you to be the bearer of ill tidings," he added jokingly.

"I'm not interested in the least," Evelyn declared coldly as she started her motor. "If you want to throw away the chance of a lifetime, nobody's going to stop you."

"Sorry. If I don't see you before I leave . . ."

Dale called.

But Evelyn was gone.

BY the way," Cassius Brady informed his family casually, as the three of them formed an after-dinner circle about the living-room fire, "I heard a bit of news to-day. He glanced over the top of his paper at his daughter. Lee did not raise her eyes from the bit of fancy work that was engaging her attention, but Mrs. Brady lowered her book to ask:

"And what was that, Cash?"

"That our friend Dale is going to settle down in Locust Hill and become one of the leading citizens."

"Put down your paper and tell us what you are talking about."

Brady obliged cheerfully and commenced refilling his pipe.

"Henry Marblestone was telling me this morning when I was in his office. Said he was taking Dale into the bank to learn the ropes. After that, he proposes to make some sort of a confidential man of him. It sounds like a good thing for the boy."

Mrs. Brady stole a troubled glance at Lee. "Had you heard about it, dear?" she inquired gently.

"No, Mother." The brown eyes were watching the needle.

"Maybe it's a big secret," Brady observed. "Henry didn't say so, though. He had just been talking to Dale. As I went into the

office, Dale was coming out. Evelyn was with him."

"There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Brady spoke."

"Does that mean Dale will not go back to school?"

"Not as I understand it. According to Henry, he's going to finish his work and come back here in the spring."

"I think I am rather sorry to hear that," Mrs. Brady said the words slowly, her dark eyes fixed on the room Dale had brought and that still graced the room with their fading beauty.

"So am I," Brady admitted with a frown. "I wanted to see the boy go on with his own work. Always had an idea he might make some sort of reputation for himself. I suppose he knows what he's about." A slight twinkle showed behind the lawyer's spectacles. "I say, Lee."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Didn't I make a bet with you once about Dale? Or did I?"

"I can't remember."

"Yes you do. I said he would go a long way if he didn't get foolish notions. Now you see."

"That wasn't what you said at all," Lee observed in a flat little voice. "You said a cradle-snatcher would get him. I don't think that is exactly fair to Mr. Marblestone. It should be very nice for Dale."

"I'm not so sure it changes my hypothesis," was her father's cryptic retort.

"Cah!" Mrs. Brady gave her husband a warning glance.

"Yes, my dear."

"Are you still planning to go down to Trenton to-morrow?"

"I surely am. And planning to take you with me if the weather's clear. I wrote Hudson that you would be spending a part of the day with them."

"Mother . . ." Lee left her chair and spread her work on Mrs. Brady's knees. "I wish you'd tell me what color I should use next. I have these two shades of red."

"KID! Snap out of that!" Dale's head stirred restlessly on his pillow. A troublesome dream held him. Pink coming to his side, shaking him roughly and telling him he was late for school.

"Wake up, can't you!"

The voice persisted. The clutch on his shoulder tightened. Dale's eyes blinked protestingly. Why was the light burning?

"Kid! Kid!"

It was Pink. A heavy bathrobe thrown over his green pyjamas, hair standing grotesquely on end. Calling in a shrill, indistinct whisper, Dale jerked himself into a sitting position.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"Pipe down. You'll wake the domine."

Get down to the phone."

"Somebody wants me?" Dale's feet hit the floor. "Who is it?"

"That Brady gal. Says . . ." But Pink's listener was gone.

Dale groped his way through the lower hall to the telephone, located it, and jerked the receiver to his ear. "Yes?" he called guardedly.

"This is Lee."

"What's wrong?"

"Dale . . . I need you. Can you come over right away?"

"Sure. Want me to get word to anybody first?"

"No, no. Hurry! And bring your car. We'll need it."

"On my way." He turned to find Pink at his side, the little man's figure outlined

dimly in the rays of a lamp he had lighted in the parlor as he passed.

"What's up? Tryin' to get pneumonia?" the newcomer demanded.

"I don't know. Lee wants me. Wouldn't wonder if her mother has been taken ill again. What time is it?"

Pink went to consult the parlor clock.

"A little after two," he reported. "You'd better let me trail along. You don't know what you may be runnin' into."

"No, thanks. I'll throw on some clothes and beat it. Tell father where I am, if he asks. I'll call up if I'm detained."

Within five minutes Dale was backing the car from the garage. He had waited but long enough to don his shoes and trousers, supplementing his costume with his father's heavy ulster as he hurried from the house.

As he leaped up the steps of the Brady porch the front door swung open. Lee, her face white and drawn with anxiety, stared at him pitifully. She seemed unable to speak.

"What's the trouble?" Dale demanded in a low voice. "Is it your mother?"

"Yes . . . I don't know. She and Daddy went away this morning . . ." Lee broke off with a nervous sob.

"Take it easy," Dale's hand caught her slim shoulder in a comforting clasp. "Try to tell me about it. Where did they go?"

"To Trenton. . . Oh, Dale! Take me there as quick as you can!" Lee freed herself to drag her coat from the hall tree with shaking hands. "Something has happened," she managed. "The police . . . they found our car. It was empty!"

"All right," Dale soothed. "That doesn't mean anything serious . . . necessarily. Here. Let me help you. We'll start."

"Oh, you will take me!"

"Why, of course," Dale sensed the urgency of the situation without waiting for further explanation. Nor did Lee trust herself to speak until the Farwell sedan was slipping swiftly through the empty streets.

"It's so good of you, Dale."

"See here, Lady Lee. Try to tell me everything . . . right from the beginning. That will help us both. You want to push right along to Trenton?"

Dale kept his eyes on the illuminated path ahead of the car.

"Please. I'm all right now. I can think . . . with you here. You see, Daddy left on a business trip and he thought the ride would be good for mother. She was to spend the day with some friends and they were going to drive home before dinner."

"That's all right. It's possible . . ."

"No, no. Wait until I tell you what happened. I sat and . . ."

"Hold on. Why don't we call up these friends and . . ."

"I did. Before I telephoned you. Nobody answered."

"Go ahead then. I won't interrupt. Tell me everything."

"Well, I didn't worry at first. I decided that the Hudsons had made mother and daddy stay for dinner. I was reading and it was midnight before I realised they hadn't come home. Hattie was away for the night and I was alone. Then . . . I guess I got rather frantic. That's when I tried to call the Hudsons. I knew that daddy would telephone . . . if he could. It was after one-thirty when the phone rang. It was Phil Kerney."

"Who's he?"

"The constable!"

"Easy now. What did he have to say?"

"He wanted to know if daddy was home. Then he asked if I knew where he was. The

police at Trenton were trying to locate him. You see . . ."

"They found your car somewhere and checked up on the tags," Dale suggested quietly. "Go on."

"It was near Penn's Neck. Empty."

"Stolen. That explains it. What's Kerney doing now?"

"I don't know. It takes him so long to tell anything. I was afraid to hang up for fear he would come to the house and we couldn't get away. But, Dale! If the car was stolen, why didn't daddy call me?"

"Don't get that myself. Did the car look as though it had been in an accident?"

"Phil didn't say and I forgot to ask. But something did happen!"

"Then the best thing we can do is to talk with the Trenton cops and get the details. It may all be cleared up by this time."

"Dale . . . There's something else I must tell you. You'll know then what I'm afraid of. I can trust you. Of course you know about the White case?"

"More or less."

"The trial comes up next month. Daddy's been working night and day on it. That's why he went away . . . Something to do with some new evidence. He was very anxious that no one know about his trip to-day . . . or yesterday it is now. He told me that the reporters were trailing him all the time. He laughed about that. But I'm worried for fear there might have been some other reason . . . Can you understand?"

"I can guess," Dale returned grimly.

"The police know it now. But we can say that he went to Trenton on business."

"That's always safe. You don't know anything, anyway."

"I knew I could tell you. Now you'll understand there is only one reason why Daddy didn't call me. He . . . he couldn't!"

"We don't know that," Dale said consolingly. "It's a comparatively short drive. I should imagine there's plenty of traffic along here early at night. Nothing serious could have happened to him. You'll see."

Lee moved a little closer and slipped her hand under Dale's arm.

"I'm still afraid. But you do . . . help."

She sighed wearily.

"Suppose you tell me when we get near that 'Neck' place you mentioned. We'll keep an eye out for your car." Dale's foot pressed down on the accelerator.

After that, they rode the miles in silence.

"Dad's car has been taken away. I watched both sides of the road," Lee observed, when a glow of light against the low-hanging clouds told the travellers they were nearing the city. "Where do you suppose it is, Dale?"

"Someone took it into town. Your father, maybe. We'll know all about it very soon now."

Twenty minutes later, Dale observed:

"Well, here we are. I don't suppose you know where the police station is. There must be one here in the business section."

"There's a cop over at that call box. Let me do the talking."

"Police headquarters?" the officer repeated suspiciously, as he scanned the newcomers in the light of a nearby street lamp.

"Sure I know. What do you want there?"

"Never mind," Dale answered shortly. "Just tell me the quickest way to get there."

"I'll see that you don't get lost." The patrolman stepped on the running-board.

"To your right, buddy, and straight up the street. It's where you see the lights out front," he added a moment later.

Lee shrank close to Dale's side, as their escort piloted them through a wide corridor

and into a dingy room where an officer was enthroned behind a high desk.

"Here's a couple lookin' for headquarters, Sergeant. I thought I'd make sure they found you."

"All right, Woods. We'll take care of them. You can go."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, young man," The sergeant stared curiously at Dale's informal attire.

"My name's Farwell," Dale informed him promptly. "Someone here telephoned Constable Kerney of Locust Hill that a car belonging to Mr. Cassius Brady had been found abandoned near Trenton. This lady is Miss Brady. She . . ."

"She wants to know what happened, eh? Well, if she'd stayed home a little longer, she would have found out."

Lee took a step forward, her hands clasped beseechingly.

"Where are my father and mother? What happened to them? Oh, please . . ."

"They're both okay," the officer assured. "Might have been serious. Your father had got out of his car and was hit by another going past. The driver brought him to a hospital here. Before the accident report came through, one of our motor-cycle men found your car and called in. We got busy right away and checked up. Mr. Brady's pretty well known and . . ."

"Are you sure he isn't badly hurt?" Lee begged. "Is my mother all right? Where is the hospital?"

"One thing at a time, Miss," the sergeant answered patiently. "Our patrolman reports that your father was knocked unconscious for a while. Bruised and cut a little. The doctors said it wasn't bad. I suppose his wife's with him. It's the General Hospital."

"Thank you, officer," Dale's voice expressed his relief. "We were afraid it was more serious."

"That's all right. Came straight through, did you?"

"Yes. We started out as soon as we had word." He turned to Lee. "Now we'll find the hospital. Feel better, don't you?"

"So much, Dale! Now if I can only see Daddy and make sure he's all right."

After another short drive, they found Mrs. Brady in the hospital's reception-room in company with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Hudson.

"We were waiting to see if you came here," Mrs. Brady explained, after she had answered Lee's anxious inquiries. "Mr. Hudson tried to call you after we had a report from the doctor and the operator could not get an answer. I was so worried for fear you might get a car and drive down alone it was very kind of you to bring her, Dale."

"I was glad to," Dale assured her uncomfotably, conscious of the figure he presented in his close-buttoned ulster but not desirous of displaying the pyjama jacket beneath.

"May I see Daddy just a minute?" Lee begged.

"Not to-night, dear. They have given him something to quiet him and he must rest. He said to tell you that he would be all right by morning."

"But how did it happen, Mother?"

"Your father thought one of the rear tires was going down and got out to look at it. He must have stepped into the path of that other car. I don't know just what happened. . . . I was too frightened," Mrs. Brady's voice faltered and tears filled her eyes.

Hudson promptly took the situation in hand.

"You've nothing to worry about, Lee," he insisted cheerfully. "Now here's the programme. We're taking your mother

home with us. If your father is well enough to-morrow, I'll arrange for someone to bring him home. I may drive him up myself. We can take care of you and Mr. Farwell, too, if you'll stay over. You've had a hard trip."

"Thank you," Dale interposed, "but I must start for home. I ran off with the family car and my father doesn't know where I am."

"And I'm going with Dale," Lee announced promptly. "I shan't let him drive home alone after he was good enough to get out of bed and bring me here. And you're sure you're all right, aren't you, Mother? Very sure?"

"Of course . . . and so thankful. Good-night, dear. Good-night, Dale."

"What a night," Lee sighed, looking about as Dale brought the car to a stop in front of the Brady house. The first streaks of dawn shed a grey light on the scene. "It was a good thing I woke up when I did. If you had carried me in unconscious, the neighbors would have had something to talk about. You must be dreadfully tired."

"I'm all right. You'd better trot in before you have to explain to the Watch and Ward Society where you've been all night."

"We'll think up a good story. You're coming in, too, and have a cup of coffee."

"Thanks. I'd better not. Father's almost sure to want the car, when he finds I haven't brought it back yet."

"THAT'S easy. Call him from here and explain. Besides, I haven't taken time yet to thank you for all you've done to-night. Please, Dale."

"That is an inducement," he admitted. "I wouldn't mind stretching my legs a few minutes."

The strain of the driving over, Dale discovered that he was curiously weary. After their adventure's outstanding features had been discussed, Lee had curled up in her corner of the front seat and fallen asleep. Her companion drove mechanically, wrapped in his own reflections. The night had presented one problem for which he found no explanation that suited.

"Oh, I say . . ." he exclaimed in some dismay, when he found himself in the front hall. "I can't take off my overcoat!"

"Of course you can. You'll want to go up and wash. Rummage around in Daddy's closet and find something to wear. He has a heap of sweaters and things. Or you can borrow a shirt, if you like. There's nobody up there, so help yourself."

"If you're sure it's all right."

"Of course it is. I'll start the coffee before I change. I won't promise how good it will be. Hattie's taking a vacation. . . . Had a new grandson for Christmas."

Much refreshed by an application of soap and water, and wearing a borrowed sweater coat, Dale was lounging comfortably in a living-room chair when Lee put in an appearance. She had donned a fresh dress and her bronze curls still were damp from a hasty session with the comb.

"You don't look as though you'd been on a wild party at all," was her guest's admiring appraisal. "The odor of that coffee is doing things to me," he added.

"It should be ready. Would you like to have it in the kitchen? How about a sliver of toast with it?"

"I might be bullied into it . . . two slivers, maybe."

"A bit of sugar and cinnamon?"

"Boyl! Do I like cinnamon toast?"

"I told you you hadn't grown up. Come and hook up the toaster and make yourself

useful." Lee led the way to the kitchen. "Did you call the house?"

"Yes. Pink was about to start over here with a search warrant. He thought you had kidnapped me."

"I'm sorry he didn't. He's so funny. I love to hear him talk."

"Great old scout. But he doesn't like women," Dale added maliciously.

"Then I'm going to make a point of it to cultivate him. Here's your coffee, Mr. Farwell. I forgot the sugar. . . . I never use it."

"Neither do I. It spoils coffee for me."

Dale applied himself assiduously to his breakfast, eating the toast Lee prepared and refusing a third cup of coffee regretfully.

"Now come in the other room and smoke a cigarette before you go."

Lee made the hasty suggestion when she found Dale regarding her silently across the table. Something in his blue eyes made her suddenly apprehensive. She rose to her feet.

"Wait."

Dale was in front of her now, blocking her path. He still watched her intently.

"What is it?" she asked, unable to meet his gaze.

"I've got to know something, Lady Lee."

"What, Dale?"

"Why did you call me last night?"

"I needed you," was the low-voiced reply.

"Yes. You did need somebody . . . but why me?"

"I told you. Daddy made me promise not to tell where he had gone. I felt that I could trust you . . . I mean that you would trust me. That you wouldn't ask any questions . . ." Her voice faltered a little.

"I want the right answer. Tell me."

"Are you sure you want to know, Dale?" Lee's head lifted. Something very sweet and gallant in the brown eyes looking into the blue.

"I must know."

"I needed you, Dale. There . . . there wasn't anybody else." Her head bent towards him.

"Oh, do you mean that?"

The bronze curls nodded a hesitating assent.

"My dear . . ." Two hands were laid on her shoulders. "Look at me. Are you telling me . . . Do I count as much as all that, Lady Lee?"

"Yes, Dale. As much as that."

"I didn't dare let myself believe it. I kept telling myself you might have called . . . somebody else."

"I couldn't call anyone else. There never has been anybody . . . Oh," she ended with a shamed little whisper, "you're making me tell you so."

Dale's hands dropped to Lee's arms. Their grasp tightened.

"Do you know what you're saying?" He all but shook her. "Do you know?"

"Yes," she managed with a pathetic little smile. "I'm afraid I'm trying to tell you that I . . . that it's you."

"Lady Lee . . . my Lady Lee!" Dale's arms went about her, holding her close. Lee's face was buried against his shoulder.

"I've cared so . . . so much it hurts," he murmured, his cheek pressed to the fragrant curls. "You don't know."

"Oh, yes, I do," said a muffled little voice.

"I was so afraid . . ."

"Afraid?" he asked wonderingly.

"Yes. That you would go away without telling me. I . . ."

Dale raised his head that his unbelieving ears might hear the words.

"And I did want you to tell me, I did!"

Two slender arms stole about his neck. Clung hungrily, "should I be dreadfully ashamed, Dale? I'm not."

"I love you, Lady Lee."

"Do you? Do you? I love you, Dale." Lee raised her tear-met eyes. They entreated.

"Yes," he told her in a hushed voice, "I love you. I think I always have loved you. I know I will . . . forever."

"That's all I want."

Their lips met in a first long kiss.

The silence was broken only by the plaintive peeping of old Hattie's canary, asking that the covering of its cage be removed. First rays of sunlight stealing through the window.

"Did you know that I'm a dreadfully selfish girl?" Lee asked later, as she and Dale sat together on the living-room couch happily unmindful of the passing minutes.

"No, I don't believe it."

"Yes, I am. I'm happy now . . . Oh, so very happy! Yet I can't keep from thinking that you'll be leaving me soon."

"I know," Dale raised the small hand he held to his lips. "I'll wait until the last minute. But everything is so different now, I have you to work and live for. You'll be waiting for me, won't you?"

"I'll always be waiting when you're away. You mean you're coming back in June?"

"I can't promise, dear. I told you how anxious I was to find a job. I'm going to look around as soon as I get back to school . . . try to line up something. If there is a chance to see you first, you know I will."

"But aren't you going to take a position here?" Lee asked in surprise.

"Here? In Locust Hill?"

"In the bank."

"Oh, Lord!" Dale exploded wearily. "Did you hear about that?"

"Mr. Marblestone told Daddy you were going to work for him."

"I might have known. Well, I'm not. I have my own work to do. I talked it over with father and he thinks it would be a mistake to throw away all my specialising."

That's what it would amount to. Perhaps I should have told you myself, but Mr. Marblestone asked me not to mention it. I didn't think he'd blab it. Did you mind it so much?"

"I'm afraid I did."

"That family has an uncanny way of stirring up trouble for me," Dale asserted with a scowl.

"I was foolish to feel hurt. But you see . . ."

"Lee paused, uncertainly."

"Yes, dear?"

"Well . . . You had made me believe that I counted a little more than others, perhaps . . . and to have to hear things from others . . ."

"I know."

"But nothing can hurt me any more," Lee smiled up at him brightly. "You're all mine now."

Dale's reply to that was frustrated by the strident ringing of the telephone. Doctor Farwell would very much appreciate the use of his car if Dale had finished with it.

"I had overlooked such trifles," that young man grinned, as he came from the front hall. "I'll have to go, Lady Lee."

"But you'll come back . . . to-day?"

"This afternoon, if I may."

"Please kiss me."

"I'm sorry, father," Dale said breathlessly, a few moments after taking leave of Lee. He found Doctor Farwell standing in the front hall drawing on his gloves. "I didn't think it was quite so late."

"Pink said something about your receiving a telephone message from Miss Brady early

this morning. I trust it was nothing serious." The minister waited, his dark eyes fixed upon his son's face.

Dale plunged into a hurried account of his night's ride to Trenton and back. A temptation to reveal the final chapter all but overpowered him. But not just yet. He scarcely had convinced himself that those moments in the kitchen were not a part of some wonderful dream. His one desire was to live it over again. Alone. Lenora loved him . . . his Lady Lee. She had told him so. Her parting kiss still was warm on his mouth.

Jonathan Farwell listened to the story with an expressionless countenance. When it was finished, he commented:

"Mr. Brady had a very narrow escape from death. I am glad that you were able to be of service to his family. Did you notice if there is enough gas in the car for an hour's driving?"

"Yes, sir. I had the tank filled on the way home from Trenton."

"I would suggest then that you lie down and get some sleep. I am not sure that I will be here for lunch. Tell Pink not to wait if I am late."

Sleep being entirely out of the question, Dale surrendered to Mulgrew's demand for an account of the night's adventure, after convincing the latter that he had no desire to eat.

"Sure you had some breakfast?"

"Oh, yes." He and Lady Lee. Their first breakfast together.

"Good thing the old girl didn't get bumped off," Pink decided after digesting the details. "Lucky the other guy wasn't the hit-and-run kind, too."

"Yes. Wasn't it?"

"Guess you didn't miss me durin' the wild ride for life. You look funny around the eyes . . . sorta goofy like. Good sleep? Or are you holdin' out on a pal?"

"No . . ."

"Meanin' yes." There was a speculative look in Pink's grey eyes. "I can guess what it is, kid. . . . And I'd sooner not."

"What are you driving at?"

"Just what you think. I'm not dumb . . . or blind. You lost your head and didn't cover. That little dame landed one over your ears."

"What makes you think so?"

"I've seen it comin'. You was ripe for the rosin." Pink seated himself on the edge of the table and looked long into Dale's eyes. "So you think you love her?"

Dale drew a deep breath.

"I know I do, Pink. . . . and she loves me."

"You ain't aimin' to do anything silly?"

"Not the way you mean. I'm going back to school and finish up. It ain't going to make any difference in things. But I am happy, Pink. Really happy . . . for the first time in my life."

"Yeah?" Mulgrew relapsed into moody silence. "Something told me I shouldn't have let you go out last night," he remarked presently after a deep sigh. "Not that it woulda made no difference. But you got me thinkin' right now."

"Thinking what?"

"Tell me this, kid. We've been swappin' punches for a long time now. Ever remember my founlin' you?"

"Of course you never did."

"I didn't think so. I don't aim to now, but I gotta slip you something you won't care to hear. It's old stuff, but you'd better listen."

"Go ahead."

"You're old enough to vote now but you're still goin' to school, so to speak. You

don't know yet how you're goin' to make coffee money . . . if at all."

"I'm not worrying about that, Pink. I'll find some sort of a job soon."

"Sure you're not bothered. That's because you're young and dumb. It's all right to think you've found your woman, but don't get yourself tied up too tight at the start. She's a cute little trick. Not hard to look at at all. But she's young, same as you. There's plenty of things that can happen to both of you, to make you change your minds. You think I'm a crab about women . . . But they're funny."

"That's no good, Pink."

"I know it. I'm a-wastin' my breath as usual."

"Absolutely" was the blithe retort.

"Well, it won't hurt none to get it into the record. Forget it. But I got one special piece of advice for you. Don't spill your story to the dominie. Not yet."

"But I must tell him. Why in the world shouldn't I?"

"I got my reasons." Pink mouth's set in a stubborn line.

"You'd better tell me then."

"Nope. But I can tell you this much . . . I'll worry him a heap more'n you figure. He's countin' a lot on what you're goin' to make of yourself, once you get started. Don't tell him you've got yourself throwed at the start. I'll hurt."

"Sorry, Pink. I'll have to let him know about it. I can't find any more than you could. That's what it would be. He doesn't know Lee so very well. I want them to get better acquainted right away. He can't help liking her. You would yourself."

"Sure. She's all right. But you needn't worry about me tryin' to cut you out." Pink dropped to his feet, indicating that he considered the argument finished. "I'm still tellin' you to do your own lovin'. Leave the dominie out."

"I THOUGHT perhaps you might be over . . . when you didn't call me," was Lee's greeting to Dale later in the afternoon.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he admitted with a touch of self-consciousness. Like a small boy trying to make an explanation of conduct that has not been requested. "And I was wondering if you had heard from your father."

"Thank you, yes," Lee replied, her eyes shining with merriment. "He and Mother are home. Mr. Hudson drove them over in our car."

"Great! How is Mr. Brady?"

"He says he's feeling fine. But Mother put him to bed and sent for the doctor just to be sure. It's been such a long time since she has had a chance to fuss over him that she's quite in her element. Would you like to go up and talk to . . . both of them?"

"In just a minute," Dale stood in the parlor looking about a trifle uncertainly. "Have you told them, Lee?"

"Of course," was the surprised reply. "Didn't you expect me to?"

"Why, yes . . . Only I'm having a hard time to make myself believe it's true. It is, isn't it?" He took one of her hands and held it in both his own.

"Yes, Dale. It's true." There was unaffected happiness in Lee's face as she raised her glowing eyes to his.

"I still don't believe it."

"You'd better. Did you have some sleep?"

"No. Too happy."

"Perhaps I shouldn't admit it, but I had a nap. You're truly happy?"

"I don't know the words to tell you."
"You'll have to find some, because I'm going to take you up to Daddy and Mother. Is your courage high, Sir Dale?"
"Yes."

Lee leaned forward and brushed the sleeve of his coat with her lips. "My colors," she said softly. "Come."

They found Cassius Brady propped comfortably among pillows with his wife in an easy chair at his side. Lee vanished as soon as she announced the caller.

"Draw up a chair and sympathise with me, Dale," was the lawyer's cheerful greeting. "These women have me down and won't let me stir hand or foot. Rank nonsense."

"I'm ever so glad you weren't seriously hurt."

DALE returned a smile of welcome from Mrs. Brady and seated himself. He found his courage ebbing strangely.

"I'm feeling very fit, except for a sore head," Brady's fingers touched his scalp gingerly. "Oh, well. It might have been worse. I want to thank you for looking after Lee last night. Rather a hectic time for the child."

"That was all right," Dale braced himself for the ordeal. "I think Lee told you about . . . what happened this morning."

"Yes," her father assented quietly. "She told us."

"Is it . . . all right?" Dale looked appealingly from one to the other.

"All right the way you mean, Dale. We haven't known you very long, but I think we approve of you. Do we, Mother?" Mrs. Brady managed a nod and smile, but Dale sensed that tears were not far away.

"Of course it rather tickles our vanity to give consent," Brady resumed with a slight smile.

"We're quite aware that it would make no difference. So you have it."

"I don't know how to say it. . . . But I do love Lee," Dale insisted steadily. "I will try always . . ."

"We know, if you make her happy, it's all we'll ever ask of you, son. We're both rather fond of her."

"You don't have to tell me that."

"There is only one thing to say. Mother has insisted that I be the official spokesman," Brady reached out and patted his wife's hand. "You're both rather young, you know."

"Yes, sir. Lee and I have talked that over. She is willing to wait until I get a start for myself. I'm not afraid."

"She told us something of the sort," Lee's father went on. "You're doing the wise thing. For that reason, we would rather there were no formal engagement just now. I would be the last one in the world to suggest that either of you would change your minds, but you are going to have the test of separation."

"That isn't going to make any difference."

"I hope not," Brady chuckled and squeezed his wife's hand. "To be frank with you, Dale, I doubt if you have a chance to escape. Lee takes after her mother in a great many ways."

"Now, I know you are feeling better," Mrs. Brady said gently. "Don't mind him, Dale. If you two children are happy, that is all that matters."

"We are," Dale assured her. He rose to his feet. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go and tell Lee it's all right."

"Do you think that you can find your way

down alone?" Brady smiled and held out his hand.

"Oh, yes. And . . . thank you."

With a boldness that surprised himself, Dale walked to the side of Mrs. Brady's chair. He stooped and kissed her softly on the cheek.

"I've always wanted a mother," he whispered. And passed swiftly from the room.

"Was it very dreadful?" Lee wanted to know, when Dale found her waiting for him on the living-room couch.

"No," he said soberly, taking a seat at her side. "They were wonderful about it."

"Do you think that your father will like me just a little, Dale?"

"He'll love you. How could he help it?" Dale replied.

"I hope so, but . . . I know how close the two of you must have been all these years. I don't want him to think that I am coming between you now."

"Don't worry. Father's terribly square about things."

"But you haven't told him yet."

"Only because I haven't had a chance. I'm waiting until we can have a real talk. That will be to-night."

Pink's counsel was definitely discarded now. Dale's interview with Mr. and Mrs. Brady had settled any doubts. His father must hear it from him. At once.

Dale leaned back against the cushions and studied Lee's face. He made no move to touch her. The wonder of their love still possessed him.

"What are you thinking, Dale?"

"You. Just of you."

"And of how you made me throw myself right at your head? I never supposed I could do that, but . . . I'm glad I did."

"When did you first think you loved me?" Dale demanded.

"It seems to me it began that first day. When we talked in the hotel. You were so different . . . and nice."

"That's the way I feel about it," Dale reflected. "But there must have been some special time."

"Of course there was. The day we took that drive . . . my picture day. You gave me a little glimpse into your heart then. I knew, somehow, that I was . . . the first."

"You were. I don't think I can make you understand that. But I've known always that there would be someone . . . like Elaine."

"Dale!" Lee caught her breath with something very near a sob. Her hand sought his. "Is it that much?"

"Yes. That much."

"Then I do understand. Oh . . . she told him impetuously. "I've loved you in such crazy desperate little ways. Happy and hurt, all at the same time. I'll never be able to tell you. But I have loved you the best I knew how. And I do. Please be sure, Dale."

"I am sure. I love you the same way."

There was silence in the room for a little time.

"Dale," Lee said thoughtfully, "I want to try to tell you something. It never has been easy for me to . . . show what is in my heart. But there is something there I want you to know. I'll never speak of it again."

"What is it?" Sudden anxiety in Dale's voice.

"Something about you. I think I could explain better if you held me close."

"Tell me, Lady Lee." His arm was about her shoulders.

"It's the reason why I love you as I do."

You have told me so much more about

yourself than you know. There is something about you that is so strong and . . . clean. That is the only way I can say it. When I think of you, it's like something white. Perhaps I am older than I seem. . . . I know now how your mother must have felt about you. The things she must have wanted for you. I'm so glad that I can . . . respect you, Dale. It means more to me than love. Do you mind if I say that? And are you sure you understand?"

Dale bent his head until his cheek touched the curls resting against his shoulder.

"I will always be proud you could tell me that. I'm no better than anyone else. But I have tried to hold on to the old things . . . things I thought Elaine would have wanted. I used to be afraid other boys would think I was some sort of weakling maybe. But I don't think I ever was a coward. Pink saw to that."

"You couldn't be."

"I'm glad then if I have been able to keep myself fairly . . . while," Dale continued. "For you. It means more now than I ever knew. I have a lady of my own."

"I never will be afraid, Dale."

"I know. I can see ahead now. No matter where I go or what happens, everything I do will be for you."

"With me, dear."

"Yes. With you. Life never looked as beautiful before. It seems to me I can do . . . anything. Because you'll be waiting."

"As long as you want me to," Lee answered softly. "It's not going to be very easy, but there's nothing else to do. I want to help you in every way I can. And I'm going to begin by giving you up for this evening. You want to have a talk with your father. And I know you're dreadfully tired."

"So I'm being dismissed," Dale got to his feet with a smile.

"Please don't say that. It's just until to-morrow." She stood beside him. "You may kiss me . . . once."

Their lips met.

"Oh, Dale dear!" Lee sighed happily, as she pressed her cheek against his arm. "You'll always kiss me good-night, won't you? Say you will."

"I will."

"Then just once more."

THE lamp with the green globe was the only light burning in Jonathan Farwell's study when Dale looked through the half-open door. The window shades were lowered and the minister's shadow loomed large against them. He sat at the table, an open book before him.

Dale drew a long breath. The final barrier to face.

"Very busy, Father?"

"Come in. Did you wish to speak to me?"

"A minute . . . if you have time." Dale advanced to the other side of the table. Farwell lifted his head; one hand pushed the strands of red hair away from his eyes.

"What is it, Dale?"

"I have something I want to tell you. I . . . I love Lenora Brady." He blurted it out. Stood waiting.

For a long minute Farwell's black eyes seemed to be trying to penetrate the shadows that partially obscured his son's face. His own features were like a white mask. The lines at the corners of his mouth were curiously sharp. The thin lips twitched a trifle before the words came.

"Do you think that you know her well

enough for . . . that?" There was no harshness in the question. His voice was dull, toneless.

"Yes, sir. I wasn't sure, though . . . until last night."

"Then you have told her?"

"I had to. She loves me, too."

"What are you planning to do?"

"Why, nothing . . . now. I'm going to finish my semester's work. Then I'll find a job and . . ."

"Yes. Of course."

"I hoped you'd be . . . glad, father. For me."

Instead of replying, Farwell bent over his book as if to resume his interrupted reading. A briar pipe, the edges of its bowl charred into scallows from long usage, lay near his hand. He picked it up and turned it absently in his fingers, studying it under lowered lids.

"The love of a good woman is very wonderful."

A gentle deliberateness crept into his voice, as though he might have found an answer within the blackened root. A quick move of his hand, and the pipe was tossed aside.

"Dale."

"Yes, sir?"

"I do not know what you wish me to say. Or if I should say . . . anything."

"I wanted you to be pleased."

"Of course. But my first feeling is one of keen disappointment. Wait . . ."

He held up a hand in restraint as Dale started to speak.

"Do not misunderstand me. I have every reason to believe that Miss Brady is a gentlewoman. It never would occur to me, I think, to question your choice. I have always believed the regard you hold for your mother's memory would safeguard you. You understand, I think."

"Yes, sir."

"I have told you a number of times, Dale, that I wished never to interfere with your life. I avoided trying to influence you in choosing the work you liked best. Your success in school has led me to believe that you made no mistake. I have been proud of your progress."

"I'm glad, father." Dale's voice showed that he was deeply touched by this unusual admission.

"I am. And I have high hopes for you. Before long now, you will be out making a place for yourself. The first years will be the difficult ones. More so than you think."

"I'm not afraid."

"Nor am I. But you are very young. The nature of the work you propose to undertake may carry you to far-off places. Into countries where life is primitive at best. But it is in such places that you will find your opportunity. I would not stress material success or comforts too highly, but you should consider these things before taking on the responsibility of a family."

"I shan't be in a hurry. Lenora and I have talked it all over. She understands and is willing to wait."

"I am glad to hear it. You are going away. It would be wiser for both of you to be content with your present understanding. Much may happen in the meantime."

"That is the way Mr. and Mrs. Brady feel about it. We are not going to announce anything."

"You are wise." There was a distinct note of relief in Farwell's words. Then he asked an unexpected question. "Have you mentioned this to . . . Pinkney?"

"Why, yes. Or, rather, I didn't. He guessed it."

Dale waited for a moment. Then this

was all his father had to say about so wonderful a thing. He had been holding to a blind hope that the two of them would meet on some new plane of understanding. His father had loved Elaine. He loved Lady Lee.

"Good night, father."

"Dale. Come here. There is one thing I would say . . . about to-night. Your happiness means more to me than anything in life. I hope you will remember that. Good night."

Dale turned and left the study, unable to trust himself to speak.

"Elaine," he said wistfully, as he stood before his mother's picture when he was ready for bed. "You would love her dearly. I know you would."

His hand groped for the lamp cord. The small room was in darkness, save for a patch of moonlight on the wooden floor.

"TALK about a dumb lug!"

Jonathan Farwell glanced up from his Sunday breakfast of toast and hot water to find his housekeeper staring disconsolately from the other side of the table.

"What is it, Pink?"

"Them." Mulgrew indicated the covered dish held in his two hands. "You know," he confided apologetically, "I rolls out this mornin' thinkin' about it bein' Sunday. And nothin' else. It's the kid's waffles."

"I see."

"You won't break trainin' just once and sample 'em, Dominie? They look pretty fair to-day." He lifted the dish cover and displayed the crisp rectangles. "How about a couple?"

"They are very tempting, Pink. But this is my working day."

"Sure. I know. Well . . . I guess I'll have to worry with 'em myself." He lingered in his tracks, staring at the place usually occupied by Dale. "Pretty flat without the kid any more."

"Lonely."

A note in the one word caused Pink to glance quickly at the speaker. Farwell sat gazing abstractedly through the window at flakes of snow dropping from a grey sky. His strong white fingers crumbled a bit of toast to fragments.

"Ray . . . Dominie."

"Yes?"

"Funny thing. Thought maybe I'd better mention it. The kid never took his picture. You know the one. Think I should slip it in the mail? He must have forgot it in the rush of gettin' away."

"Leave it where it is, Pink, if you will."

"Okay."

Farwell did not turn his head. While Old White still changed its last call to worship, Pinkney Mulgrew emerged from the front door of the parsonage. He wore a checked suit, neatly pressed. His shoes were polished to a faultless brilliancy. A Derby hat, pulled well over the damaged ear, bestowed a final touch of smartness.

Piety unmindful of curious stares, Pink sauntered leisurely into the church and paused at the head of the centre aisle. There he removed his hat and held it against his chest as he beckoned to an amazed usher.

"Listen, Duke," he inquired in a loud whisper, "does the preacher's family have a special stall here?"

The man in morning coat and grey trousers managed an affirmative.

"Wash you'd park me there. If somebody's beat me to it, any ringleader seat's all right with me. I don't hear so good."

If Jonathan Farwell never had urged Pinkney Mulgrew to subscribe to his own religious beliefs or their outward practice, he was none the less touched by this sudden departure from an unvarying Sabbath routine.

So much so that his dark eyes betrayed a quick flicker of greeting when they encountered Pink's furtive gaze.

Distinctly abashed by the unexpected tribute, Mulgrew devoted himself to a cursory estimate of the day's "gate." His eyes roved farther afield than he was aware. They were attracted to a red hat, held for an instant.

A nod and a bright smile were his reward.

That Brown dame. And planted where he would have to pass her on the way out. For the first time, Pink regretted not having become more familiar with Old White's interior. That little door used by the dominie must lead back stage. It might be worth a chance.

It served him right for not sticking to his own game. Dale would kid him about this. The Brady girl was sure to be somewhere here in the crowd. The two of them were swapping letters right along, no doubt.

Quite to his surprise Dale found that a letter to Lee was a necessary part of each day's programme. They were filled with brief accounts of work, his plans for the future, high hopes. Endearments he used sparingly, but each message carried its own quiet assurance of love.

He enjoyed poking fun at his classroom labors. These consisted, so he explained, of distributing handfuls of fossils to unhappy freshmen and enjoying their discomfiture over the scientific terms employed by "Professor Farwell's" so-called lectures. He was more and more glad as the days passed that he had not elected a teaching career. It might be good experience, but he much preferred field work. And a flannel shirt.

Soon after his labors were started, Dale was moved to forward encouraging word to Lee about "our job." Doctor Payne would be glad to put in a word with some of his mining clients, when the time came. There was one man he had particularly in mind. The name was Kinsey . . . or Kelsey. Some sort of an exploration engineer who worked all over the country. It sounded rather encouraging.

Dale's dutiful reports to his father and as occasional free-and-easy scribble to Pink might have come from different pens. The first were slightly formal. They dealt with courses and faculty associates, expenses and general university activities.

When writing to Mulgrew, Dale dwelt upon athletics and the new field house with its big swimming pool. He was keeping in shape by boxing twice a week. "Thanks to you, they accuse me of being a professional."

Pink prized these missives highly and made shift to answer each one. Letter writing he always had held in the light of an abomination and a peril. His own efforts were marvels of painstaking labor, each paragraph commencing with "Well, kid . . ."

One subject he avoided studiously. His increasing worry over a subtle change in the atmosphere of the parsonage. The dominie was different ever since the kid went away. Dale had told his father about Lee Brady. Pink heard that from the boy the next day. But Farwell never had spoken of it. Why couldn't the kid have kept his trap shut for a while? Him and that girl thinking they wanted to get married. Neither one of them dry behind the ears yet. And here was the dominie, always shut up in his room when he was at home. He didn't seem to

care what or when he ate. Smiled at wise-cracks like they hurt him.

Pink was particularly solicitous that no gossip regarding Dale's romance be spread in Locust Hill. Hick town, that way. Little fear of anything being "spilled" from the parsonage. But, maybe, the Brady family wasn't so particular. Mulgrew himself never had been betrayed into an exchange of confidences but once.

That occasion still rankled.

ABBIE BROWN was innocent of the fact, seemingly, when she made an attempt to revive the atmosphere of comradeship achieved that afternoon in the Parwell kitchen. She made her cautious bid during a chance encounter with Pink in the crowded grocery store.

"Did you know my brother is in California?" she inquired brightly, after an exchange of greetings. "We had a letter from him yesterday. He had been to see the big trees."

"You don't say . . ." Pink's eyes were scanning the staple-laden shelves. "That reminds me. I was goin' to get some prunes." "And Tom knew all about Cash! Brady winning that big case. He said it was in the San Francisco paper. Imagine that!"

"Things have a way of gettin' out."

"But it really is a big feather in Cash's cap. I know Dale is glad."

"He wasn't mixed up in it . . . Not if it's the murder I'm thinking about."

"Of course not! You're so droll, Mr. Pink." Abbie laughed a trifle uncertainly. "But Dale and Lee are such friends. In fact," she added archly, "I've been hearing they are very good friends."

Pink rewarded her with a vacant stare. His answer was directed to the clerk who had begun to fill his order. "Make it two cabbage heads, buddle."

"Lee is such a sweet girl, don't you think?" Miss Brown pursued relentlessly.

"Never gave her so much study . . ."

Pink's admission ended in a grin. "She's standin' right over there. We might sound her out." He nodded a reply to the winsome smile Lee sent him, using the incident as an excuse to turn his back upon Abbie and finish his marketing.

Less than a block from the store, Mulgrew discovered that Lee Brady had preceded him and that she seemed to be having some difficulty with her car. He slackened his pace the better to observe her efforts.

"Havin' trouble, Miss Brady?"

"Oh, hello. Yes. It's the battery. I thought I could get away with it. And I didn't."

"You're showin' good sense," was the unexpected compliment. "Most women would sit and grind. Where's your crank?"

"I suppose it's under the seat. But don't bother. Daddy told me I'd better drive to the battery place the first thing, but I wanted to wait until I was ready to start home. I'll telephone them to come and look after it."

Pink deposited his packages on the running board.

"Hop out a minute and let me get the crank. No use wastin' a nickel."

Paying no heed to Lee's remonstrances, he retrieved the crank from the tool compartment and walked to the front of the car. One quick throw and the motor was running. Lee adjusted the control and thanked her helper with a grateful smile.

"That was ever so nice of you, Mr. Mulgrew."

"It's all right. And cut out the mister stuff. Pink suggested gruffly, as he replaced the seat cushion.

"Then thank you, Pink," Lee laughed. "And put those bundles in the car. I'll run you home on my way to the shop."

"Well, if you insist. Don't let her stall on you."

"Of course I insist," she teased, starting the machine. "You wanted a lift . . . That's why you offered to help."

"Yeah? Didn't think you were wise to it. I don't get a chance to ride with the girls very often."

"I'll remember that. What do you hear from Dale?"

"Some kiddie, ain't you? That was just what I was almin' to ask you. Bet you had a letter to-day."

"You lose. It's to-morrow. I'll have some news for Dale now. He told me you were a woman hater. I saw you there in the store carrying on with Abbie."

"Shucks, Miss Lee. We were just passin' the time of day. I don't hardly know her."

"Well, that's all right. I don't blame you. She's very attractive, I think. Don't you?"

"Nah."

"Just the same, I shall tell Dale. I think you need some watching."

"Now, don't you go and do nothin' foolish. And don't let your engine stall on you."

Pink flung the last over his shoulder as he climbed from the car.

Late that night, he sat alone at his kitchen table evolving a letter to Dale with the aid of a pencil stub and a protruding tongue.

"Well, kid if your girl friend has anything to say about me and that brown skirt forget it. She was trying to rib me some to-day when she brought me home in the car. Nice little Jane alright alright. Feels like spring here. Hoping you are the same."

And, at the same moment, Lee Brady sat at her little bedroom desk writing:

"Dale darling:

"It must be the weather. I've been restless all day, longing to be out in the country somewhere. With you. The car was being fixed this afternoon, or I think I would have driven to the island and had a comfortable cry."

"All I seem to be able to do now is to sit and look at the little picture hanging here beside the desk. It seems such a long time. Spring will be here before we know it. And then . . ."

"It's ever so hard not to write and ask you to promise—cross your heart—that you will come back to me when school is over. It's silly. But I have the feeling that some big company or somebody will snap you up and carry you away from me. Tell them about me and ask them to let you come home for a day. Please."

"And now, I'll try to think of something sensible."

DOCTOR JOHN

PAYNE, geologist, was entertaining a visitor in his small office in a corner of the university's Hall of Science.

The two men sat on opposite sides of a long table on which was spread a miscellany of maps and bound reports.

Payne's heavy body relaxed in his swivel chair as he passed his fingers carelessly over his pointed white beard. The near-by window stood wide admitting the soft April air. Campus trees without, parading in flimsy dresses of pale green in the clear sunlight.

"It all sounds very interesting, Wade," Payne remarked. "I only wish I were a little younger and had some spare time. I'd like nothing better than to spend a few months up there."

"Why don't you?"

The man on the other side of the table

asked the question with a quick incisiveness. He was of slight build, with a mop of wavy grey hair. Heavy brows shielded his alert hazel eyes. There was an unmistakable air of affluence about him, despite the near severity of his dark suit and tie. One of the fingers tapping restlessly on his chair arm was banded with a curious scarab ring.

Payne shook his bald head good-naturedly and smiled.

"Outings like that are for young bloods."

"Maybe so, John. But I believe more than ever, after talking to-day, that this is worth looking into. Spending some money on . . . Not too much. I'd like to send somebody in there and make a report on the surface indications."

"Good. That reminds me of something . . . But go on. We'll speak of it later."

"Here's what I have in mind. I'd like to run across a live man who can find his way around and work out an accurate survey. I don't want an expert. They usually know too much at the start. Instead of paying a hundred or so a day to some fellow for a lot of stuff culled out of monographs, I'd rather pay half the money to a kid who can keep his eyes open and his mouth shut. Dependable, you know. If I decide to do it, I'll be gambling with my own money."

"I see," Payne nodded thoughtfully.

"I thought you might have some such a man on your string, who knows your way of doing things. If you put an okay on him, it would go a long way with me."

"Well, Wade, I rather think I have the man for you. That was the thing I was going to mention. He's open for a position this spring."

"Good. Who is he?"

"One of our last year's class. He's been here this semester helping me out with some of Lingham's classes. Done very well, too."

"Any practical experience?"

"No extensive field work outside of our summer surveys, but I consider him one of the most promising men we've ever turned out. Excellent student and knows how to use his head. He's going to make an A-1 man for some concern."

"Sounds good to me. Mind if I give him the once-over?"

"I wish you would. I imagine he is out in the laboratory now. . . . Spends most of his spare time there. If you'll wait a minute, I'll see."

Payne quitted the office and returned almost at once with a tall young man at his heels.

"Farwell, I want you to meet a good friend of mine. This is Mr. Wade Kelsey, of Minneapolis."

Dale started at the name. Kelsey. So this was the engineer his chief had mentioned. Then aloud he said:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Kelsey."

"What was the name again?" Kelsey's dark brows knitted slightly as he withdrew his hand from the younger man's firm clasp and resumed his seat.

"Farwell, sir."

"Oh, yes. . . ."

"Sit down there, Dale," Payne indicated a vacant chair. "Mr. Kelsey has been talking with me about some mineral prospects in northern Ontario. He is considering sending a man up there to make a report. I suggested that you might like to discuss it with him. . . . If you haven't anything else in mind for the summer."

"Indeed I would!"

Dale seated himself and leaned forward eagerly as he waited for further details. Kelsey sat staring at him in silence, so intently that Payne was constrained to

break a silence that had fair to become uncomfortable.

"Tell him what you have in mind, Wade."

"Oh, yes," Kelsey came out of his reverie with a start. "Here is the section I've been talking about to the doctor." He shifted a large map so that Dale might observe it more easily. "Ever been in Canada?"

"No, sir."

"It's not so different. Big. Here's the Algoma District." His forefinger indicated the precise area.

In terse sentences he explained that he and several associates were interested in a group of claims. Kelsey and two of the others had made a trip into the country shortly before the snow fell.

"We were coming out along the Missinabi shed . . . about here. While I was cruising a bit on my own," the engineer continued, "I picked up some pieces of float that interested me. They didn't come from any outcropping that I could locate. But I would give a good deal to know exactly where they did come from. Doctor Payne has just verified one of my guesses. What do you think of this?"

Kelsey took a fragment of quartz from his vest pocket and laid it on the map. Dale examined it closely with the aid of a glass that lay near his hand.

"My guess would be that it isn't metallic sulphide."

Kelsey sent a quick glance at Payne.

"You've taught him to be cagey, I see. You're right, young man. That's no pyrites you're looking at. It's the real thing. If you can show me where it came from originally, it will do me a lot of good. You, too."

"You mean, sir, that you are going to try and locate the outcropping if there is one?"

"I'm not. But I'm thinking very seriously of turning somebody out on a still hunt. And somebody who has a reputation for not talking. I think I would prefer a man who doesn't know the territory and who isn't known there. The doctor here thinks you might fill the bill. Would you care to consider it?"

"I'd be glad to."

"I have come to no decision yet. But it's like this."

Kelsey plunged rapidly into a description of the country he had seen, its topography and travel routes. Occasionally he called upon Doctor Payne to confirm certain geological features. Dale listened intently, venturing a question of interest now and again.

Later, when the talk drifted to more general topics, Dale rose from his chair and indicated that he would leave the two friends to themselves. But Kelsey halted him.

"Does this still appeal to you, Farwell?"

"Very much, sir."

"Then I think you and I had better talk it over a little more. If you are not busy after dinner, drop over to my hotel. You'll find me at the Hawkeye. About nine, say."

"I'll be glad to, Mr. Kelsey. And thank you very much."

"You might be turning it over in your mind meanwhile. You'll find it's no pleasure jam. Rough country up there."

"I'll risk that," Dale smiled happily at the prospect.

"What do you think of him, Wade?" Payne inquired, as the door closed behind Dale.

"He might be the chap I'm looking for," Kelsey mused, still staring at the door. "John . . . do you know his background?"

"I can't say that I do. His father is a

minister, I believe. Lives somewhere in the East."

"And the boy knows his stuff. . . . Can be depended upon?"

"For what you have in mind, I'd say he's your man."

"How much should I offer him?"

"I shall be rather surprised if he doesn't leave that to you."

This surmise of Payne proved correct. "You see, I've never had a real job," Dale explained modestly to Kelsey when the subject came up during their talk at the hotel. "If you think I can handle the work, I'd much rather let you decide what it is worth. Whatever it is, I'll try to earn it."

"And I think I'll take the chance," Kelsey decided swiftly. "We can thrash out the details when the time comes. There are a few things, however, we'd better go into. I suppose you don't want to leave here until your work is finished."

"I would rather not."

"When will that be?"

"About the first week in June, I think."

"We ought to make it earlier. However . . . let's figure on that. You should plan to come direct to Minneapolis to see me. Start from there. Just where do you live?"

"In New Jersey, Locust Hill."

"Then you'll have to come straight up, I think. We'll outfit you and all that. You'll go in by way of Port William and lose very little time. Can you do that?"

"Yes, sir," Dale made the decision with equal promptness.

"I thought you might have to go home first," Kelsey said.

"Not necessarily. I will try to make a flying trip before that. We are almost to the Easter holiday and I think Doctor Payne will let me have a few days extra."

"Are both your parents living?"

"No, sir. Only my father."

"Too bad. When did you lose your mother?"

"When I was a baby. About two," Dale hesitated a little over his answer.

"Any sisters or brothers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Farwell . . . Your name is Dale, isn't it? We'll call it more or less settled, I think. I'll see you in Minneapolis, if not sooner. You'll probably be hearing from me. Payne has my address. He might even give me a recommendation."

Dale laughed at the idea.

"I wish I could tell you how much I appreciate this, Mr. Kelsey."

"That's all right. I wouldn't be surprised if you and I might hit it off pretty well. We'll see."

SOME three days later,

Pinckney Mulgrew was interrupted during the washing of his luncheon dishes by an insistent ringing of the parsonage doorbell. Muttering dark threats, in case the caller proved to be a book agent, the house man wriggled into his jacket and pattered to answer the summons.

Dale stood before him, suitcase in hand and smiling broadly.

"For the love of Mike!" Pink shrieked unbelievably. "Kid! Where'd you blow from?"

"Phillie and points West," the traveller laughed, seizing the little man's hand with a crushing grip. "Is Father here?"

"Sure, Sure. He's upstairs. . . . Got a funeral or somethin' on. You'd 'a' missed him in a minute. Didn't get throwed out, did you?"

"Not a chance." Dale already was bounding up the stairs.

"Tell you later," he called back over his shoulder.

Jonathan Farwell had heard the voices and was in the upper hall, one of his arms thrust into the sleeve of his long black coat.

"Dale! This is a surprise!" His hand came out. "I trust nothing is wrong."

"No, sir! Everything's as right as can be, Father. I was going to wire you, then I thought I'd surprise you instead. I've got a job!" he announced exultantly.

"You mean that you have left the university?"

"Oh, no. But I have to report as soon as school's over and I won't have a chance to get back here. So I thought I would run out for a few days and tell you."

"That is news."

"I'll say it is!"

"Where are you going?" Farwell glanced at his watch.

"Hudson Bay . . . or not far from there. Pink said something about your going out."

"Yes, I have a funeral this afternoon. I am afraid I must leave now."

"Who's dead? Anybody I know?"

MISS EMMONS. The

burial is to take place in the country and I will be away most of the afternoon. Perhaps you will go with me."

Dale's face fell. His father must know that he had to see Lee the first minute he could.

"I don't believe I can manage it," he began hesitatingly. "You see . . ."

"Quite," Farwell answered shortly. "Perhaps you will arrange to be here for dinner with me."

"Why, of course I will, Father. I'm anxious to tell you all about it."

Dale followed his father down to the door feeling a trifle conscience-stricken at this turn of events. Too bad. But to spend the afternoon at a funeral . . . Lee didn't even know he was in town. He must call her at once and arrange to see her.

"Can you stick around here long enough to let a guy in on the excitement?" Pink demanded from the rear of the hall, as soon as he heard the receiver click in its cradle.

"Sure! I'm not going out for an hour. You don't happen to have a slab of cake that I could worry with before I clean up, do you?"

"Cake? How do you get that way? A cake lasts two weeks instead of two days when you're gone. I'll rattle one together this afternoon, if I haven't forgot how. How'd a piece of rhubarb pie hit you?"

"Try me."

"There you are," the chef announced, as he produced a plate bearing a generous wedge of pastry. "Tell me what it's all about while you're wolfing."

"I've got a job, Pink."

"Yeah? Not around here, I hope."

"No. It's up in Canada. I'm going there as soon as school's over. And that's some swell pie."

"Good stuff."

"I'm telling you."

"Shucks! I'm talkin' about that job, Hope. It's a long ways off and tough goin'."

"Why so?"

"Cause it might knock some of the foolishness outa you. Wild country, maybe?"

"So they tell me. All woods . . . Indian guides, and that sort of thing. I'll be going in a canoe a lot of times, making portages and camping wherever I can."

"Pity I didn't learn you to cook more. If I was a little spryer on my legs and the dominie wasn't alone, I'd ask you to take me along. A little roughin' wouldn't hurt me none. I'm getting soft on this job."

"I'll try you out when we get a chance. With the gloves, I mean."

"Don't worry. I ain't that soft. But you want to watch out for them Canucks." A reminiscent look came into Pink's grey eyes. "You know, I joined up with a bunch of 'em during the late rucus. They're the devil's own in a scrap. Don't you go startin' anything with 'em unless you want to finish it. I'm tellin' you."

"I'll remember it."

"And say . . . I don't know how long you're goin' to be around here, but I hope you don't have to spend all your time with the girl friend. We may not have a chance to be together again for a while. More pie?"

"No thanks. I'm going to have a shower." "Well, don't forget what I said about the dammie. Pal around with him some. He's been missin' you a lot."

"Do you think so, Pink?"

"I know it. He don't talk no more than he ever did. But he's one lonesome guy. Guess I shouldn't spill this. He's got quite a way of dropping into your room late at night . . . sittin' there. I'm wise to it. And I hear him playin' the piano other nights. I don't like it. Not knockin' his playin' . . . it's all right. But the tunes make me jittery."

"I know. I'm glad you told me that, Pink. Of course I'll give him all the time I can." "Count on you for dinner, can we?"

"Of course. I'll be here."

"Fine. I'll be barbequing the fatted calf. Get that one? I been churchin' a bit since you went away. Thought maybe the dommie would feel better if he saw some of the family under his nose."

"Mighty thoughtful of you, Pink."

"Forget it. He never nagged at me none to hear his sermons and he never said a word when he seen me there. Funny thing . . . I'm gettin' so I rather like it."

"I guess it doesn't hurt anybody. And I must beat it. See you later."

Later in the afternoon, when Jonathan Farwell returned from the funeral, he came directly to the kitchen where Pink was bustling about.

"Has Dale returned?"

"Not yet. I guess he's fussin'," the cook decided, closing his oven carefully. He turned to look at the tall black figure in the doorway. "Well, Dommie, it looks like we was out of luck."

"What do you mean?" Farwell asked quickly.

"I hear us old folks is goin' to be left at the fireside again."

"Yes. Dale plans to go north in June."

"Well, that's what guys can expect when they raise a family. The young birds got to go out and wrangle their worms. I was telling the kid how he wanted to keep an eye on them Canada boys. You and me should know."

"Yes."

"You know, I wouldn't mind meetin' up with some of them buddies once more. They could take it. I'll say that for them."

"They died well." A note of harshness almost in Farwell's voice. "Do you expect Dale for dinner?"

"Sure. He'll be on hand. He promised go."

LENORA BRADY was slightly incoherent when she flung open the front door for a young man who came bounding up her porch steps.

"Dale . . . Dale! Is it really you? Come in quick. . . Shut that door!"

There was a brief interval without words.

"You'll have to excuse me . . . I'm a cry-

baby." Lee winked back her tears with a laugh, as she caught at Dale's hand and led him to their favorite seat on the couch. "I think I came very near fainting with excitement when I heard your voice. . ."

"Swooning, you mean. That's what ladies do." Dale was amazed to find something like a choke in his own throat.

"All right then. I never dreamed of it being you! Why didn't you prepare me?"

"There really wasn't time. I came away on such short notice. Do you mind?"

"Mind! I'm so excited I can't talk." She patted his hand. "I was writing a letter to you when the phone rang. And when Hattie said some man wanted to speak to me . . ."

"You thought it was Pliny," Dale volunteered. "I want that letter just the same."

"This is better than a million letters!"

"I kept my promise, didn't I?"

"So wonderfully, dear. I believe you always will."

"I'll do my best, Lady Lee."

"And don't look quite so adorable. It makes me want to kiss you and I . . . Oh! Thank you. Now tell me everything."

Dale began a glowing account of the future. Old Payne had been a trump to recommend him. It seemed that this chap Kelsey had a lot of interests and there was no telling what the Canada job might lead to. Dale was going to do his best to make good right from the start. He would, too.

"It's wonderful," Lee sighed. "I feel, too, that it's the start of happiness for us. Only I dread to see you go so far away. Dale, dear . . ."

"Yes?"

"You must help me not to be selfish with you. We must think of your father. But you'll give me every minute you can, won't you?"

"Do you have to ask?"

"Yes. It's because I am selfish . . . about sharing my heart and geologist . . . Have you those blue goggles?"

"Not yet. I think mosquito-netting will be more appropriate, from what I hear."

"It does sound thrilling. . . Indians and everything. Maybe you'll fall in love with a squaw, Dale."

"I just wouldn't wonder. Now, let's plan for this afternoon. It's gorgeous out. Couldn't we run off?"

"You saw the car out there, didn't you? I'll go, if you'll drive."

"Bargain. We can have several hours to ourselves. I promised father I would show up for dinner. . . We had only a moment. And I want to see your mother before we go."

"Of course. I'll send her down. She's waiting upstairs for me to get over the first shock. I won't be but a minute."

"Dale! What a pleasant surprise this is!" was Mrs. Brady's greeting, when that young man planted an impulsive kiss on her cheek and escorted her to her favorite chair.

"Isn't it, though?" he beamed. "I'm the one who's lucky."

"We are so delighted to hear of your good fortune. Lee was so excited she scarcely could tell me about it. She insisted that I call her father and tell him. He is very much pleased and anxious to see you."

"How is Mr. Brady?"

"Very well, thank you. And busy as always. Lee and I see but little of him. I hope you will try to persuade your father to let us have you one evening for dinner. I know how Doctor Farwell must feel. . . But we have a tiny claim ourselves," she added smilingly.

"It's nice of you to say that," Dale remarked gratefully. "It means ever so much to me to know . . ."

But Lee, hurrying happily into the room, prevented him from finishing.

"I do wish we could drive over to Staten," she told him, when he helped her into the car. "But it's too far. Where shall we go?"

"I was hoping you would want to go there. We will before I go away. What do you say if we run out and park on the top of Allen's Hill for a time? I like the view there?"

"I'd love it."

"Then I shall take you up into an exceeding high mountain and showeth you all the kingdoms of this world and the glory. There are some special peaks to see to-day."

"You mustn't tempt me too far and . . . Watch out for that car, Sir Lucifer. He's going to try to pass us. This steering-wheel has too much play. You'll have to get used to it . . . and back-seat driving."

SUDDEN silence stilled their lively flow of talk when Dale parked the car on the summit of Allen's Hill and the two sat watching the landscape unrolled at their feet. Woods and farm lands basking in the early afternoon sunlight. Locust Hill among its trees, two miles to the east. The slender spire of Old White thrust above a sea of green.

"What are you so busy thinking about, Dale?" Lee asked it gently. For some minutes she had been watching his contemplative eyes looking into the distance.

"Oh . . . things," he admitted, without shifting his gaze. "I suppose it sounds queer. But, just now, it was about the funeral over there." He nodded in the direction of the church. "That's where father went this afternoon."

"I know. It's Helen Emmons. You remember her, don't you?"

"Of course. She was one of those three sisters. Always together and always dressed in black. I sat in the pew with them the first Sunday I was here."

"Did you ever hear anything about them?"

"Can't say that I did."

"I've often wished I knew the whole story. They say that Miss Helen . . . she was the oldest . . . was engaged to be married when she was a young girl. Her lover died. Her sisters never left her through all these years and all three have worn mourning. It makes you wonder . . . about Miss Eloise and Miss Jane. They gave their lifetime to Helen. And now, she has gone. Why did you think about her just now, Dale?"

"Just how strange it all is. Father standing in the pulpit and telling people what a good woman she was. Miss Emmons there, too. Perhaps she knows more than anybody in the world what it's all about."

"I hope so."

"That's what I was thinking of. She's on the way out. You and I really are just coming in. . . I suppose it's that way all the time."

"Dale, dear!" Lee's hand came out and caught his in a fierce little clutch. "Don't talk like that. I . . . I can't bear it. If anything happened now I . . . I think I'd die!" The moss-agate eyes were brimming with sudden tears.

"Lady Lee!" Dale exclaimed remorsefully. "I didn't mean to."

"I know." She mustered a smile. "You see, I love you so much. It makes me that way."

"Well, nothing is going to happen. It couldn't. Not now."

"I don't believe it could. It seems to me that I have known and loved you always. And it's really been but a few months, hasn't it? After you went away I used to find myself wishing that I had told you

about it sooner. But I couldn't have very well. Just the same, I feel that we wasted time."

"We'll try to make it up," Dale smiled. "We have years and years coming to us."

"Do you suppose that you'll ever be sorry?"

"No. I never will be sorry. I love you more than anybody in the world. It will always be like that."

"I know. But my chin gets wobbly every time I think of you going so far away. I've got to worry some, Dale. . . . You'll be away off from everybody. There won't even be letters. If you were hurt or sick, I might know nothing about it for a long time!"

"Don't worry, dear. Nothing can happen to me as long as you love me. And I know you do."

"So terribly. I'll try to keep my chin up while I have you here and can see you every day. Oh, Dale. . . . I have some gossip for you. It's bad news."

"Go on. Break it."

"Evelyn is away. She and her mother have gone to Europe. I was going to tell you in the letter."

"Tough."

"And that isn't all. Pliny resigned his position with the gas company and has gone into the bank with Mr. Marblestone. So. . ."

"I'm resigned, too. Pliny hasn't a thing on me."

"Sure you're not sorry?"

"What's the use?"

And so lengthening shadows found them, watching the world at their feet.

"I'm afraid we should be going," Lee sighed regretfully. "I hate to see this day go. . . . It's the happiest I have ever known, Dale."

"I know. I feel the same way. But it isn't gone. . . . That is, if you'll let me come over for a little while after dinner."

"I was almost afraid to suggest it. Of course, I want you to. I'll drop you at your house as we go in."

"Some day. . . . we'll be going home together. Just you and I. Perhaps it will not be so long now."

"You know I'll be ready, whenever the time comes," Lee answered softly. "Nothing can ever separate us now. . . . Tell me it can't," she entreated. "Just once more."

"Funny girl. What could separate us?"

When Dale reached the parsonage he went directly to the study. As he had hoped, he found his father there. Farwell laid aside his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"Let me hear something about your new position, Dale," he suggested. "Just where are you going?"

"Into the Missinabi country. . . . Is the atlas handy? I'll show you."

"There beside you. On the lower shelf."

Dale laid the volume on the table and leafed through it until he located the desired map.

"I'll be starting from Minneapolis," he began importantly. "Then go up the North Shore. . . . like this. I don't know the exact route yet. But I'm to strike for the Missinabi River and follow it to some point along here."

"It looks as though it might be a rough and sparsely-settled country."

"It is, I'm going to make a hunt for gold. . . . But no one is supposed to know that." Dale's blue eyes were alight with excitement. "I'll have to use a canoe and Indian guides. Mr. Kelsey says. . . ."

"Whom did you say?" Farwell broke in sharply. His head was still bent over the atlas.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Wade Kelsey."

He's the man who is sending me up there. He's a mining man. . . . a great friend of Doctor Payne."

"Then you met this. . . . man."

"I'll say I did. He came down to the U to consult Payne on the proposition. He wanted to send a man up there to make a report and the chief suggested me. That's how I got the job. From what I hear, Mr. Kelsey must be a rich man."

"Is he?" Jonathan Farwell swung his chair with a swift move and stared from the window. In this position his back was very nearly towards Dale. "Go on," he commanded. "I am listening."

"That's pretty nearly everything I know, Father." Dale closed the atlas. "I'm to make a survey while the snow is off the ground and to take all the time I need. Of course, all my expenses are paid and I get a fair salary in addition. I may have to lay out some money for my outfit, but I guess I can manage that."

"Let me know if you need anything."

"Thanks, Father. If I do, it will be a loan this time. If I have real luck, Mr. Kelsey rather hinted there might be something. . . ."

"Dinner!" Pink's strident voice interrupted from the lower hall.

"I must wash up," Dale remarked hurriedly. "See you downstairs, Father."

A few moments later he was in the dining-room chatting with Mulgrew as they waited for Doctor Farwell to put in an appearance.

"Didn't the dominie hear?" Pink demanded. "The calf's goin' to be havin' a chill pretty quick."

"Why, yes. He heard," Dale remarked. "I was telling him about the job up north when you called. He was sitting looking out the window while I was talking."

"All right, wasn't he?"

"Sure. I'd just been giving him all the dope I had from my new boss, Wade Kelsey, and. . . ."

"Kelsey!"

Mulgrew's small face was ashen. His grey eyes stared helplessly.

"Pink!" Dale leaped forward and caught the man by his white shoulders. "What's happened! What is it!"

"Kid. . . ." Pink's tongue wet his lips. They were trembling oddly. "Kid, you'd best go up and see. . . . your dad."

FATHER.

"Well. . . ." came a muffled voice from the man facing the window. To all appearances, Farwell had not stirred after Dale left the study in answer to Pink's dinner summons.

"I must ask you something."

The swivel chair swung about reluctantly. Dale caught his breath at the sight of his father's face, the black eyes peering up at him in a blank stare.

"You are ill!"

"No, no. I am all right. What was it?"

"When I went down," Dale began, but partially reassured, "I felt that something was wrong. I was talking to Pink and. . . ."

"What did he tell you?" Farwell interrupted in a dull voice.

"Nothing. But he. . . . Father, who is Wade Kelsey?"

The man in the chair made no reply. His eyes evaded the other's searching gaze.

"You must know him."

"He. . . . I never saw the man."

"Don't you think you'd better tell me?"

"Yes," Farwell sighed wearily. "I must." He pulled himself to his feet, holding to the table with both hands. His face was a white mask of misery. "Sit here on the bed, Dale. We will talk as two men." He dropped

heavily to a place at Dale's side and sat in brooding silence."

"Tell me, father."

"Did this. . . . Kelsey question you about me?"

"Why, no. He asked where you lived. That sort of thing."

"Or about. . . . your mother?"

"Why should he ask that?"

Farwell lapsed into silence once more. He stared blankly at the rows of books on the wall opposite.

"I should have known." He might have been saying the words to himself. And then: "It has been so long. So very long."

"Then it's something about my mother?"

"About all of us, Dale. Our day of reckoning. Hearts of men are as nothing. . . ."

The old familiar fever touched his voice. Vanished. "Souls are in the balance now. Souls, I say. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"It is all you may owe me now. Here is the thing you must hear."

The account proceeded with grim steadfastness.

WHEN I left the seminary, I supplied the pulpit of our church in a small Oregon town, Middleton. It was your mother's home from childhood. Her father was dead. Some of this you know, Elaine and your grandmother were alone."

"You have told me that." A respectful impatience marked the words.

"And I have tried to have you know Elaine. As she was then. . . . very young and very beautiful. Scarcely more than a child. I am wondering if I can make you understand what I was. How bleak my early life had been. Those harsh experiences softened only by my faith in God. It drove me. I was zealous, intolerant. I fancied myself another Saint Paul. . . . called to persecute. Before these past few days, I doubt if you could have understood how. . . . I came to love Elaine. Or rather, how she could have loved such a man as myself."

Dale's thoughts had turned twifly to Lee. "I know," he said simply.

"I think you do now. And I did love her. It was the same fierceness that characterised my every desire. I brushed aside her every doubt. I was convinced our union was desired of God. And I forced her to see it, although. . . . She was promised to another, Dale. The man's name was Kelsey, Wade Kelsey."

Dale started at the name but did not speak. Cold fear gripped him.

"Let me finish. Try to reserve your judgment. I told you I never had seen this man. I believe that is true. He meant nothing to me, save that he stood in the way of an ordained plan. I recall that he was an engineer then. Stationed in Middleton. Elaine consented to our marriage when I was given my first regular appointment. I took her out of the only home she ever had known. Hundreds of miles away. Among strangers."

"But she was happy," Dale interjected defensively. Again it was Lee.

"Some flowers do not bear transplanting. I may not spare myself, if you are to understand. I bruised her with my relentless efforts. Elaine tried. . . . pitifully. Heaven knows. So do I, now. She wanted to conform to my pattern of life. The tragedy of it all was my own blindness. I failed her. And she never knew. . . ."

"What are you trying to say!"

The boyish voice could not conceal its anguish. Dale caught roughly at his father's arm. The first resentful gesture of a lifetime.

"That I saw when it was too late. How lonely and frightened she must have been."

I was obliged to leave home for a few days. I told Elaine that I would expect her to conduct the weekly prayer service. It seemed a trivial thing. She shrank from the idea in terror. I would not listen. It was the simple duty of a parson's wife. I chided her for want of faith . . . for giving way to her nerves. It was the culmination for her. Everything must have toppled.

"What did my mother do?" Dale's fingers slowly relaxed their hold. His hand fell to the bed.

"She was gone when I came home. There was a note. She had failed me . . . so she said. My life and work were all that mattered. She was doing it for me."

Go on.

EVEN then I did not believe the truth. I went to your grandmother's at once. I kept telling myself Elaine would be there. That a moment of panic had driven her home. Mrs. Cameron could tell me nothing. We searched. Oh, yes, we searched. Days dragged by. Months. I never saw her again.

"You mean she . . . Kelsey?" Dale forced the words from his stiff lips.

"Wait." Farwell lifted a hand in weary protest. "You must let me tell you . . . as I can. I paid for it with my soul. It is a dreadful thing for a man to lose his soul. Dale. My conscience drove me out of my church and away from my God. The conviction that I was to preach was inborn. There was my father . . . his father. I threw all that aside and lived because I was afraid to die. I worked with my brain and my hands, trying to forget. I failed in everything. A Cain now . . . Always in flight."

Dale sat motionless, listening. Someone passed the house, whispering carefully. A hollow thump against the front door. The evening paper from the city. And here in this upper room . . . The world had come to a standstill. Jonathan Farwell's voice again, pitched in that unbearable monotone.

"It was in the autumn of 1914 that a solution came to me. Thousands were meeting death in the war. I crossed into Canada and enlisted with a contingent training for overseas. I had no intention of coming back."

"There is not much more. I was in battle many times. I wanted to be among those I saw falling on every hand, but God would not let me join their company. And somewhere in all that rack of blood and filth I . . . I found my soul. I owe it to Pink."

"So he knows," Dale muttered. "Yes, he knows . . . everything. When Death walks with men by day and night, all human values shrink. Men know each other for what they are. I may not tell you of Pink. Save that his small body shelters a heart whose equal I never have found in another. You are to believe that. Some day, you will realise my debt there."

Farwell stirred. He got to his feet with seeming difficulty and moved to the table where he stood supporting his weight on his hands. His shoulders, usually so erect, sagged weakly.

"When I returned from France, I knew that my only salvation was in a life devoted once more to the Church. I sought out . . ."

"No!" There was a ring of desperation in Dale's voice. He left the bed in his turn, to stand at Farwell's back. "Let's get this done. Where . . . where did you find me?"

"Your grandmother was caring for you."

My mother

"Had found rest, Dale. She . . . left you to me."

"And Kelsey?"

"Brought her home." The words scarcely were audible.

"And that is what you had to tell me . . . to-day."

Jonathan Farwell faced about with an effort. His head came up as he met Dale's gaze unflinchingly.

"Say what you will. We are men."

"I am trying to make myself think of you," Dale said slowly. "I want to remember all that you have done for me. Everything is gone now."

"Don't say that. I do not wish you to think of me. I killed the one great love of my life . . . Lived in the hell from which I have warned others. There was but one possible atonement. Can't you see that? You are all that I have left . . . of Elaine. Your life is all ahead of you."

"Yes. A . . . nobody." Dale choked on the word. "And you've let me go on and on."

"I thought perhaps God was giving me a chance. I always was fearful of this day. But years passed. Nothing came out of the void. I might have known. God never forgets."

"But you would have!" Dale exclaimed harshly. "Can't you see what you've let me do . . . to somebody? I can take it. But . . . Lee." He made an effort to control himself. "If there were a God . . ."

"There is."

"Then he's cruel. I think there is but one thing I would ever like to know from you." Dale's voice was curiously calm. "You have let me live a lie. Why did you try so hard to make me believe that . . . my mother . . ."

"Because your mother was good, Dale. The sin was mine. Never hers. I could not offer you my religion. The next best thing was a faith . . ."

"Faith!" The word ended in a bitter laugh, cut short. "I'm sorry . . . sir."

"Wait . . . Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

Dale flung himself out of the study. The door closed behind him with a crash. A few strides took him into his own room where he paused, looking about with a vacant stare as if he had found himself in a strange place.

His eyes fell upon the picture hanging in the chimney niche.

Very slowly he approached the one-time shrine, detached the photograph from the wall, held it clenched in his two hands. A sudden wrench and the frame was pulled apart. Its glass fell and shattered on the bare floor boards.

Dale took one lingering look at the portrait, lifted it, and held it for an instant against his cheek. Very gently he laid it on the shelf. He left the room, walking quietly. This time, he sought the rear stairway.

"Kid! Wait a minute."

There was Pink, barring the outer door of the kitchen with his small frame. Deep shadows filled the room.

"Get out of the way."

"I'm not goin' to talk to you. But ain't there something?"

"Yes. Let me alone."

"Don't be like that, kid. I know."

"Sure. You've always known. Don't ever pull any of that stuff on me about foulin' Will you get away from that door, or do you want me to make you?"

"You better hadn't try it. Where you goin'?"

"Anywhere."

"On your way then."

He followed Dale as far as the back porch and watched him hurry swiftly through the dusk.

"Thought he might have been headin' for the girl's," the cook muttered. "He wouldn't, I guess. He's figurin' now that he's never goin' to meet up with her. He'll walk it off . . . Tough."

Pink made his way into the darkened house with a heavy heart. He switched on the dining-room light and regarded the table. The dinner he had prepared with such care was cold and untasted, faced by two empty chairs. Mulgrew shook his head disconsolately.

"Poor old Kid Prodigal's rasalin' hucks to-night." He stepped into the parlor and listened attentively. From overhead came the sound of footfalls, pacing back and forth. "The daminie's walkin', too. Might as well clear away."

An hour later, Pink was in the kitchen adjusting his tie before a small mirror. He had changed into his checked suit and the ceremonial derby was on the back of his head.

"I ain't goin' to get thanked none for this, either," he muttered to his reflection.

Lee Brady sat alone in the swing that hung in a shadowy corner of the front porch. When her vigil was rewarded by the sound of approaching steps from the street, she hurried forward with a low word of greeting . . . halted in confusion. A small man stood below her, hat in hand.

"Oh . . . Mr. Mulgrew."

"Evenin', Miss Lee."

"Won't you come up? I was expecting Dale. Is . . . Did he send me a message?"

"No'm, he didn't." Pink ascended the steps and glanced about uncertainly. "I want to talk to you a minute." He walked to the swing and sat down without waiting for an invitation.

"Pink!" Lee exclaimed in sudden fright.

"Is Dale all right? What is the matter?"

"Take it easy. There's nothin' wrong . . . not the way you mean."

"Where is Dale?"

ABOUT three miles from here, I wouldn't wonder. And still walkin'."

"Something is the matter!" Lee dropped into the swing at Pink's side. "Tell me."

"Well . . ." the little man ran his forefinger around the brim of his hat reflectively. "I'm battin' in to-night. But I didn't see nothin' else to do."

"I understand, Pink," was the quiet assurance. "It's all right."

"Hope so. You see, Miss Lee, I don't know you so very good. But you always struck me as bein' pretty square. Of course, I'm wise to you and . . . the kid. I'm the first one he spilled it to. You're pretty strong for him, too."

"Yes."

"So'm I. I reckon he's told you some about him and me. We been like that." He held up two fingers, close together.

"I know."

"You're different, of course. . . . But I'm wonderin' just how much you'd do for him if he was in a jam."

"Is Dale in trouble? Oh, please tell me what it is, Pink!"

"Fraid he is. Got hit pretty low. He's out for the count, all right."

"Please!" begged the girl. "Don't make me wait. Tell me."

"That's it," Mulgrew admitted. "I got to and I don't know how. The kid's goin' to try and kill me when he finds I come here. But somebody's got to do somethin'."

for him and you're the only one I know who can bring him around."

"You can tell me, Pink. There is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for Dale."

"Sure? I don't mind tellin' you this is somethin' you never figured on."

"It makes no difference what it is."

"Well, then . . . Miss Lee, I'm a bit older'n you. I've seen a good deal I hope you never will. It's a queer world any way you want to look at it. Did you ever stop to figure that when a guy climbs through the ropes, he . . . Well, he don't have such a lot to say about it. He goes to his corner and waits for the goin'. Sometimes . . . just sometimes, I say . . . the match is fixed ahead of time. Wonder if you get that?"

"You mean," Lee hazarded in a low voice, "that something happened to Dale? Something that wasn't his fault at all?"

"Yeah. He's bout was fixed. . . . That's it."

The silence in the porch was broken only by the swing chains creaking gently in their hooks overhead as the seat moved slowly to and fro under the nervous pressure of Pink's foot.

"I . . . I think I know what you're trying to tell me, Pink," Lee said after a little.

"Hilt you pretty hard, does it?"

"I'm thinking of Dale. Nothing else matters," Lee said.

"You mean it, Miss Lee?" Pink's hand came out unconsciously and rested on the girl's arm. "You mean you stick by what you said . . . about not anything for the kid?"

"Yes, Pink. Anything."

"Miss Lee. . . . You're actin' awful white about it. This love business is a funny game. I don't know much about it and don't want to. Sure, I know women are more fussy than men when it comes to a guy's . . . folks. Same as I know what sent the kid down for the count today. He was thinkin' about you. . . . What it was goin' to do to you. I know that, same as it he'd told me."

"What can we do, Pink? You and I?" Lee asked soberly.

"That's a tough one," Mulgrew admitted morosely. "All this is puttin' me on the spot right. Guess you'll keep it under your vest?"

"Of course. Tell me anything you think will help."

"It's a queer one. I can't drag the domain into this so much. You see, he told me the whole thing a long time ago. You gotta take my word for it he had his reasons for never tellin' the kid. Until to-day."

"You can't tell me why?"

"No, ma'am. I don't think I should. But I'll give you a little tip. It all happened right out of a clear sky, so to speak. You see . . . Well, the kid is tellin' the domain all about his new job. When he gets around to sayin' the name of the boss . . ."

"Never mind, Pink. I can guess."

"You're one ahead of me all the time. Can you beat that one? Twenty years and never a word of the guy. And then . . . Right out of a clear sky, like I said. Wore'n a story book."

"Where is Dale?"

"Can't say for sure. He walked out. I tried to stop him . . . It woulda meant a fight. I didn't have the heart to smear him. Maybe I should, at that."

"Pink! What if he . . . ?" Lee's question ended in a frightened sob.

"Nah! Forget it. He ain't yellow."

"But suppose he doesn't come back! Pink, he told me all about his . . . mother. I know as well as you do what this is doing

to him. We must help him! We must!" She was on her feet now, holding out both hands appealingly.

"Take it easy," Pink rose also and set his hat firmly on his head. "The best thing you and me can do to-night is to let him be. He'll feel better if he walks it off. I ain't so worried . . . Now that I know you're on the up and up with him."

"But we must find him! And you don't know where he is . . ."

"Maybe I don't. But it don't stop me from havin' a good guess. If you say you want him, I'll dig him up. That's a promise, Miss Lee."

"Oh, is it, Pink? I'll wait. Until tomorrow. You won't fail me!"

"Not a chance. Not a chance."

HAD Pink Mulgrew watched Dale's retreating figure but a moment longer he would have seen him paused momentarily at the side of a grass-grown grave. And had Robert Clarke, dead at the "Hand of a British Fox" been able to hear earthly sounds he might have puzzled at the single word torn from his twilight visitor.

"Lucky."

Dale pushed on.

His torturing reflections did not drive him as far afield as Pink suspected. He made his way out over a road that passed a woodland patch, not far from the town limits. It was dark among the trees. Gratefully dark. There was nearness of rain in the unseasonable warmth.

Dale vaulted a fence and stumbled through the crackling underbrush, heedless of briars that caught and tore at his knees in passing. When he found himself in a small clearing, safe from the prying gleam of hurrying car lamps, he flung himself to the ground under a tree.

Alone at last with his seething thoughts.

So far there had been only the wild urge to escape. From everything. Everybody. A vague realization that he must give battle to life, reach a decision of sorts. But his brain refused to function. He crouched alone in a mad upside-down world. Hands clenched in anguish. Host to a stormy panorama of distorted images.

Through it all, over it all . . . the name he had been unable to force from his lips back there in the study. How long ago. That was the memory his battered consciousness desired most of all to crush. Even as his fingers tried to mutilate the tangible evidence. And failed.

Elaine. Elaine.

Her face watching him through all this nightmare. It would not be blotted out. No matter how he beat at it with his bare heart.

That hurrying maddening procession, swinging past his staring eyes. Where was the end?

A host of puzzling shadows forging by. Taking shape at last. Those were pennons streaming from bobbing lance tips. Clearer. The half-forgotten game of dreams. Old guests of the Table Round. Men-at-arms astride their phantom chargers. Hearings in confused masses of color. A pageant without voice or hoofbeat. Heraldry with mute trumpets.

And, ever present in the motley press of mail, a lone rider. Coming out again, hidden behind arms that bore no device. Blank.

The shield argent.

Marchers swimming in a bewildering circle. Faster. It must be a circle. Always that other face. A white face, proud, beautiful. Delicate as a spring moon laced in mists. Eyes beseeching . . .

Dale's arm was upflung across his face

to shut away the picture. He rolled over and pressed his eyes deep among the dead leaves. Sobs broke from him.

"Elaine."

When that first storm had spent itself, the boy who had been Dale Farwell roused and stared dully at his surroundings. At the trees looming darkly on all sides. It was the same world he had seen slip from beneath his feet. He still was in it, if no longer of it.

A fresh sense of detachment enveloped him.

For the moment, his mind refused to recognise the present or future. He must go back a little, reconstruct this chaos. Adjust himself to a perspective of some sort. Slowly, matters began to right themselves in his numb brain. It came back to him how his father . . .

Oh.

That was it. He had no . . . father. But he did! He was the son of Ward Kelsey. That should have been his name, too. No right to that other of which he had been so proud. Who was Jonathan Farwell? Only his mother's husband. A man who had been kind to him . . . for her sake. Had he?

This man of God. Who stood up each Sunday and told people how to be good. Live righteous lives, hate sin. And he let me live this lie. He lived it, too. Why? Why? . . .

There was no answer.

All these years giving himself to the task of saving souls. "No man cares for my soul." Where were those words? They must have come from Jonathan Farwell's mouth . . . his Bible. What about his own soul? What about . . .

The Lady Lee.

No use to push that out of his mind any longer. The thing that mattered most of all. He groaned softly to himself.

She was waiting for him now . . . somewhere in this soft darkness. He had promised. His last words had told her that nothing could ever keep them apart. How could he ever tell her? He couldn't. Never to see her again . . .

What would they tell her when she called at the parsonage? What would he say in the message he must send before he went away from all this? That he had made a mistake? That she must try to forget? To have to hurt her so. No right even to look at her. Never to hold her close. . . . The warm perfume of her hair . . .

Lady Lee.

He couldn't stand this. If only he could start on that trip to the wilderness. Bury himself forever. Another dream shattered. He never wanted to see . . . that man. Hear his name. Didn't dare see him.

There were other wildernesses. He would find them. Only ask to be forgotten. No riding out with colors now . . .

The clouds lowered. Raindrops rattled sharply on the leaves, drummed sullenly, died with reluctant drippings. A few pale stars struggled out to watch the dim form huddled close to its protecting tree.

Dale rose painfully to his feet. Blundered on. Deeper into the woods.

PINK MULGREW stood watch alone in his kitchen until the first streaks of dawn tinged the east and Albert Hickman arrived with a clink of milk bottles. Pink had passed the hours tipped back in a chair, heels resting on the table as he sat staring at the wall and lighting one cigarette after the other.

He had gone several times to the back porch to peer into the darkness and to

listen. Then into the parlor, only to hear that monotonous pacing overhead.

When the clock chimed four, Pink flipped a half-smoked cigarette into the sink, rose and bathed his face in cold water. "I'll be goin' nuts myself, if this thing keeps up much longer," he grumbled, smoothing back his hair with wet hands.

A moment later, he rapped hesitatingly on the study door. Receiving no reply, he turned the knob and peered cautiously into the room.

The light still burned. Jonathan Farwell, his face drawn and haggard and suddenly old, turned to face his visitor.

"Dale has not come back," were his first words.

"Not yet, Domine."

"I have lost him . . . too," Farwell offered in a curiously flat voice. "Gone." The finality stirred Mulgrew to action.

"Talk sense!" he countered roughly. "You know that kid's no quitter. Any more'n you. Sit down. Pull yourself together."

With unexpected docility, the minister sank to a seat on the bed.

"I've lost him," he repeated dully, his hopeless black eyes fixed upon Pink's worried face.

"He'll come back," the little man insisted. "You been carryin' this around ever since he was born. The kid's got it all in one package. What do you expect? He's had to go out by himself and work it out. Same as you've been doin'. When he gets here, he'll be fixed to talk. Then you and him can get together."

"Why should he come to me? I drove him away."

"Sure he will." Pink endeavored to instill a heartiness in his voice that he was far from feeling. "It's like I told you. You see."

"I heard it rain," Farwell went on wearily. "Where is he?" He lifted himself to his feet, steadying himself with a hand on the head of the bed. "We must find him."

"Give him time, Domine. If he don't ring in pretty quick . . . But he will." Pink pushed Farwell to his seat with gentle hands. "Best thing you can do is to lie down and grab yourself some rest."

The other shook his head. He clutched Pink's arm appealingly.

"My punishment is almost greater than I can bear, Pinkney. I tried to carry it alone. Did I do wrong? Did I?"

"Listen, Domine. I can't tell you. I reckon I'd have done the same as you. You wasn't sure . . . I mean you never had it in black and white. You know what I'm tryin' to say."

"What else was there to believe?" Farwell persisted. "There never was anything else to believe. God forgive me . . . I hope the man was dead. Now he comes out of the past."

"One of them things. That's all."

"If there was any doubt," was the bitter retort, "why did that man hide himself all these years? Why did he not find me? Why . . . ? There is no answer. To anything in life."

With a sudden move, Jonathan Farwell threw himself across the bed and lay motionless, his face hidden.

Pink came nearer. He stood looking down at the crumpled figure.

"Domine," he began slowly, "I ain't very good at sayin' things. But ain't you sorta runnin' out on yourself to-night? And on the kid? You know . . ." Pink hesitated, then summed up: "I always let you handle the church end. But here's how all this hits me. If God's all you figure . . . why's

He lettin' our kid sit in a crooked game? No, sir. The kid's a square shooter. You can't tell me no different. Dope it out for yourself."

NINE O'CLOCK found the parsonage enveloped in silence.

Jonathan Farwell still lay across his bed where Mulgrew had left him several hours before. Exhausted by the storm that had swept his heart and brain, sleep at last had claimed the minister. Pink was in the living-room where he had stretched himself on the couch to wait Dale's coming.

The chiming of the clock brought him to his feet, staring and rubbing his eyes.

A distinct uneasiness possessed him when he realised that his watch had been kept in vain. Dale had not returned. Satisfied by the quiet overhead that Farwell must be resting, Pink stole softly to his kitchen to brew a pot of coffee.

As he swallowed a hasty breakfast, he was formulating a plan of action. He had promised Miss Lee to find the kid and he must make his effort at once. Maybe he should leave a note for the domine. Not a bad idea, that. It would save making explanations before he started out.

While Pink was struggling with a reassuring message, he swore audibly at the sound of the doorbell. Muttering to himself, he hurried to answer it before his employer should be roused. It might be some word from the kid.

The man standing on the porch was a stranger. Pink decided in one hasty appraisal that the caller had nothing to do with the day's main business.

"Well?" was his ungracious greeting. "I would like to see Mr. Farwell, if I may."

"Sorry. Not to-day."

"You mean he is not at home?"

"He can't see nobody."

"I trust he is not ill. My business is rather urgent . . . I believe."

Before Pink could repeat his refusal, a voice spoke from within the hall.

"Just a moment, Pinkney. Who is it?" Jonathan Farwell came slowly down the stairs and crossed to the front door.

"Good morning," he began calmly. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Mr. Farwell?"

"Yes. Come in."

Pink fell back reluctantly and allowed the visitor to enter. Eyed him uneasily as he walked into the parlor, followed by the minister.

The atmosphere of the front room was charged with sudden tenseness as the two men faced each other. The stranger broke the silence. He spoke bluntly.

"We have never met, Doctor Farwell."

"No." It was a colorless word. "But I am not surprised to see you . . . now."

"Then you know I'm Wade Kelsey."

The name had no sooner left the speaker's lips than the door leading to the dining-room closed abruptly. By an unseen hand. The unexpected sound recalled Farwell to the duties of host.

"Will you be seated?"

"Thank you. We can talk here?"

"If you feel it necessary."

"We are alone, I mean?"

Jonathan Farwell walked to the hall door. He closed it and came back to the nearest chair, dropping wearily to its cushioned seat. A few brief hours had aged him perceptibly. His shoulders sagged. The white face was pinched and drawn.

"Well, sir?"

"Perhaps this is more difficult than I realised." A slight hesitancy marked Kelsey's attempt. Sudden sympathy filled him. This man was suffering. He was ill. "Can

you understand what brings me here?" he ventured. "I suppose you know that I have met . . . Dale."

"He told me so. He is gone."

"Gone? I don't quite understand. Isn't he out at the University?"

"He came here. To tell me about you."

"Of course. He mentioned something of the sort. I will be glad to see him again."

"He is gone," Farwell insisted listlessly. "First . . . Elaine. To-day, Dale. What would you do now? I am beyond hurt, I think."

"You're talking in riddles, man!" Kelsey eyed the other sharply.

"And there is no answer left," Farwell's black eyes fixed themselves on the engineer's puzzled face. "I once supposed if ever I met you face to face, I would . . . kill you. God changes us." There was a faint touch of wonder in the words.

"I think you had better explain that," Kelsey said it quietly enough, but a dull color crept into his cheeks. "I thought I might be of some help. You have enough to answer for, when it comes to that. Elaine might be here now, if you . . . I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

"Yes. She might have come here with you. To claim . . . your son. It is too late. He is gone. I drove him away."

"Farwell, what are you saying?"

Kelsey sprang to his feet. The lean face under the grey hair had gone as white as Farwell's own. His fists were thrust into his coat pockets, as if fearful his anger might get the best of him.

"That Dale is yours," was the measured reply. "I always have known."

Wade Kelsey took a backward step and sank helplessly into his chair. He stared at Farwell unable to believe his ears. He scarcely gave evidence of hearing the minister's next words.

"I sinced more deeply than I knew. I never told the boy. Always I was hoping . . . hoping. Then you came. I had to tell him. All."

"Wait!" Kelsey's voice was harsh. He swallowed before he could ask his question. "Are you trying to tell me that you think . . . that you dare believe . . . I'm that boy's father?"

"Would you deny him a name now? It is all that you can give him. More than you did for . . . her."

"If I did not believe you utterly mad . . . A dangerous ring crept into Kelsey's voice as he leaned forward. "As long as you have said . . . that. Let me tell you something once and for all. I gave Elaine a love that could mean nothing to you. For you killed her."

"No. I loved her. Too well."

"And I tell you that you did. You broke her between your hands. She loved you so well she let you drive her out of your life. And now . . ." He was on his feet again. "You sit there in your smug righteousness and smirch her name. Didn't it occur to you that Dale might be your son? That he is your son? Elaine's boy? You . . . poor blind fool. And to think I have hated you all these years!"

Farwell slowly passed his hand over his mouth as if he had received a blow. His lips twitched, but no sound came. He peered up vacantly at his accuser.

"I am beginning to understand," Kelsey remarked quietly. "We must get to the bottom of this. Pull yourself together, man. Is there anything I can get you?"

Farwell shook his head.

"Then listen to me." He drew his chair closer and seated himself. "This is no time to mince words . . . It means too much to that boy. To all of us. I can tell you some

things you don't know. That is what brought me here."

Kelsey paused a moment, as if uncertain how to begin. Then he plunged in abruptly.

"We'll start with me. You'd best make up your mind to accept what I tell you. Is that understood?"

A slight nod of the head was Farwell's reply.

"When you came to Middleton, I was a transit man with the old G. and C. Starting out. I was engaged to Elaine. There's no good going into that. She loved you more than she did me. But there is one thing you will have to believe. It didn't keep me from loving her. There never has been another woman in my life. . . . From that day until this. If you can get that . . ."

Farwell sat motionless. Staring in mute pain at the other man.

"I don't want to be rough . . ." Kelsey seemed to find the going difficult. "I know now that Elaine never opened her lips to a soul. But I saw . . . though I never talked with her after she sent me away. She was trying to fit herself to a job that was beyond her. It had to be that way. It was bound to end in a smash."

"I can guess what happened after you took her away. She found herself falling the job . . . and you. Fright and her nerves got the better of her. I could piece it all together. She clung to you and you gave her no help. Perhaps you couldn't. That's not for me to judge. All I know is that something . . . snapped. It was bound to," he said again.

Farwell moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. Sat watching. His face was expressionless.

"Elaine was in a panic when she left your home. Her physical condition had something to do with it, of course. When she was driven to take the step, she couldn't go back. She couldn't go to her mother, for fear you would find her. I'm sorry if that hurts. It's the truth. You see, she believed she had ruined your life and the right thing for her to do was to fade out of the picture. I'm not guessing now. She told me. Almost two years afterwards, that was."

For the first time, a shade of interest lighted Jonathan Farwell's eyes. Kelsey's steady voice went on.

"This will sound almost unbelievable. I can see now . . . It was fate. The same as my running across Dale last week. I was in Chicago on business. A friend and myself dropped into a Loop restaurant for lunch. I saw Elaine . . . waiting at tables. I could not believe my eyes. She had failed . . . very badly. I was afraid to let her see me, but I found her that night. This is going to hurt. She was working to support . . . your baby."

"I'll cut it short for both our sakes. Elaine didn't have much resistance. The lake air had been doing her no good. I took her to her mother where she belonged. Then I began a search for you. You seemed to have dropped from sight. I stumbled across your trail once in nineteen fifteen. Elaine had been dead several months. She hoped for you to the last . . . Wanted to put Dale in your arms where he belonged. Now it's your turn to help. Where were you?"

Farwell made an attempt to speak. Failed. He tried again and managed one husky word.

"Oversens."

"We weren't in the war then."

"Canadians."

"That explains it. I thought possibly you

had gone over later. I took it up with Washington, but never got anywhere. Every time I had a chance to get to Middleton I did, for Mrs. Cameron's sake. On my last trip, I found I had missed you. You found her dying and you took the boy away with you."

Farwell nodded helplessly. He did not trust himself to speak.

"I see it all now. Mrs. Cameron was not able to tell you what had happened. The neighbors did. They explained how I had come there with Elaine and Dale. That was enough for them . . . And you. I never dreamed . . ."

Kelsey's voice trailed away. There was silence in the room, a silence broken by the slam of a distant door. Farwell seized the arms of his chair in his two hands. He pulled himself erect. There was a stern quality in his deep voice. His dark eyes flashed again.

"Is that the truth, Wade Kelsey?"

"You know that it is," was the quiet answer. "I always wanted to find you, I think. I told myself that I would some day . . . That, after all, you had the right to know that Elaine's last thought had been of you. I didn't know where you were. I lead a busy life . . . and a lonely one. Then Dale walked into the room where I sat talking to John Payne. It was like looking into Elaine's eyes again. Everything came back. I had no rest until I came here. I only wish I had been in time to spare Dale. We must think of him now."

Farwell lurched forward suddenly. He covered his face with his hands.

"Elaine . . . Elaine . . ."

Kelsey relaxed in his chair. He found his own eyes suddenly wet. After a moment, he crossed over and laid a hand on the other man's bowed shoulders.

"We've both been hurt . . . Jonathan. It's over now. It's up to us to help that boy. He'll come back when he gets over the shock. And now, you'll be able to tell him it's all right. I'm going down to the hotel. I'll stay for a little. If you need me, I'll be waiting."

THERE was another ringing of the parsonage bell in the early afternoon. A second and hesitating push of the button brought Jonathan Farwell to the door. He walked with a steady step, displaying his usual composure. His voice betrayed no surprise as he greeted the caller.

"Good afternoon, Miss Brady. Will you walk in?"

"Good afternoon, Doctor Farwell." Lee colored faintly under the steady scrutiny of the minister's dark eyes. She gathered herself together quickly, speaking in a voice that matched the man's for evenness. "I would like to speak to Mr. Mulgrew if he is here."

"I am afraid Pinckney is out at present," was the grave reply. "Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps you will come in."

"Just for a moment then." And, when the door had closed behind her, "I wanted to know if . . . if Pink had found Dale. He said he would. I didn't hear anything . . . Lee's voice trembled a little in spite of her effort to control it. "I couldn't bear it any longer." Her brown eyes looked up appealingly into Farwell's.

"I see. Please sit down."

Lee shook her head, waited.

"When was this, Miss Brady?"

"Last night . . . after dinner."

"Last night . . ." The minister repeated the words with an effort. "Then he must have told you."

"He did. Where is Dale? Hasn't he come back at all?"

"Not yet. Pinckney must be searching. Something tells me he will bring Dale with him. I am waiting."

"Oh, if we only knew where he was! If he was all right!" Lee's small hands clenched helplessly. "It wasn't his fault. I'm so afraid he thinks he mustn't love me any more. He may even think that I don't love him . . . now. And I do . . . I do!"

Farwell took a step nearer. One of his hands came out to rest on her shoulder.

"As much as that, my child?"

"Of course," she told him, looking bravely into his eyes. "I will always love him."

"I believe you . . . Lee." His voice quivered a little as he said, "I never have known of a greater love. Save one. My dear, you will not be put to the test. . . . Either of you."

"Oh, what . . . ?"

"I have learned the truth to-day. It might have been too late. But now . . . I know that God will bring my son back to us. Will you wait for a little here? Wait with me? It will not be long."

"Oh, yes. Please let me stay."

ALONG the wooded slope of a high hill some five miles from Locust Hill a small figure was clawing its way doggedly through the heavy undergrowth, engaged in a zigzag ascent.

It was Pinckney Mulgrew. Finding a fallen tree in his path, he sat down to regain his breath and mop his perspiring face.

"Queer how the kid ever found that trail," he muttered. "It must be around here somewhere." He squinted thoughtfully at the summit, revealed through an opening among the trees. "Must be," he repeated.

He picked up his coat and resumed his climb.

After a brief progress, his searching eyes were rewarded by a faint path leading in the desired direction. With an exclamation of relief, he followed it. Within a quarter of an hour he found himself nearing the final sheer ascent, a bald face of rock that rose almost perpendicularly. The explorer moved warily now, making as little noise as possible. From a thicket he peeped cautiously across a small clearing.

There, propped against a boulder in the sunshine, was Dale.

"Hi," Mr. Mulgrew said casually, and stepped into the open.

Dale looked at him without speaking or stirring.

"I was out taking a stroll," Pink anticipated. "Thought I'd drop around this way. Nice little place you got here." His survey included a shallow cavern in the face of the rock and a small spring outside the entrance. "All set for housekeeping . . . What's the matter with that ankle?"

"Turned it on a rock. What do you want?"

"Shut up until I fix you." He knelt down and untied the soiled handkerchief Dale had bound about his bare ankle. "Wait . . ."

Pink reached for his coat and tugged a parcel from one of its pockets. "Brought myself a sandwich, but I ain't hungry. You eat it."

"I don't care for it. Thanks."

"Eat it, anyway."

Pink moved over to the spring and dipped the handkerchief in the icy water.

"Maybe that'll make her feel better kid. You didn't have it tight enough now." He applied the bandage with practiced fingers.

"It's no good, Pink." Dale remarked wearily. "Why did you come all the way up here? I want to be alone . . . for a while."

"It's like I told you. Hold still. . . . And a hell of a time I had findin' this place again."

A fleeting smile showed on Dale's face. "I heard you thrashing around down there a mile away. You're not a good hunter. What made you look for me here?"

"That Saturday afternoon you took me explorin'. You said if you ever was a hermit you'd come here. I figured it out." Pink, his ministrations finished, settled back on his heels. "Now, you and me's goin' to have a talk."

"No we're not. There's nothing to talk about."

"Listen, kid. You can't run on that foot. And I ain't got the heart to mail you. You're goin' to hear what I got to say because I got good news for you. It's . . . Everything's all right!" Pink choked a little over the last words. "Right as rain, kid. That's what I come to tell you."

"What do you mean?"
Something in Pink's grey eyes made his hearer understand that the message was no blundering attempt at consolation. Dale jerked himself to an upright position. His hands were clenched. His blue eyes widened, lighted with pathetic eagerness.

"The dominie . . . He had it all wrong, kid."

"Pink! Do you mean it! He . . . No, he couldn't be wrong."

"But he was, I'm tellin' you. It ain't so easy to wise a guy, but . . . Oh, hell, He's your dad. That's what I'm tryin' to say. He always was." Mulgrew grinned to hide his emotion, winking rapidly. "Here. Have a cigarette."

"Tell me, Pink." Dale waved away the proffered packet. "You wouldn't . . ."
"Foul you? Not a chance. That bird Kelsey squandered everything. He showed up this mornin'. Right after breakfast."

"Kelsey is here!" Dale said it unbelievably. "That's strange."

"Sure. He beat it down here right after you. I'd have got here sooner, but I wanted to hear what he had to say. I was sort of scared to leave him and the dominie together . . . everything considered. So I hung around to make sure they weren't goin' to mix things. He had all the answers. Like something you read about."

"Then you heard him yourself?"

"I did." Mulgrew declared unblushingly. "I clamped my ear right to the door. When I was sure everything was on the up and up, I beat it."

"Tell me!"

"No, sir. I done my part. You want to hear that from your dad. And say, kid . . . When you and him get together, to envy. He's been hit longer and harder than you. And it wasn't his fault. I'd have done the same thing, I reckon. So would you. But you can take it from me it's all right now. Next thing's to get you home."

"I can walk."

"Guess you'll have to. I didn't pass no cabo comin' up. I'll cut you a stick and help you." Pink produced his knife and squinted about for a suitable sapling. "Better tuck that sandwich under your belt. You're goin' to need it."

"I can't eat."

"There's somethin' else I'd better tell you, maybe." Pink stood with his feet apart, slashing the branches from a substantial length of scrub oak. "Before I give you this stick."

"What?" Dale sank back wearily against the boulder. He felt suddenly weak from the emotional reaction.

"It's about the girl friend. I seen her last night. She's waitin'. Made me promise I'd fetch you back."

"You mean . . ."

"Sure I told her. And, kid, I want to take back any knockin' I ever done about daines. That's all."

Dale half turned, sank down and buried his face against his arm. He lay prone, motionless. Pink remained where he was, until he had the walking-stick shaped to his satisfaction. Then he pocketed his knife.

"Guess we'd better trek, kid. It's goin' to be slow."

The journey back to Locust Hill was slow. Dale, his face set grimly, limped over the uneven ground with the aid of his cane and Pink's willing shoulder. Frequent halts for rest were made.

Save for an occasional encouraging word, Mulgrew was a silent companion. He realised the ordeal through which Dale had passed and the adjustment he was obliged to make. And in spite of his quiet warning he rather dreaded that first interview between the father and son. It might be pretty tough for both of them. The girl would be a big help. Square-shooting little skirt. The kid was lucky, all right.

To add to Pink's uneasiness the sun had disappeared. Clouds were gathering thickly, a threat of more rain in the air. It wouldn't do the kid any good to get wet. When they got nearer town he'd figure out a short cut that would bring them in behind the burial ground. No use giving the villagers a treat.

"NOTICE the sky?" he ventured at length to Dale, who had dropped down for another needed rest and sat staring fixedly at the ground. "Maybe we can make it in one more spasm."

"Yes. We're almost in town." Dale got painfully to his feet. "Pink, I want to say something before we go on." His hold on the little man's shoulder tightened.

"Shoot."

"I don't know how exactly. I guess it's . . . just thanks."

"Shucks. Don't go soft."

They resumed their way in silence.

The first big drops of rain were falling when Pink assisted his charge up the steps of the back porch. He flung open the door with a sigh of relief.

A swift little rush across the floor of the half-dark kitchen.

"Dale! Dale. . . . You've come back!"

"Oh, Lady Lee!"

Pink made hasty exit into the dining-room.

Lee was close in Dale's arms, her face buried against his shoulder.

"I waited and waited. Dale darling. . . . I . . . I couldn't have stood it much longer. Are you all right?"

"Everything is all right now," he whispered, his cheek against her curls.

"I know. And it would have been all right. No matter what happened. Don't you know it? Didn't you know?"

"I wasn't sure . . . I am now."

"As if anything could have made any difference! I love you. Nothing else matters."

"No. Nothing else matters."

They clung to each other in silence after that, until Lee released herself gently and lifted her tear-wet eyes to Dale's. She tried to flash him her old-time smile.

"We're forgetting, dear. Your father."

"I know. I'll go to him. Please wait a little."

"Dale. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I talked to him this afternoon. You . . . Dale, please be kind."

Pink was descending the front stairs when Dale started his slow ascent. "Want some help?" he offered gruffly.

"No thanks. I'd rather make it alone."

"I get you. Say, kid . . ."

"What is it?"

"The dominie . . . He's in your room."

Dale paused outside the closed door of his room for a moment. There was no sound from within. He drew a long breath, turned the latch softly. Entered.

He paused with a slight gasp, leaning heavily on his stick.

The barren little apartment was lighted by an unfamiliar glow. Both candles of the shrine were burning. For the first time.

Jonathan Farwell, his rugged face gleaming strangely in the soft illumination, sat in a chair he had drawn directly in front of the shelf. A book lay on his knee, one finger marking the page where he might have been reading. Dale's glance shifted involuntarily. His mother's photograph lay between the candles.

"Father."

Farwell's head turned slowly. His black eyes seemed to be staring from a great distance. A man in a dream. With apparent difficulty he rose to his feet, still holding to his book.

"Dale." His lips moved stiffly, to shape another word. "Son . . ."

"I've come back, Father."

Neither man moved from his place. Farwell's tall form weaved slightly. The flickering lights laid his shadow on the wall. Huge, grotesque.

"Do you know, my son?"

"I know . . . enough."

"Wait!" Farwell lifted his free hand. "It has been twenty years, Dale. Twenty years." A great weariness was in his voice. "You will have much to forgive. That is all I have to live for. Now. Already I have made my peace with God and . . . with Elaine. I have heard from her. Hidden fire lighted the black eyes."

"Father!"

Dale took a forward step. There was undisguised alarm in his voice.

"No, no." Farwell halted him with a peremptory gesture. He was not looking at his son's face, but at something beyond.

As at a vision. "I have had a message from her this day, I tell you. It has been here all these years. I never found it . . . In all my blindness. I will read it to you."

He lifted the book and opened it to the place his finger kept. He turned a trifle, that the candlelight might fall fairly upon the print.

"Listen."

He began reading aloud, his voice gathering strength as he went on.

"And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold and let me be put in a fair bed . . . and so let my bed be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is and there let me be put within a target . . ."

The soft flutter of a page turning.

. . . now hath death made us two at debate for your love; I was your lover that men called the fair maiden of Astolat . . ."

The voice of the reader faltered, then continued:

" . . . yet pray for my soul and bury me at the least and offer ye my mass penny. This is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness. Pray for my soul . . ."

Dale's oak stick clattered to the floor. His hands reached out.

"I know everything now . . . Dad."

"THE END."

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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